THE BOOK of Glas-gow ANECDOTE

D. Macleod Malloch

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BOOK OF GLASGOW ANECDOTE

THE BOOK OF GLASGOW ANECDOTE

BY D. MACLEOD MALLOCH

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T·N·FOULIS
London & Edinburgh
1913

Published November 1912
Reprinted 1913

Printed by MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED, *Edinburgh*

O, GLASGOW! fam'd for ilka thing
That heart can wish or siller bring!
May nowther care nor sorrow ding
Thy children dear,
But Peace and Plenty gar them sing,
Frae year to year!

JOHN MAYNE.

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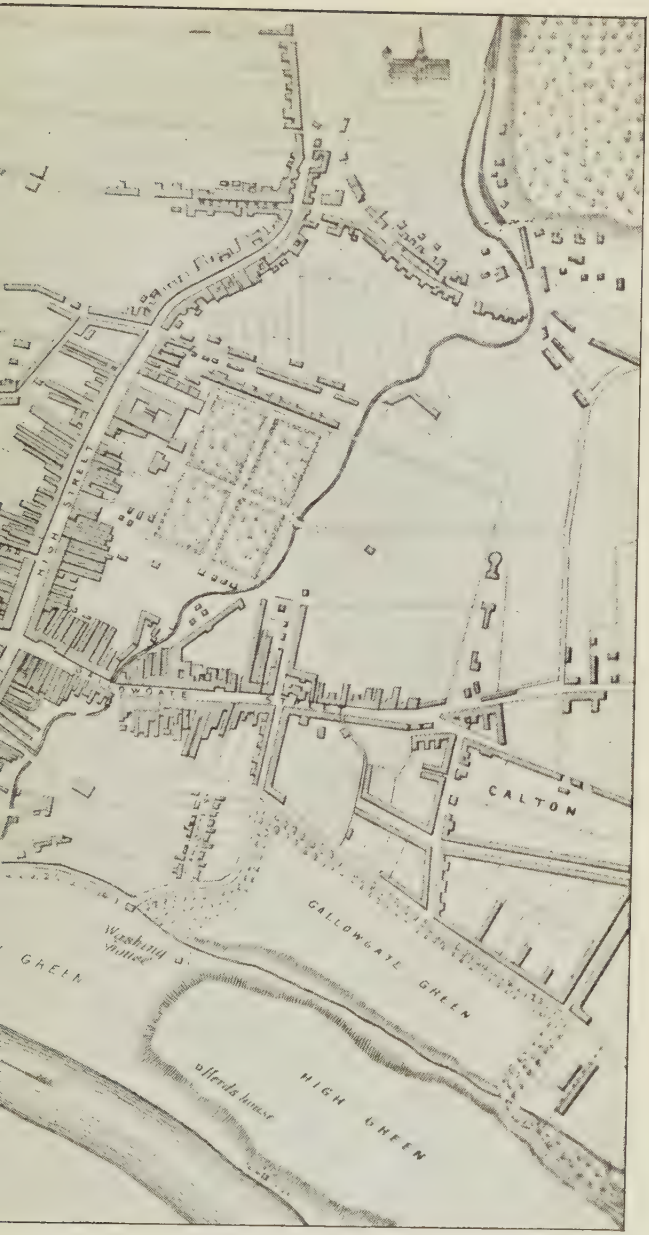
PLAN OF
GLASGOW
IN 1783.
GRAHAMSTON
BUCHANAN STREET
ARGYLE STREET
TRONGATE
CLYDE
RIVER


CALTON
GALLOWGATE GREEN
HIGH GREEN

CHAPTER ONE

INTRODUCTORY

BOOK OF GLASGOW ANECDOTE

CHAPTER ONE INTRODUCTORY

IT IS PERHAPS WELL TO STATE AT THE outset that this book does not pretend to be in any sense a history of Glasgow. It is neither more nor less than its title sets forth, namely, A Book of Anecdote. But so far as possible the incidents narrated in the various sections have been arranged chronologically, in order to convey to the reader a certain idea of the changing manners and customs of the people of Glasgow; and, particularly in this chapter, a certain amount of descriptive matter has been introduced to bring before the mind of the reader the town of Glasgow in olden times. It is hoped that any who read this book will find in it much information about Glasgow which is interesting, and many stories of Glasgow citizens which are amusing. No doubt Glasgow men who are well acquainted with the history of their city will find that much important matter has been omitted. But these readers may take it for granted that the omissions are largely intentional, and are made for two reasons. The first is that a distinction has had to be made between historical and anecdotal matter, to the exclusion of the former. The second is that the limits of the book were to a certain extent prescribed to the writer, which entailed a ruthless cutting down of the available material.

In nearly every case where the origin of a story is known to the writer a reference is given to the book from which it has been taken. These references will no doubt be of service to those readers who desire to

obtain further knowledge of Glasgow, and may to some extent atone for omissions from this volume.

Glasgow dates from 560 A.D., or even earlier; but its historical existence can hardly be said to begin at that date, as there is a blank of some five hundred years or more before the story of the village (as it then was) becomes authentic. But until the Union in 1707 it cannot be maintained that Glasgow was a place of any importance. The Union, strongly opposed though it was, really made Glasgow. At the beginning of the eighteenth century Scotland was in dire poverty—a famishing people, a stagnant trade, rude manufactures, and profitless industries. Glasgow was a small city of 12,500 inhabitants, which had a slender trade in exporting salt fish, coarse woollen stuff, and tarred rope, and a crude industry in making rough plaiding. Paisley was a long row of thatched dwellings, whose 2600 inhabitants depended on spinning yarn on rock and reel, which was woven at hand-looms by eighty-seven weavers, who sold their stuff at the cross in the markets to English pedlars.*

This was the state of matters at the Union. Twenty years later, in *Defoe's Tour in 1727*, Glasgow is spoken of as follows:—

"Glasgow is the emporium of the West of Scotland, being for its commerce and riches the second in the Northern part of Great Britain. It is a large, stately and well-built city, standing on a plain in a manner four-square, and the five principal streets are the fairest for breadth, and the finest built that I have ever

* *Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century*, H. G. Graham, p. 508.

seen in one city together. The houses are all of stone, and generally uniform in height as well as in front. The lower stories, for the most part, stand on vast square Doric columns with arches, which open into the shops, adding to the strength as well as beauty of the building. In a word, 'tis one of the cleanliest, most beautiful, and best built cities in Great Britain. Where the four principal streets meet, the crossing makes a very spacious market place as may be easily imagined, since the streets are so large. As we come down the hill from the North-gate to this place, the Tolbooth and Guild-hall make the north-west angle or right-hand corner of the street which was built in a very magnificent manner. Here the Town Council sit; and the Magistrates try such causes as come within their cognizance, and do all their other public business, so that, it will be easily conceived, The Tolbooth stands in the very centre of the City. It is a noble structure of hewn stone, with a very lofty tower and melodious hourly chimes."

So much for the City at this period. Of its inhabitants one may glean some knowledge from that most interesting writer Dr. John Strang, who gives the following account of the social customs of the citizens in the first half of the eighteenth century:—

"The late Mr. D. Bannatyne states that, during the greater part of the first half of the last century, the habits and style of living of the citizens of Glasgow were of a moderate and frugal cast. The dwelling-houses of the highest class in general contained only one public room—a dining-room, and even that was used only when they had company; the family at

other times usually eating in a bedroom. The great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers of many of the present luxurious aristocracy of Glasgow lived in this manner. They had occasionally their relatives dining with them, and gave them a few plain dishes, all put on the table at once, holding in derision the attention which they said their neighbours, the English, bestowed on what they ate. After dinner the husband went to his place of business, and in the evening to a club in a public-house, where, with little expense, he enjoyed himself till nine o'clock, at which hour the party uniformly broke up, and the husbands went home to their families. Up to the years 1750 and 1760 very few single houses had been built—the greater part of the more wealthy inhabitants continuing to a much later period to occupy floors, in very many cases containing only one public room. Perhaps nothing can mark the mode of living more clearly than the fact that the city clergy were paid, in 1750, only £111: 2s: 2d. for stipend and communion elements." *

The period just described was memorable for the rebellions of the '15 and the '45; and, says Dr. Strang, "It is a remarkable fact that during the whole civil and foreign wars with which we have been afflicted since the Revolution, no city in Scotland exhibited stronger proofs of loyalty, and more devotion to the Protestant cause, or contributed more heartily to our national defences against aggression, than Glasgow. In 1715, when the Stuarts' claim to the throne was attempted to be established by the sword, Glasgow at once took her side with the House of Hanover, and raised a bat-

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, John Strang, LL.D., p. 16.

talion of six hundred men to aid the Duke of Argyll in quelling the insurrection. In 1745, when Charles Edward Stuart again attempted to win the crown which his predecessor had forfeited, Glasgow was once more on the side of religious liberty, and on that occasion raised, for the service of the Government, two battalions, of four hundred and fifty men each, which, it is well known, suffered severely at the fight of Falkirk. On the outbreak of the American War in 1775, Provost Donald hastened to London and offered to raise a regiment of a thousand men at the expense of the City. His offer was accepted, and the battalion was afterwards designated the Glasgow Regiment. Again, when the conflict consequent on the French Revolution commenced, the military spirit of the City was roused in support of the British Constitution and in defence of home. In April 1794, a number of the most patriotic citizens began to enrol themselves as volunteers, and by the following April the corps were ready for active service, under the command of Colonel Corbet, and then received the colours, under which they doubtless inwardly swore to fight to the death. In 1797, this battalion was increased to ten companies, amounting in all to seven hundred. A second battalion was also raised, and maintained at the cost of the citizens, consisting of five hundred men. A body of older citizens, known by the appellation of 'The Ancients,' was likewise embodied; and, to complete the armament, a troop of volunteer cavalry was soon seen in full charge practice on the public Green, to the terror of the cows, and the dismay of the town herd."*

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 234.

In 1749 the city was garrisoned by a regiment commanded by General (then Colonel) Wolfe. At that time the city was sorely church-ridden. That eminent authority on Scottish social life, the Rev. Henry Gray Graham, thus describes the conditions then existing:—

"Most of the City ministers were of the fanatical high-flying party in the Church; certainly they did not favourably impress young Wolfe, then stationed in Glasgow with his detachment of soldiers. A well-disposed man, this young officer frequented the kirk; but he writes in 1749 to his mother describing them (the ministers) as 'excessive blockheads, so truly and obstinately dull that they shut out knowledge at every entrance.' It was such a community that, even so late as 1764, Professor Reid, fresh from Aberdeen University, condemned as 'Bœotian in their understanding, fanatical in their religion, and clownish in their dress and manners.' Science might have suffered severely if the petty piety of the day had always caught its transgressors. It was lucky or providential that the 'seizers' did not catch James Watt, when one eventful Sunday afternoon in the spring of 1765 he walked on the forbidden Green thinking over his unborn engine, and 'just as he got to the herd's house' the idea of a steam condenser flashed upon his mind. One hesitates to think what disastrous effect the interruption of a 'bum-baillie' might have had on the invention of steam-engines, and on the industry and science of the future.

"Whether from natural sedateness or from the wholesome influence of piety, the people were a well-

ordered folk, and crime was almost unknown. Sobriety was then the characteristic of the race. In 1764 Professor Reid could still picture the morals of the City in favourable terms: 'Though their religion is of a gloomy and enthusiastic cast, it makes them tame and sober. I have not heard either of a house or a head broken, of a pocket picked, or any flagrant crime, since I came here. I have not heard any swearing in the streets, nor even seen a man drunk (excepting, *inter nos*, one professor) since I came.' This remarkable quietude and propriety, to whatever cause it might be due, could not be attributed to the vigilance and efficiency of the police at any rate. The whole town's safety and order was intrusted to the unpaid and reluctant burghers who were called on to act as city guard, and possessed all the irregularity and effeteness of amateur performers. Every citizen who was between the years of eighteen and sixty, and paid a yearly rent amounting to £3 annually (a rule in those days which made the guard rather exclusive), was required to take his turn at the duty. On tuck of drum the gentleman was at his post at ten o'clock at night, and strolled with weary tread and yawning gait along the Trongate and High Street, and up the pitch-dark lanes of winter nights, where not a lamp was burning, till three or four o'clock in the morning. After that hour, in the obscure and unprotected mornings, the city was without a police, and the tired and hungry guardians of the peace were snug and snoring in their box-beds. The better to secure order in the burgh, all young men and women and servants were strictly forbidden to be in the streets 'under cloud

of nights' in companies; and all strangers staying either in private or in public houses were obliged to give in their names by ten o'clock at night to the captain of the city guard.

"In this way were affairs conducted in perfect simplicity in those guileless days. Up to 1750 the City may be said to have been unlighted, for the few smoky tallow-candle lamps which flickered here and there at long intervals only served to intensify the gloom rather than to relieve it, and cautious citizens required, till 1780, to light themselves in the darkness by carrying 'bowats' or lanthorns in their hands; while ladies in their pattens were accompanied, like the timorous Bailie Nicol Jarvie, along the Saltmarket by their maid bearing the flickering lamp. There were no hackney coaches then, and only a few sedan-chairs, to convey old ladies to the kirk or young ladies with spacious hoops to the dance. Unpaved, uncausewayed, the streets even till late in the century must have been rugged and filthy, full of ruts in dry weather and of mire in wet; for the City, growing with its population in wealth, was satisfied to leave the maintenance and cleansing of 'streets, causeways, vennels, and lanes, the highways and roads, within and about the city and territories thereof,' to the labour of only two men." *

The above vivid description of Glasgow early in the eighteenth century, by Mr. Graham, may be supplemented profitably by that given by the well-known Dr. Alexander Carlyle of Inveresk, who was a student in Glasgow, and made many friends there. He writes as follows:—

* *Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century*, p. 186.

"The City of Glasgow at this time (about 1742), though very industrious, wealthy and commercial, was far inferior to what it afterwards became, both before and after the failure of the Virginia trade. The modes of life, too, and manners were different from what they are at present. Their chief branches were the tobacco trade with the American colonies; and sugar and rum with the West India. There were not manufacturers sufficient, either there or in Paisley, to supply an outward-bound cargo for Virginia. For this purpose they were obliged to have recourse to Manchester. Manufactures were in their infancy. About this time the inkle manufactory was first begun by Ingram and Glassford, and was shown to strangers as a great curiosity. But the merchants had industry and stock, and the habits of business, and were ready to seize with eagerness, and prosecute with vigour, every new object in commerce or manufactures that promised success.

"Few of them could be called learned merchants; yet there was a weekly club, of which a Provost Cochrane was the founder and a leading member, in which their express design was to inquire into the nature and principles of trade in all its branches, and to communicate their knowledge and views on that subject to each other. I was not acquainted with Provost Cochrane at this time, but I observed that the members of this society had the highest admiration of his knowledge and talents. I became well acquainted with him twenty years afterwards, when Drs. Smith and Wight were members of the Club, and was made sensible that too much could not be

said of his accurate and extensive knowledge, of his agreeable manners, and colloquial eloquence. Dr. Smith acknowledged his obligations to this gentleman's information, when he was collecting materials for his *Wealth of Nations*; and the junior merchants who have flourished since his time, and extended their commerce far beyond what was then dreamt of, confess, with respectful remembrance, that it was Andrew Cochrane who first opened and enlarged their views.

"It was not long before I was well established in close intimacy with many of my fellow-students, and soon felt the superiority of an education in the College of Edinburgh; not in point of knowledge, or acquirements in the languages or sciences, but in knowledge of the world, and a certain manner of address that can only be attained in the capital. It must be confessed that at this time they were far behind in Glasgow, not only in their manner of living, but in those accomplishments and that taste that belong to people of opulence, much more to persons of education. There were only a few families of ancient citizens who pretended to be gentlemen; and a few others, who were recent settlers there, who had obtained wealth and consideration in trade. The rest were shopkeepers and mechanics, or successful pedlars, who occupied large ware-rooms full of manufactures of all sorts, to furnish a cargo to Virginia. It was useful for the sons of merchants to attend the College for one or two years, and a few of them completed their academical education. In this respect the females were still worse off, for at that period there was neither a teacher of French nor of music

in the town. The consequence of this was two-fold. First, the young ladies were entirely without accomplishments, and in general had nothing to recommend them but good looks and fine clothes; for their manners were ungainly. Secondly, the few who were distinguished drew all the young men of sense and taste about them; for, being void of frivolous accomplishments, which in some respects make all women equal, they trusted only to superior understanding and wit, to natural elegance and unaffected manners.

"There never was but one concert during the two winters I was at Glasgow, and that was given by Walter Scott Esq., of Harden, who was himself an eminent performer on the violin; and his band of assistants consisted of two dancing-school fiddlers and the town waits.

"The manner of living, too, at this time, was but coarse and vulgar. Very few of the wealthiest gave dinners to anybody but English riders, or their own relations at Christmas holidays. There were not half-a-dozen families in town who had men-servants; some of those were kept by the professors who had boarders. There were neither post-chaises nor hackney-coaches in the town, and only three or four sedan-chairs for carrying mid-wives about in the night, and old ladies to church, or to the dancing assemblies once a fortnight.

"The principal merchants, fatigued with the morning's business, took an early dinner with their families at home, and then resorted to the coffee-house or tavern to read the newspapers; which they generally did in companies of four or five in separate rooms, over a

bottle of claret or a bowl of punch. But they never stayed supper, but always went home by nine o'clock, without company or further amusement. At last an arch fellow from Dublin, a Mr. Cockaine, came to be master of the chief coffee-house, who seduced them gradually to stay supper by placing a few nice cold things at first on the table, as relishers to the wine, till he gradually led them on to bespeak fine hot suppers, and to remain till midnight.

"I was admitted a member of two clubs, one entirely literary, which was held in the porter's lodge at the College, and where we criticised books and wrote abridgements of them, with critical essays; and to this society we submitted the discourses which we were to deliver in the Divinity Hall in our turns, when we were appointed by the professor. The other club met in Mr. Dugald's tavern near the Cross, weekly, and admitted a mixture of young gentlemen who were not intended for the study of theology. Here we drank a little punch after our beefsteaks and pancakes, and the expense never exceeded 1s. 6d., seldom 1s.

"Towards the end of the session, however, I was introduced to a club which gave me much more satisfaction—I mean that of Mr. Robert Simson, the celebrated Professor of Mathematics. Mr. Robert Dick, Professor of Natural Philosophy, an old friend of my father's, once after I had dined with him, said he was going to Mr. Robert's Club, and if I had a mind, he would take me there and introduce me. I readily accepted the honour. I had been introduced to Mr. Robert before, in the College court, for he was extremely courteous, and showed civility to every stu-

dent who fell in his way. Though I was not attending any of his classes, having attended M'Laurin in Edinburgh for three sessions, he received me with great kindness; and I had the good fortune to please him so much, that he asked me to be a member of his Friday's Club, which I readily agreed to. Mr. Simson, though a great humorist, who had a very particular way of living, was well-bred and complaisant, was a comely man, of a good size, and had a very prepossessing countenance. He lived entirely at the small tavern opposite the College gate, kept by Mrs. Millar. He breakfasted, dined, and supped there, and almost never accepted of any invitations to dinner, and paid no visits, but to illustrious or learned strangers, who wished to see the University; on such occasions he was always cicerone. He showed the curiosities of the College, which consisted of a few manuscripts and a large collection of Roman antiquities, from Severus' Wall or Graham's Dyke, in the neighbourhood, with a display of much knowledge and taste. He was particularly averse to the company of ladies, and, except one day in the year, when he drank tea at Principal Campbell's, and conversed with gaiety and ease with his daughter Mally, who was always his first toast, he was never in company with them. It was said to have been otherwise with him in his youth, and that he had been much attached to one lady, to whom he had made proposals, but on her refusing him he became disgusted with the sex. The lady was dead before I became acquainted with the family, but her husband I knew, and must confess that in her choice the lady had preferred a satyr to Hyperion.

"Mr. Simson almost never left the bounds of the College, having a large garden to walk in, unless it was on Saturday, when, with two chosen companions, he always walked in the country, but no farther than the village of Anderston, one mile off, where he had a dinner bespoke, and where he always treated the company not only when he had no other than his two humble attendants, but when he casually added one or two more, which happened twice to myself. If any of the Club met him on Saturday night at his hotel, he took it very kind, for he was in good spirits, though fatigued with the company of his satellites, and revived on the sight of a fresh companion or two for the evening. He was of a mild temper and an engaging demeanour, and was master of all knowledge, even of theology, which he told us he had learned by being one year amanuensis to his uncle, the Professor of Divinity. His knowledge he delivered in an easy colloquial style, with the simplicity of a child, and without the least symptom of self-sufficiency or arrogance." *

Such a community as described in the two foregoing extracts was very self-contained. Travel at this period was difficult and in some degree dangerous, and the citizens of Glasgow were somewhat stay-at-home. It also appears that they were not much given to correspondence. The London mail-bag, says Mr. Graham, in describing the postal facilities of the time, in the early part of the century was sometimes found to contain only one letter, and this even occurred once so late as 1746. Six days were spent by post-

* *Autobiography of Alexander Carlyle of Inveresk*, p. 80.

boys on the road to London, when they carried their small consignment in a portmanteau behind them, and it sometimes occurred that in crossing a river the post-boy, horse, and bags disappeared and were never seen again.*

About the middle of the eighteenth century a change set in as regards the social habits of the people, and in 1753 Wolfe writes home: "We have plays, concerts, and balls, public and private, with dinners and suppers of the most execrable food on earth, and wine that approaches to poison. The men drink till they are excessively drunk." Dancing assemblies attracted the whole rank and fashion from the West; daughters and sons of ancient county families came by coach or on horseback from their country mansions to balls that began at five o'clock and lasted till eleven, mingling with a touch of condescension with the new families of prosperous merchants, who were in time to buy their ancestral acres from their impecunious fathers. Social customs were not always perfectly refined; but even in later days, when assemblies began at eight o'clock, the regulations requested that "gentlemen do not appear in their boots," and that they "leave their sticks at the bar." †

"Other social changes," says Mr. Graham, "came as the town developed, till in 1790 town and suburbs had gained a population of sixty-two thousand. As new lines of handsome streets spread over the green fields, as rich families moved from the small flats of their youth to 'self-contained' houses, and closer and

* *Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century*, p. 46.

† *Ibid.* p. 142.

more frequent communication brought them in contact with the outside world, shops arose to suit every taste and supply every want. Sedan-chairs began to give place to hackney coaches; no longer when rain fell with local fluency did everyone rush for shelter in the stair 'closes,' but from the year 1783, when a Glasgow doctor displayed, for the first time, a yellow umbrella which he brought from Paris, there were seen everywhere the bulky rain-proof implements of yellow and green glazed linen. There was more air of luxury, though the dinners were still of one course. The hour for repast had advanced to two, and after 1770 in some high circles to three o'clock. It was not, however, till 1786 that a lady of light and leading, imitating the ways of Edinburgh, gave her guests dinner in two courses—an innovation which was regarded as gross extravagance, although it was meekly explained by the offender that she only divided the meal into two, and presented no more dishes in two courses than others put down in one. Society had its tea-parties, where the company met at five o'clock, played cards till nine, when they supped; and then, as the ladies withdrew to bed or to the drawing-room, the host and his friends drank their punch, or claret; and bowl followed bowl, and toast followed toast till the small hours of the morning. About this period, when the century was far advanced, moral and religious changes for the worse had come into vogue. Sedate men deplored, after 1770, that men swore terribly who aimed at fashion—uttering oaths that had come from London *via* Edinburgh, though spoken with the stronger accent of the West; there also came a habit

of drinking, even less restrainedly than of old, amongst all classes; and men of society were often mighty drinkers under too hospitable roofs, where servants were in waiting to loosen the cravats of recumbent and unconscious guests. With these symptoms of moral disruption there was ominous laxity in church observance. Of old every pew had been full, and collections for the poor large; now the seats were often sadly empty, and the 'plate' at the kirk door was slenderly filled. It is true that these lamented defections of piety were temporary phases of society in Scotland, and that when the next century came, the City resumed much of its former sobriety, and settled down to quiet ways again. But it was no longer the small, homely, provincial, old town—Glasgow of 1707, with its population of 12,500, had changed beyond all recognition in 1800 into a city of nearly 80,000 people, with its streets, containing handsome mansions, covering vast spaces that a few years before were cornfields and orchards; and changing the fashionable residences of the olden time into dingy warehouses of the new and prosperous age." *

That quaint historian Denholm gives the following account of the gaieties which marked the close of the eighteenth century:—

"Assemblies have been long held weekly in the winter season in Glasgow. For a considerable period, they were kept in the old assembly room in the Tontine building; since the building of the hall for the purpose, they have, however, been removed thither. The management of the funds, and regulation of the whole,

* *Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century*, p. 144.

is vested in a number of directors, and a secretary or clerk; but the economy of dancing, and other business of the night, is superintended by a woman of fashion, appointed by the directors.

"The assemblies, during the winter season, are held weekly; the first, however, which is well attended, is generally that kept in honour of Her Majesty's birth day, on the 18th of January; upon that night the tickets sell at 5s., and on every other at 4s.

"The present assembly room was first opened on the Queen's birthday, 1798, Mrs. Kennedy, directress. The company, which was uncommonly brilliant, consisted of 350 ladies and gentlemen. The numbers on the same occasion have since fluctuated, as may have been expected. The greatest number since, it is believed, attended the assembly of 1799, when there were 460, including 180 ladies.

The Card Assembly

"Last winter, an assembly of genteel people was held, in rotation with the dancing assembly, once a fortnight; for this season, however, it is given up.

"The following is a copy of the regulations or rules to be observed at the Glasgow assemblies, which may, at least, be *interesting* to some of our readers :—

"1. The company to meet at eight o'clock, and the Tickets to be drawn precisely at half-past eight.

"2. Each Set to consist of twelve Couple, and the Ladies to draw tickets for their places.

"3. No ladies to stand up in the Country Dances, except in the place to which their Ticket entitles them, and are requested to keep their Ticket for the evening.

"4. Only two Set to be allowed to dance Country Dances at a time.

"5. No Ladies to leave their places till the dance is finished.

"6. No reels to be allowed but with permission of the Directress or Director.

"7. No Gentleman to stand before the Ladies, so as to intercept their view.

"8. When a Lady has called one dance, her place in the next is at the bottom of it.

"9. No Gentleman to be admitted in Boots or Half-boots (Officers on duty excepted), and those who have sticks are desired to leave them at the Bar.

"10. No servant to be admitted upstairs.

"The same regulations to be observed at the Card Assemblies, only that the Company are to meet at 8 o'clock, and the tickets to be drawn at half-past eight; and no Country Dance or Rubber at Cards to be begun after twelve o'clock." *

Having observed the general social conditions of Glasgow in the eighteenth century, it may be of interest to relate one or two events connected with the river Clyde, that source of much of Glasgow's greatness. In the eighteenth century, the river was not controlled by quays and walls as it now is. The result was that in time of flood much damage was caused in the lower parts of the city.

"The Bridgegate," says 'Senex,' "from its low-lying position, used to suffer dreadfully from the flooding of the Clyde in those days before the dredging machine had cut out such an ample scour for the waters;

* Denholm's *History of Glasgow*, p. 348.

and also before the protecting parapets were built on the north side of the river. The most memorable flood is that of Tuesday, 12th March 1782.

"After long and heavy rains, the Clyde rose on the afternoon of Monday to an alarming extent. It covered all the lower parts of the Green, stopped the communication with the country to the south by the bridges, and laid the Bridgegate under the water to the depth of seven feet. As the inhabitants were accustomed to floods, many of them went to bed in the hope that the waters would have subsided by the morning, but the river continued to rise during the night until the fires on the ground floors were extinguished, and then the flood entered the beds, from which the inhabitants hastily retreated to the upper storeys. The night was a wild, dark, and dismal one; there were heard throughout the whole street cries of distress and despair; and at the distance of more than half a century many of the Bridgegate denizens still spoke of it as the most gloomy night they had ever spent in their lives. By early daylight the inhabitants were relieved by means of boats, which sailed up and down the streets supplying the families with cordials and provisions, and removing such of them as desired to escape from their dwellings. The lower parts of Saltmarket, Stockwell, and Jamaica Streets were in the same condition; and the then village of Gorbals was so completely surrounded that it seemed like an island rising up in the midst of an estuary. A young woman was drowned there, which was the only loss of human life occasioned by the flood; but a great many horses and cows were drown-

ed in their stables, and the merchants suffered much from vast quantities of tobacco, sugar, and other merchandise having been carried away or damaged. The flood subsided in the course of Tuesday; and on Wednesday the Clyde returned to its wonted channel, after having at one time risen no less than twenty feet above its ordinary level.

"On the 18th November 1795 the Clyde again 'wide o'er the brim with many a torrent swelled'; and as before, the lower parts of the city were completely submerged. About midday two of the arches of the bridge, then recently erected at the foot of Saltmarket, fell down with a crash, and the displacement of water was so tremendous that the doors of the public washing-houses, though situated at a great distance, were burst open, and a portion of the clothes and utensils floated away. The remaining arches fell in the course of the afternoon, and thus the edifice was entirely destroyed. During this flood a boy was drowned in attempting to reach his home at the foot of the New Wynd." *

"Amidst all these distressing occurrences there happened one so comic that its recital by the tittle-tattlers of the day made people almost forget the general calamity caused by the flood. It seemed that David Dale, Esq., whose house was situated at the foot of Charlotte Street, had invited a large party to dinner on the said 18th day of November 1795, and expected William Simpson, cashier of the Royal Bank; the great millionaire, Gilbert Innes of Stowe; and the whole posse of the Royal Bank directory, to come

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. i. p. 109.

from Edinburgh to meet Scott Moncrieff, George M'Intosh, and a few other Glasgow magnates at dinner on the said day. On the memorable morning of the said 18th all was bustle and hurry-burry in Mr. Dale's house, preparing a sumptuous feast for this distinguished party. The kitchen fires were in full blaze, prompt to roast the jolly joints of meat already skewered on the spits, to boil the well-stuffed turkeys, and to stew the other tit-bits of the table; while the puddings and custards stood ready on the dresser for immediate application to the bars of the grate; when, lo and behold! the waters of the Clyde began gently to ooze through the chinks of the kitchen floor, and by-and-by gradually to increase, so that in a short time the servants came to be going through their work with the water above their ankles. At this critical moment the Monkland Canal burst its banks, and, like an avalanche, the water came thundering down the Molendinar Burn, carrying all before it, and filling the low houses of the Gallowgate, Saltmarket, Bridgegate, and under portions of St. Andrew's Square with a muddy stream, and the wrecks of many a poor man's dwelling. In consequence of the regorgement of water caused by this said mishap, and the continued increase of the flood, the Camlachie Burn, which ran close by Mr. Dale's house, was raised to an unusual height, and at once with a crash, broke into Mr. Dale's kitchen, putting out all the fires there, and making the servants run for their lives, they having scarcely had time to save the half-dressed dinner. Then came the great question, what was now to be done? The dinner hour was fast approaching, and the great

Edinburgh visitors were already whirling rapidly towards Glasgow in their carriages; while the fires of the kitchen being completely extinguished, the kitchen itself was thereby rendered totally useless. In this calamitous dilemma, Mr. Dale applied to his opposite neighbour in Charlotte Street, Mr. William Wardlaw, for the loan of his kitchen; and also to another of his neighbours, Mr. Archibald Paterson, for a like accommodation; both of whom not only readily granted the use of their kitchens but also the aid of their servants to cook Mr. Dale's dinner. But still the question remained, how were the wines, spirits, and ales to be gotten from the cellar which now stood four feet deep in water? After much cogitation, a porter was hired, who, being suitably dressed for the occasion, was to descend to the abyss and bring up the said articles. It, however, occurred to Mr. Dale that the porter would not be able to distinguish the binns that contained the port, sherry, and Madeira (Mr. Dale did not sport French wines) from those of the rum, brandy, porter and ale. In this emergency, Miss Dale, then sixteen years of age, was mounted on the porter's back, and both having descended to the cellar, Miss Dale, amidst the waters of the deep, pointed out to her chevalier where he was to find the different articles required for the table. After having received instructions the porter brought up his fair charge to the lobby of the house, where Miss Dale dismounted from the shoulders of her bearer in safety; and the porter having again descended to the cellar, readily found the wines and ales that were wanted, which he delivered to Mr. Dale in good order. All

things now went on in a satisfactory manner. The Edinburgh visitors and Glasgow magnates arrived in due time, the dinner was cooked and placed on the table in the best of style, and the whole party passed the evening in mirth and jocularity at the odd circumstances which had attended this merry meeting."*

On 18th August 1808 the Bridgegate and lower parts of the town were again visited by a tremendous flood. The loss of grain and cattle along the banks was very great, and "flocks, herds, and harvest" floated past the city for several hours. A young man, who sailed in a boat in the Green, lost his life while attempting to secure some of the floating grain. In 1816 the Clyde rose seventeen feet, and there have been various floods since; but from the changes already noticed they have become gradually less and less destructive, and now their coming is not looked to with apprehension.

In our present days of Education Departments and School Boards the following glimpse of school discipline in Glasgow at the beginning of the nineteenth century is of interest.

The tawse were used exclusively on the juniors, and were carried by the master in his pocket when going his rounds between the classes; but when he was at his desk, and saw any act or movement contrary to rule, it was his custom to throw the tawse, rolled up, at the offender; and practice enabled him to hit the boy with unerring dexterity. The culprit, on reception of the black messenger, had, *nolens volens*, to

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. iii. p. 119.

carry it *instanter* to the master, viewing it as the signal of punishment without trial, prompt and certain; as when in past ages a bull's head, when presented to a Scottish grandee, gave him warning that he was to be made a head shorter, without the interference of either judge or jury.

When punishment was inflicted, the tawse were not used in every case; for in some cases a degree of ignominy was attached to the infliction, which was viewed with greater horror than the tawse or ratan. In such cases as truants, or those connected with fibbing, etc., they were placed on the floor, holding out a long pole; and in more aggravated cases the culprit was adorned with a very large wig.

These had been used during a long period; but early in the century some of those juvenile offenders who incurred the punishment of standing with the wig and pole, had occasionally to submit to the additional ignominy of having their lower jaws decorated with a long black beard, taken from an aged black goat, which was publicly bestowed as a gift to the master by a senior pupil, for the benefit of his junior fellow-students, who did not thank him for it, but wished that he had retained it for his own use. The odium of appearing with the wig, pole, and goat-skin, which seldom happened, was more dreaded by the boys than mere corporal punishment.*

To turn from scholastic to municipal authority, Glasgow was without any regular police force until 1800. But while the establishment of that force was an excellent thing for the city proper, its effect upon

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. i. p. 270.

the suburbs was the reverse of happy. To these suburbs all the desperadoes of the city flocked, and the decent inhabitants of the outskirts had to endure for years the most hideous scenes of immorality and disorder. A civil force became necessary in these districts also; and accordingly, the Gorbals Police was constituted by Act of Parliament in 1808; the Calton Police in 1819; and the Anderston Police in 1824. The Calton was for many years an exceedingly lawless and unruly place; so much so, that for a long period the officers perambulated the streets two and two armed with cutlasses. They used them too; for on one occasion a rencontre took place with a gang of desperate resurrectionists, who were robbing the Clyde Street burial-ground; and, as one of the body-lifters got his arm nearly cut off, this wholesome blood-letting cleared the district ever after of these wretches. In more peaceful times the cutlasses were displaced by staves or cudgels.*

The City of Glasgow has always been somewhat of a stronghold of Radicalism; and, true to its principles, it worked itself into a ferment over the Reform Bill of 1832. In that year a great and memorable demonstration of the Liberals of Glasgow and the West of Scotland was held on Glasgow Green, at which meeting Mr. James Oswald, from his loyalty to the Liberal cause, his disinterested zeal and commanding influence, was called upon to preside. The assembled multitude numbered seventy thousand, and nearly a dozen other leading citizens and country notables spoke, including Sir John Maxwell of Pollock, James

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. i. p. 219.

Ewing of Strathleven, who shortly afterwards had, with James Oswald, the distinguished honour of representing Glasgow in the first Reform Parliament, Mr. Robert Dalglish, Mr. Walter Buchanan, and others. Resolutions as to reform were moved and carried by acclamation, and at once transmitted to the House of Commons. It redounds alike to the credit of James Oswald and the other leaders in this popular movement that, during all the feverish excitement of the time, there was never the slightest manifestation either of lawlessness or violence. The people never showed the slightest bitterness or differing amongst themselves as to the merits of the Bill, but uniformly hailed it with the liveliest satisfaction, as sunshine after long storm.

On the 16th March the Reform Bill was introduced by Lord John Russell. The debate lasted all night, and the House revealed a scene of excitement which had not been equalled for many years, a scene pervaded by that intense interest which compasses a mortal struggle. Both Tory and Whig fought long and stubbornly to the death, and when, after the division, the result was announced as being a majority of 116 in favour of the Bill, the enthusiasm of the Liberals knew no bounds. An idea of the excitement in Glasgow, on the arrival of the news, is given in the *Glasgow Chronicle* for 30th March 1832, which says: "At the hour of the London mail's arrival yesterday afternoon, both the Exchanges — the Royal Exchange in Queen Street, and the Tontine at the Cross —were thronged with people anxiously waiting for the intelligence. In the Royal Exchange, Mr. David

Bell, the secretary, mounted a table specially located for the purpose, and read the principal parts of Lord Russell's speech from the London *Sun,* surrounded by a crowd of gentlemen who repeatedly cheered the announcements made in his speech, particularly the parts referring to Scotland, and especially the portion relating to the extension of the representation of Glasgow. Mr. Alison, the keeper of the Exchange, who counted the assembled throng, found that over nine hundred were present."

On receipt of the news of this great Liberal victory, the enthusiasm of all, both leaders and inhabitants, knew no bounds. Meetings of rejoicing were held everywhere throughout the city, addressed by James Oswald, Sir Daniel Sandford, the gifted Professor of Greek in Glasgow University, Robert Dalglish, who afterwards was one of the members of Parliament for the City, and other prominent leaders in the movement. Provost Dalglish, the father of the future member, was asked to permit a general illumination. The City bells were rung, flags were flying from every house, and at night candles were as prominent and plentiful in the windows of the houses as they were in London on the acquittal of the seven bishops! Provost Dalglish's town house in West George Street was lighted with 3000 jets, the centre-piece being "Let Glasgow Flourish," surrounded by splendid representations of Trade, Commerce, and Manufactures saluting a figure of Reform. Next in splendour were transparencies at Sir James Lumsden's house in Queen Street, and Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Tennant's in West George Street. Argyle Street was all

ablaze, and variegated lamps were hung from the masts and yards of the ships in the harbour, the effect as seen from the Broomielaw and Stockwell bridges being such as could not be forgotten.*

About 1832 the mail to Glasgow took on an average forty-four hours to the journey; and 180 horses were used in all, four-in-hand.

The following incident of unprecedented expedition in bringing to Glasgow the news of the second reading in the House of Peers of the Reform Bill is worthy of record. Their lordships divided at twenty-five minutes to seven o'clock on the morning of Saturday the 14th of April 1832, when it appeared there were—contents, 184; non-contents, 175; majority for the Bill, 9. Mr. Young, the editor of the *Sun* newspaper (old *Sun*), left the Strand (London) at twenty minutes to eight o'clock, and arrived in Miller Street, Glasgow, on Sunday evening at half-past seven o'clock at the house of his agent, Mr. Thomas Atkinson, of 84 Trongate, who was succeeded in business there by Mr. Andrew Rutherglen, subsequently in Buchanan Street.

Mr. Young travelled in a post-chaise and four, with copies of his paper containing no less than twenty-two and a half columns of the debate, little more than an hour being occupied in setting up the types and in correcting and printing the paper. The journey, including all stoppages, was accomplished in thirty-five hours and fifty minutes. When it is considered that the usual time taken for the mail was then forty-four hours, although horses were always in readiness

* *George Square, Glasgow*, Rev. T. Somerville, p. 207.

for it, while with expresses delays were inevitable, and that in this instance newspapers were given out at every town on the way, the feat is all the more remarkable.*

* *The Anecdotage of Glasgow*, p. 275.

CHAPTER TWO

CONCERNING SOME GLASGOW MEN & WOMEN

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ANCESTOR-WORSHIP IS NOT MUCH IN vogue in Glasgow. In fact, ancestors are a little scarce; and a pedigree extending to three generations is considered highly respectable in commercial circles. Of course, it is not to be expected that the old landed aristocracy of Scotland would consider this kind of genealogy satisfactory; but money talks—in Glasgow as in America. In consequence, those sons and daughters of commerce who are liberally endowed need not despair of marrying into aristocratic circles. As a matter of fact, some of them do so marry; and in doing so scale such giddy social heights that the event is not spoken of as a mere marriage. No. A breathlessly expectant world is informed that an alliance is about to be contracted between His Grace the Marquis of Owealot and Miss Janet Bigge-Pile, only daughter of John Bigge-Pile, Esq., J.P., of Goosedubs Hall, and another address in Candleriggs which is carefully suppressed. Upon such an announcement the great heart of the people is deeply stirred. Kelvinside trembles with suppressed excitement. Pollokshields gasps in envy. Bellahouston is openly jealous. In full knowledge of this blissful state of matters, John Bigge-Pile, Esq., J.P., feels that he has not laboured in vain.

The brevity of the average Glasgow pedigree is hit off in the following story:—

An old Scottish landed proprietor, or Laird, who piqued himself much upon his pedigree, and had a sovereign contempt for men who had come to fortune

through successful industry, was one night in a company where a young lady from Glasgow happened to descant upon what her father, her grandfathers, and her great-grandfathers had done as civil rulers in the City.

After enduring this for a little, the laird at last tapped the fair speaker gently on the shoulder, and said to her in an emphatic but good-humoured tone—

"Wheesht, my woman; nae Glasgow folk ever had grandfathers."*

This is doubtless a fairly strong statement, but it holds at least a germ of truth. Still, if Glasgow contains few long pedigrees, it has numbered among its citizens not a few famous men. Most of these men, so far as this book is concerned, are dealt with under the University and Church sections; but a few of them figure in anecdotes such as belong to this chapter. Of these the first is Tobias Smollet, who served his apprenticeship in the little shop of Mr. Gordon, apothecary in High Street; and it is somewhat characteristic of the relations that existed between the pair that when the apothecary was taunted with regard to the mischievous proclivities of his erratic apprentice, as compared with certain other lads of more staid demeanour, Mr. Gordon always expressed his sympathy with his own "Bubbly laddie that aye carried a stane in his pouch!"†

As Smollet figures in the University section of this book, it is unnecessary to refer further to him at the moment. Of greater immediate interest is that well-

* *The Anecdotage of Glasgow*, R. Alison, p. 323.

† *Curiosities of Glasgow Citizenship*, G. Stewart, p. 121.

known philanthropist David Dale, who was born in Stewarton on 6th January 1739, and passed a long and honoured life in the City. His short and corpulent figure, says Dr. Strang,* was conspicuous in his day in the Trongate.

During the last years of the century, it may be truly affirmed of this able and worthy gentleman that he was always found ready to forward every scheme calculated to benefit his fellow-men, and particularly his fellow-citizens; whether that scheme might be to advance their mercantile and manufacturing interests, to ameliorate the condition of the outcast or orphan, or to reclaim the vicious and the criminal. Although a native of Stewarton, Mr. Dale, from his long residence in Glasgow (having come to it when in his twenty-fourth year, and spent therein fifty-seven years), may well be looked upon as one of her own sons. He first commenced business in the High Street, in a shop five doors north of the Cross, for which he paid five pounds of rent; but thinking even this too much for him, he sub-let the one half to a watchmaker for fifty shillings! In these small premises, however, he contrived to carry on a pretty extensive business in French yarns, which he imported from Flanders, till, being appointed in 1783 agent for the Royal Bank, the watchmaker's shop was converted into the bank-office, and there that establishment remained till its removal in 1798 to St. Andrew's Square. Impressed with the value of Arkwright's inventions, he set about erecting the cotton mills at Lanark, which he soon accomplished, and prosecuted cotton-spinning with singular success. He was also

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 364.

instrumental in erecting the mills at Catrine, and at Spinningdale in Sutherlandshire. Mr. Dale was not, however, content with the spinning of cotton; he joined other parties in the manufacture of cotton cloth, in the dyeing of turkey red, and in an inkle-factory, while he himself continued the import of Flanders yarn. Although one or other of those businesses, and particularly that of the bank, might be supposed to have been sufficient for the attention of one man, it was not so with Mr. Dale; for while he conducted successfully all the important enterprises in which he embarked, we find him devoting both time and money to various benevolent schemes, and also discharging the onerous duties of a city bailie, first in 1791, and again in 1794. Mr. Dale, though at first a member of the Established Church, and sitting under the ministry of Dr. Gillies of the College Church, ere long seceded from it, and joined Mr. Archibald Paterson, Mr. Matthew Alexander, and others in forming a Congregational Church, which first met in a private house, and thereafter in a meeting-house in Greyfriars Wynd, which was erected by Mr. Paterson at his own expense, and which, from the circumstance of that gentleman being a candlemaker, was long known by the appellation of the "Candle Kirk." Within the walls of this unpretending church Mr. Dale for many years acted as the Christian pastor, and fairly outlived the popular dislike and clamour which was raised against those who dared to preach without having passed through the portals of a University divinity-hall. But though a decided sectarian, he was altogether destitute of that bigotry which too often belongs to such bodies, offering

at all times his purse and his support to every Christian scheme, by whatsoever clerical party it might have been originated. He was, in short, respected by the wealthy and beloved by the poor, and when he bade a last adieu to a city which his talents and industry had certainly advanced, and which his philanthropy and religious example had improved, he was universally lamented as one of its ablest merchants, best magistrates, and most benevolent sons.

Another son of whom Glasgow is proud is Sir John Moore, who was born in Donald's Land on the 13th November 1761. As a soldier he distinguished himself in the Mediterranean, the West Indies, Ireland, and Egypt. Having attained the rank of Lieutenant-General, and obtained the Colonelcy of the 52nd, he was dispatched, in 1806, under General Fox, to the Mediterranean, whence he returned early in 1808. In that year he was sent to the Baltic with an armament of 10,000 men, to assist the King of Sweden, whence he almost immediately returned to England. After spending a few days there, he was sent with a body of troops to Portugal, to act under Generals Dalrymple and Burrard. He reached the headquarters of the British Army soon after the important Convention of Cintra. The superiors in command having been successively recalled, Moore at length assumed the chief command, to which he ought to have been at first nominated. Amid many difficulties—caused by the ignorance of the Government at home, and of their agents at Madrid, as well as by the imbecility of the Spanish Junta and the treachery of the Spanish nobles—Moore com-

menced his advance to Sahagun, and thereafter his retreat to Corunna. It is unnecessary here to enter upon the able manner in which that gallant soldier conducted a difficult march, in the face of a very superior French force flushed with unbroken victories over every Spanish army. Under his guidance the British army reached the port of embarkation in sufficient time to have got on board without trouble. But the transports had not arrived, and before the embarkation could be safely accomplished, the French, on the 16th January 1809, attacked the British position; yet in spite of all their efforts they were defeated, and the British troops remained masters of the field. It was when in the act of ordering up the Guards to support the Highlanders that Sir John Moore received his death-wound. He was buried in his uniform, upon the ramparts of Corunna. A monument to his memory has since been raised by the Marquis Romana, at the village of Elvina, where he fell. The following inscription is placed on the monument:—

"A la Gloria
Del General Ingles Moore
Y sus valientes Compatriotas,
La Espana agradecida." *

Glasgow has not bred many poets of the first rank, although she can boast of many able versifiers. She is therefore the more proud of Thomas Campbell, who was born in Glasgow on 27th July 1777, his father being a respectable shopkeeper. He was the tenth and youngest child of his parents, and was born in his father's sixty-seventh year—an age, it is somewhat

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 56.

remarkable, at which he himself died. While at the University he commenced writing poetry, being then only thirteen years of age; and having got one of his juvenile poems printed, in order to defray its cost he sold copies of it to the students at a penny each. On leaving the College, he soon after became a tutor in a private family residing in Mull, where, amid the magnificent scenery of that island, he planned and wrote a considerable portion of the *Pleasures of Hope*. Thence he removed to Edinburgh, where he published his celebrated poem in 1799, being then only twenty-two years of age. On the profits of this successful work, which went through four editions in one year, he travelled to Hamburg, and made a tour through Germany; and when there, witnessed the battle of Hohenlinden, which at once raised his lyre to the well-known spirit-stirring picture of that deadly struggle. On his return from the Continent he proceeded to London, where he was admitted into the best literary society, and was introduced by Sir James M'Intosh to the convivial parties of the King of Clubs—a place dedicated to the meetings of the reigning wits of the metropolis. He soon, however, returned to Edinburgh, where he wrote several of his minor poems and ballads. In 1803 he determined to remove to London, as the best field of literary exertion; and in the autumn of the same year he married his cousin, Miss Matilda Sinclair of Greenock, and made choice of the village of Sydenham as his residence, where he remained for eighteen years. Here he published, anonymously, *Annals of Great Britain, from the Accession of George III. till the Peace of Amiens*. Through the

interest of Mr. Fox, he received shortly after that statesman's death a pension of £300. After this period, Campbell became a working drudge to the booksellers; and his opinion of bibliopoles in general does not seem to have risen from his connection with them, as it is related of him that, on being invited to a booksellers' dinner soon after Pam, one of the trade, had been executed by order of Napoleon, and being asked for a toast, he with great gravity proposed to drink the health of Bonaparte! The company were amazed at such a toast, and asked for an explanation of it. "Gentlemen," said Campbell, "I give you Napoleon. He was a fine fellow—he shot a book-seller!" *

Another distinguished soldier who hailed Glasgow as the place of his birth was Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde. Among other honours showered upon him by his fellow-citizens when he returned from his victorious exploits in India, he was prevailed upon to allow his features to be perpetuated in marble.

Mr. G. E. Ewing was selected as the sculptor, and he had a reluctant sitter. When the work began at Lord Clyde's own residence in London, he busied himself with his papers, and seemed worried at what he had agreed to. Under the circumstances, Mr. Ewing wrought with all his might, and, after making some progress with the model, ventured to ask his lordship if he thought it like. He was too busy to look at it; but on the request being modestly repeated, the hero of Lucknow turned sharply round, exclaiming, "I tell you I don't care a damn whether it's like or not.

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 371.

Your friends in Glasgow wished to give you a job, and I am made the victim." *

Dr. John Strang has written learnedly and in most interesting fashion upon Glasgow and its Clubs. His book is full of pen-portraits of Glasgow men of bygone days, and one of the most curious characters is thus described :—

"Perhaps among the most remarkable oddities daily to be met with in Stockwell Street, about the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, was the tall, thin, gaunt figure of Mr. Robert Dreghorn of Ruchill, better known throughout the city by the appellation of *Bob Dragon*. As he paced up Stockwell Street, in his single-breasted grey coat and large buttons, with stick under his arm, and whistling as he went, Bob was no sooner espied than he became 'the observed of all observers,' especially of the female drudges who might be resting near their water *stoups*, or carrying a basket in the wake of their mistresses going to market; while his proximity to the objects of his *marked* attention never failed to excite either a titter or a tremor. Bob was likewise the peculiar bugbear of all boys in the street, having a strong propensity to lay his cane across the shoulders of any one who might be busy playing *butts*, or who might cross his path with a sarcastic smile. His name, too, was frequently made use of by mothers to frighten their peevish and noisy children into quietude, which they must have done more as deeming him the embodiment of ugliness than as thinking him the representative of any wicked peculiarity. The fact is, he was a

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 234.

person of rather a kindly disposition, although his outward man certainly bespoke a different nature. It was about the year 1806 that this daily perambulator from the Waterport to the Cross was missed one morning from the *pave*. The rumour soon rose that he had died by his own hand, and so it turned out to be." *

An interesting anecdote of Mr. Dreghorn is as follows :—

One day Mr. Dreghorn had invited a party of gentlemen to dinner, and on this occasion he was anxious to get a turkey for his head dish—turkeys being rather rare birds in Glasgow in these days. It so happened, however, that the Rev. Robert Lothian, teacher of mathematics, had also for the same day invited a dinner-party to his house ; and he came first to the poultry shop in Gibson's Wynd, where there was just one turkey, which bird Mr. Lothian forthwith purchased. Mr. Lothian had scarcely taken his departure when Mr. Dreghorn made his appearance among the poultry shops, and was sadly disappointed at learning that the solitary turkey had just been sold to Mr. Lothian; and that he had lost his chance only by a few minutes. Mr. Dreghorn now finding that there was no other turkey at that time for sale in Glasgow, as a *pis aller*, was obliged to buy a goose, which, however, did not please him at all for a substitute. On leaving the poultry shops in Gibson's Wynd, he came into the Trongate by way of King Street; and who did he see standing at the foot of Candleriggs, in conversation with Mr. David Allison, the grammar school teacher, but Mr. Lothian himself. Away then, and up to them,

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 283.

instantly went Mr. Dreghorn, and abruptly addressing Mr. Lothian, said, "Mr. Lothian, you have been buying a turkey?" "Yes, Mr. Dreghorn," said Mr. Lothian. "Well, then," replied Bob, "I have been buying a goose: will you give me your turkey for my goose?" "Ah," said Mr. Lothian, "that's a serious affair, and must be taken to *avis*-andum" (*avis* is the Latin for a bird). "No, no, Mr. Lothian," interruptingly exclaimed Mr. Allison, "I think that Mr. Dreghorn's proposal is worthy of a present *answer*" (*anser* is the Latin for a goose). "Be it so," replied Mr. Lothian. "Then, Mr. Dreghorn, what will you give me to boot, if I make the exchange?" "Give you to boot!" hastily retorted Bob. "I will give you nothing to boot; for my goose is heavier than your turkey; and you should rather give me something to boot." "Ah, ah," said Mr. Lothian, "but even supposing that to be the case, Mr. Dreghorn, your answer (*anser*) is not of sufficient *weight* to induce me to make the exchange." Upon which refusal, Bob, with his usual whistle, turned about upon his heel and unceremoniously marched off without understanding a word of the scholastic gentlemen's learned puns.*

Another prominent Club man in Glasgow in the period of which Dr. Strang writes was Mr. John Taylor of the Accidental Club. This gentleman was very tall; and, in common West-country parlance, "came out of the Water of Endrick." It is said that he used to amuse himself by writing amatory ditties for some of his pupils, addressed to their mistresses, and never failed to mingle with them a little touch of the sarcas-

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. ii. p. 338.

tic, in which vein he was rather an adept. Old *littérateurs* used to talk of the famous poetical contest betwixt him and the Rev. Dr. Gillies of the College Church, a man much esteemed in his day and generation. The subject chosen was a poem addressed to "Nonsense," in which the indispensable condition was, that no line should contain an intelligible idea. A leaden crown was the prize proposed to the victor, and to be decided by Dr. Robert Hamilton, Professor of Anatomy. On giving judgment on the efforts of the two who had striven for the prize, the learned Professor said that "It would have been difficult for him to determine the case, were it a mere question of ability; but on comparing the poems, it seemed to him that there was something like an idea in one of Dr. Gillies's lines, but that Mr. Taylor's verses were totally free of any such imputation." Mr. Taylor of course gained the crown.*

As a fair specimen of the unambitious humour of Mr. Taylor, and the pleasantry of the Accidental Club, there is here subjoined the following poetical bill, which was given to the landlord one evening by three of its members, when he by some accident was unable to change them a pound-note. There is added also the discharge demanded in consequence of the liquidation of the debt :—

"Severally, or else conjunct,
You, or your heirs if you're defunct,
Precisely after date a day,
To me or to my order pay—
Sixteenpence sterling, which must be
Sustain'd as value got from me ;

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 223.

To Messrs. Kirkpatrick, Taylor, and Scott,
Contracted for want of the change of a note.
. . . . . .
All mankind by these presents know,
That in my house five days ago,
When James Kirkpatrick and James Scott,
And lang John Taylor, drank a pot
Of porter and a triple gill,
For which they gave a conjunct bill;
Which bill I've lost—and therefore they
The sixteenpence refuse to pay,
Unless they get a full discharge,
Which here to them, I give at large;—
Again, I say, know every man,
From John o' Groat's house to Japan,
That the said bill is paid to me;
And, therefore, I discharge and free
Them and their heirs for evermore,
Of that and each preceding score.
Moreover to prevent deceit,
I here subscribe my name—
JOHN TAIT."*

The following extract from *Glasgow and its Clubs* gives a good impression of the Club habits of the eighteenth century:—

"As a sample of the worthies who composed the brotherhood meeting under the title of the MORNING AND EVENING CLUB, and who for many long years darkened with their forms one of the eastern closes of the High Street, we may mention Mr. Archibald Govane, writer, whose original character and convivial habits were ever sure to attract around him a knot of congenial spirits; and whose love for his Club was such that he rarely was known to be absent from a

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 225.

sitting. It was here, especially, that this celebrated clubbist, who may be said to have been an excellent representative of the drinking character of the age, most unreservedly indulged in his peculiar and favourite species of tipple, but in which, considering the cost of the material whereof it was manufactured, and the quantity which he generally contrived to swallow, he had few followers among the brotherhood. The beverage was no less, *for a beginning*, than a bottle of good port-wine *mulled*, flavoured with large slices of lemon, and poured into a quart mug. This rather odd Club drink was nicknamed '*Mahogany*,' and ere long, the sobriquet was conferred on himself. With his legs below the tavern mahogany, and with his own tankard of *mahogany* before him, this worthy worshipper of wine and waggery gossiped on till near midnight, and not unfrequently did not quit his chair till he had impounded the mystical number of *three* bottles in his stomach. At this period of Glasgow's history, tippling at all times of the day and drinking in the afternoons to excess were practised both by 'gentle and semple.' Among the shopkeepers and manufacturers *a meridian* glass was an almost universal habit, while forenoon *gilling* prevailed through the whole range of the different craftsmen. To transact business of any kind without the bargain being sealed with the stamp of the stoup, would have been looked upon as shabby, as it would have been unsafe; and so far was the practice carried, that even the most sacred matters were settled in a manner befitting 'thirsty souls'—that is to say, the clergy and their flocks were in the habit of discussing the weighty matters of the

Church over a tankard of twopenny or a glass of Glenlivet! About this period, too, when a dinner-party was given—which was, however, a rare occurrence compared with the practice of the present day—the guests, after the somewhat heavy repast, invariably set in for serious drinking. The host immediately began to ply his bottles and his bowl; and, in order to prevent anyone skulking away before he had drunk more than he could well carry, the dining-room door was locked, and the key snugly consigned to the host's pocket. A host, in fact, was looked upon as miserable and mean who did not testify his kindness by sending his guests reeling home, without any recollection of what had occurred during the closing part of the evening. Mention may here be made of one of the irregular members of the brotherhood, Mr. Matthew Gilmour, writer, who, to a strong love of the ludicrous united a propensity to play tricks on his neighbours. On his way one morning to the Club, when few were on the street, he discovered a ladder and ascended the statue of King William, at the Cross, where he seated himself on the horse, immediately behind the hero of the Boyne. The singular position of the member, however, soon attracted the attention of a curious passenger, who at once cried out, 'What are you doing there?' 'Oh!' exclaimed Mr. Gilmour, 'I am looking at the most wonderful sight, such as I never saw in all my life before, and if you will only come up you may see it too!' The stranger, without thought, took advantage of the ladder, and mounted to the top of the pedestal. 'Stop there till I come down, and you will get up'; and so saying the member slipped down,

and the stranger ascended to the vacated seat. Mr. Gilmour then counselled him to look steadfastly down the Gallowgate, and while he was thus employed, the ladder was removed and Mr. Gilmour with it, leaving the poor man on an elevation from which there was no practicable and safe descent!"*

The following interesting story is told of a minister whom one may almost suspect of trying to serve both God and Mammon. He suffered accordingly.

The Rev. Dr. John Hamilton and one of his parishioners, having both something important to talk over in the forenoon, retired as customary at that period to a public-house, and called for a gill of spirits and a piece of oatcake. Both were brought in and laid on the table; but before attempting to partake of either, Dr. Hamilton asked a blessing, which, closing his eyes, he lengthened out with such a copious infusion of Presbyterian doctrine that long before its conclusion his friend became tired, and, sip by sip, drank off the spirits placed before him. On arriving at "Amen," the minister stretched out his hand to take hold of the gill-stoup, but, lo! on raising the lid he found the vessel empty. "Ring the bell!" cried he, evidently annoyed either at the supposed neglect or indignity offered to them, adding, "This is really too bad." "Hooly, hooly!" said the parishioner, "it is all right enough. I am to blame for that. If you had been less lengthy in your prayer it would not have happened. But let me give you a hint for the future that the Scriptures tell us 'to watch as well as to pray!'"†

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 122.
† *Ibid.* p. 123.

Lieutenant-Colonel James Wolfe, afterwards so celebrated as the conqueror of Quebec, arrived in Glasgow in the spring of 1749, and among other introductions brought one to Mr. William Orr. There were no barracks in Glasgow in these days; the officers and soldiers were quartered on the inhabitants. Colonel Wolfe fell to the lot of Mr. Orr, who assigned to him as a residence the mansion in Camlachie built by Mr. Walkinshaw twenty-nine years previously.

In 1783, the country having become tired of the American War of Independence, and the House of Commons having expressed a strong opinion against its continuance, Government employed Mr. Richard Oswald, jun., privately to negotiate for a peace, for it was not the wish of the Ministry to appear on the stage at the outset of these negotiations. The preliminaries of the peace of 1783, therefore, came to be arranged principally through the agency of Mr. Richard Oswald, jun. About the time when these matters were going on, a great disaster had taken place in Scotch mercantile affairs by the bankruptcy of the Ayr Bank, in which a large number of landed proprietors in Ayrshire held shares. The result of this failure brought a great many estates in that county into the market, and Mr. Oswald, taking advantage of the opportunity, made large purchases of lands in various parts of Ayrshire, amongst which was the estate of Auchincruive. It was reported that he had laid out half a million sterling in land before his death, which brought him in a rental of £20,000 per annum.*

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. iii. p. 29.

A very prominent Glasgow citizen, Mr. Kirkman Finlay, was born in Glasgow about the year 1772, and for half a century was known throughout the commercial world as one of the most enterprising and active of British merchants. Endowed with peculiar activity and a well-cultivated and well-balanced mind, he, on the breaking up of the old tobacco trade, at once extended the name and commerce of Glasgow to the farthest corners of the civilised globe. No individual certainly did more to destroy the monopoly of the East India Company; and no sooner was the trade with the East opened up to free competition than he dispatched a vessel of 600 tons to Calcutta, being the first ship ever sent direct from Scotland to India. Mr. Finlay's opinions on matters of trade were entitled to the highest consideration, and were frequently quoted by his friend Mr. Huskisson in the House of Commons. In 1812 he was elected Lord Provost of the City, and in a few days thereafter was chosen Member of Parliament for the Clyde district of burghs. His return was a very popular one, and, amid many enthusiastic rejoicings at his success, he was drawn by his fellow-citizens in an open carriage from the Town Hall to his house in Queen Street. In a subsequent Parliament he sat for the burgh of Malmesbury, and in 1819 he was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University. With almost every one of the charitable and public institutions of Glasgow Mr. Finlay was connected, and it may be truly affirmed that for a long series of years he lent his helping hand actively and personally to every well-digested scheme for the improvement of the City. After thus pursuing a most

energetic and useful life, he died on the 6th March 1842, at Castle Toward, which he had built on the estate purchased with the fruits of his industry.*

The following note regarding Mr. Finlay is taken from a recent number of the *Glasgow Herald.* "The zealousness with which Kirkman Finlay looked after the interests of the city he represented in Parliament is exemplified in a passage in Professor Smart's *Economic Annals.* Among the petitions to Government regarding the much-debated Property Tax was one in which the merchants and manufacturers of the City of Glasgow rather honourably distinguished themselves by saying that they 'had no objection to the continuance of the tax in order to wind up the war expenditure, and that if so large a sum as six millions needed to be raised, the Property Tax was the least objectionable mode.' The retort was made that Scotland, owing to the laxity of collection, did not pay her full share of the tax; to which Mr. Finlay replied 'that the proportion of the tax paid by persons engaged in trade and manufactures, etc., in Glasgow amounted to double the sum from the same class in Manchester, although the trade of Manchester was double that of Glasgow.' It would have been well had the interests of Scotland been always as ably championed in Parliament as they were by Kirkman Finlay."

Glasgow humour is at times a trifle heavy and wanting in refinement. This is illustrated in a story told of a merchant of the name of James Wardrop, commonly called "Jemmy Wardrop." He was a man of wit, engaging manners, a jovial companion, and possessed

**Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 142.

of much humour; with these qualities it is unnecessary to say that he was often invited to the tables of the first families in Glasgow; and he, of course, had to make returns. On one of these occasions, when he was giving a dinner, he took a whim that every one of his company should be hunchbacked; and accordingly, without any distinction of rank, he invited every hunchback in Glasgow that he could find out. The first and most important was Walter Stirling, Esq., the founder of Stirling's Library, whose dwelling-house was in Miller Street, and who associated principally with the more aristocratic merchants. At this dinner there were seven or eight guests present—Mr. Stirling was the last to arrive. Immediately upon his coming into the drawing-room, and looking around him, he saw at once the object which Mr. Wardrop had in view in inviting him, and he turned sharply round to Mr. Wardrop, and thus addressed him: "Sir, happily for yourself, you are exempted from the misfortune which has overtaken your guests, and *you* may think that this is a proper occasion to pass your jokes upon them, and to hold up their infirmities to ridicule; but, sir, I consider your conduct as a gross insult, and that I would demean myself to sit down at the table of a man so destitute of proper feelings and of common good manners." So saying, Mr. Stirling directly left the room and walked away. Mr. Wardrop saw the impropriety of what he had done, and made every sort of apology to his remaining guests, declaring that he never meant to insult them, or to treat their misfortunes with ridicule. Being a man of very insinuating manners, he contrived to detain his

other guests to dinner, and having exerted himself to entertain them, they all left his table at a late hour, and in good humour. But the public of Glasgow took up Mr. Stirling's view of the matter, and blamed Mr. Wardrop most severely for his unfeeling conduct, so that he never again recovered his popularity in the City. Some years afterwards Mr. Wardrop took a religious turn of mind, and endeavoured to form a congregation of his own by hiring a room at the head of New Wynd and becoming a preacher; but his doctrines were so *outré* that nobody could understand them, and after people's first curiosity was satisfied by going to hear "Jemmy Wardrop preach," his congregation dwindled away, and at last he died, almost forgotten by the public of Glasgow.*

Glasgow being long ago the centre of so many Clubs, was naturally interested in the subject of punch and its ingredients. There was, in fact, an old custom in Glasgow of punch-drinkers contracting by the year for a supply of lemons; and it will be seen from the following advertisement that in the year 1756 (although the City was then but a small place) upwards of a hundred families in it had contracted by the year with a single fruiterer to be regularly furnished with lemons—that indispensable requisite of genuine Glasgow rum-punch:—

"*Just imported from Lisbon*, by George Wardrop, and to be sold at his shop a little above Bell's Wynd, likewise at his warehouse at the head of the Saltmarcat, Glasgow, a *parcel* of fine juicy lemons, sweet and bitter oranges, wines and fruits of all different kinds. Any

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. i. p. 297.

person that pleases to make a bargain through the year shall have good, sound fruit, both lemons and oranges, sweet and bitter, at 12d. per dozen—only they must take a book for fear of being imposed upon, and there to have 1s a pound discompt on all goods you buy, if cleared once a month. It is hoped this method will prevent the gentlemen's drinking punch with cremitartar in place of lemons, which several has owned their being the worse of it. As there were several persons had agreed to pay 18d. for the dozen, before we got this new fruit in, they are to be served at 12d. per dozen, till this time twelvemonth: and having now agreed with upwards of 100 persons for our lemons and oranges, and if we should happen to be out, as I hope will not be the case, they shall have French lemon juice, at 2s. per Scots pint" (*Glasgow Journal*, 12th January 1756).

These old drinking habits had sometimes humorous consequences.

A party of Glasgow gentlemen once dined with a person who had a bleaching-green a few miles from the City. The night was wet both within and without doors; and about two in the morning, when a proposal was made to break up, the host got a large covered cart, usually employed in carrying cloth to and from Glasgow, into which the guests gladly consented to go, for want of anything better, in order to be conveyed to their quarters. On driving up to the Cross with this strange load, the servant, a very whimsical fellow, stopped, and coming round to the door which was behind, inquired to what point he was now to proceed. The few who could speak bawled out their respective

lodgings, some in one part of the City, some in another, while others could only utter such sounds as showed how unable they were to take care of themselves. Quite perplexed by the contradictory orders he received, and altogether hopeless of being able to see the whole safely housed, the man, to use a popular saying, resolved to let the tow go with the bucket, and going to the other end of the cart, deliberately upset the whole party into the street, as if they had been nothing better than a parcel of old sacks, remarking, "My braw sparks, gin your tongues hing sae loosely in your heads, as no' to be able to say whaur your hames are—though it's maybe mair frae punch than pride—just try if your feet will find them."

Coming down to more modern times, Dr. Hedderwick, in *Backward Glances*,* gives some interesting glimpses of social life in Glasgow in the middle of the nineteenth century. He writes as follows:—

"Many Glasgow people will remember the firm of Robertson & Atkinson, booksellers, opposite the Tron Steeple. Atkinson was a local luminary in his day. His ambition and belief in himself was unbounded. I happened to meet him in 1827, when the news had just come to town of the decease of George Canning, who had succeeded Lord Liverpool as Prime Minister, and he declared that for the fame of that great statesman he would willingly have died his death. He wrote much, had a considerable gift of speech, and tried unsuccessfully to enter Parliament as the representative of the Stirling burghs in opposition to Lord Dalmeny. His life altogether was an aspiration and a

* P. 26.

defeat. Leaving his native city for Barbadoes in a desperate search for health, he died on the voyage out at the early age of thirty-two. Thus was the keen aspirant for position and fame

> 'cut off from glory's course,
> Which never mortal was so fond to run.'

But his partner David Robertson, from whom he had previously separated, aimed at no such lofty career. The latter was content to pursue the even tenor of his way, and as the projector and publisher of 'Whistle Binkie,' 'Songs of the Nursery,' and the 'Laird of Logan' his shop near the foot of Glassford Street became a noted 'Howf' for poets, editors, clergymen, and *literati* generally. He had a private apartment or snuggery furnished with newspapers and periodicals, where under fitting circumstances he could turn out a comfortable glass of port; and the kind of persons that gathered round him, almost daily, gave the assurance of much interesting and vivacious chat.

"There might be seen William Motherwell, whose ballad of 'Jeanie Morison' makes

> 'The heart grow grit
> Wi' dreamings o' langsyne';

but being in advance of me in years, my acquaintance with him was necessarily slight. His great friend William Kennedy, author of *Fitful Fancies*, I knew better. This gentleman, reddish-haired and bald, with a finely shaped head, had suffered it was alleged from partial sun-stroke, incurred in Texas, where he had held a British consulship. It was on his return home that I acquired his friendship, and it was then he wrote the admired monody on Motherwell, the concluding

stanza of which is inscribed on his monument in the Necropolis :

'Not as a record he lacketh a stone !
'Tis a light debt to the singer we've known ;
Proof that our love for his name hath not flown ;
With the fame perishing—
That we are cherishing
Feelings akin to the lost poet's own.'

"Another of the coterie whom I recall was Alexander Rodger, whose pronounced Radicalism had at one time brought him into trouble, but whose racy song of 'Behave yoursel' before Folk' had attracted notice in the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' of *Blackwood*, and who had the further distinction of being entertained in 1836 at a public dinner in the Trades Hall, with no less a personage than Professor Wilson of Edinburgh in the chair.

"This was the first time I had met the Professor, who showed, I thought, admirable tact in praising the guest of the evening with apparent effusion, yet with a certain parenthetic reserve which left no sentence or passage which could afterwards be quoted as extravagant.

"Most of the other noted Whistle-binkians were regular frequenters of Mr. Robertson's lounge—J. D. Carrick, author of *A Life of Wallace*; Edward Pinkerton, poet and Greek scholar; William Miller, whose 'Wee Willie Winkie' won for him a name as 'laureate of the nursery,' and other well-known Glaswegians. These were occasionally supplemented by visitors from Edinburgh, including Robert Gilfillan, author of 'Why left I my Hame?' James Ballantine, of *Gaberlunzie Wallet* celebrity; and Captain Charles

Gray, whose song, 'When Autumn has laid her Sickle by,' I have more than once heard him sing with vivacity and vigour. The captain was a retired officer of the Royal Marines, and an enthusiast in the lyrical lore of Scotland.

"Often too, among the group might be noted the prominent and inquiring eyes of Dr. Strang, author of *Glasgow and its Clubs*; and the keen sparkling features of Thomas Davidson, whose letters to the press, under the signature of 'Lucius Verus,' had made some noise. Then there were certain humorists, who raised from time to time the loud 'guffaw,' chief among whom were Dr. Graeme, a loyal Scotchman who made and sang the most comical of Irish ditties; and Andrew Henderson, the compiler of the *Scottish Proverbs*, a large, soft, fair-haired, unbearded man, with a high falsetto voice, and with an overflowing fund of caustic banter which enlivened many a memorable symposium. David Robertson himself, with his profound love of Scottish song, and his immense appreciation of all kinds of wit and drollery, was the centre figure around which the host of worthies were wont to cluster. He could warble forth a plaintive Lowland ballad with a great deal of expression and tenderness, or give out with characteristic accent an amusing rhyme of Gaelic blundering and oddity of speech. His 'Bonny Mary Hay' was, for example, always popular; while his 'Twal' o' August,' with its diverting narrative of unsuccessful sport, was a still greater favourite. But while his own agreeable personality was an unfailing bond of union, his manner was singularly modest and retiring, and it was with no little

surprise that I learned on one occasion of his having consented to take the chair at the annual dinner of the Perthshire Benevolent Society.

"He would fain have shirked this obligation, for unlike his late partner, he was diffident of his capacity for speech-making. Nevertheless, he braced himself manfully to the task; and when the eventful evening came, he appeared fully armed with all his little orations carefully written out and enclosed in a small black-leather case, such as is used by clergymen for their sermons. These he read with difficulty. Was his writing not quite legible, even to himself? Or was his double eyeglass at fault? Every time he rose he seemed embarrassed and uncomfortable. This, however, was only when grappling with his formal toasts. The moment he had struggled through these, and his manuscript had disappeared in his pocket, it was obvious to all present that a weight had been lifted from his mind. He became all at once easy, self-possessed, and jocular.

"Later on it fell to the lot of Mr. William Campbell of Tullichewan to propose Mr. Robertson's health. This he did in a few cordial and laudatory remarks; but when he came to descant on the excellent manner in which he had discharged the duties of the chair, he paused, looked him straight in the face, and after a suitable compliment, wound up by observing confidentially, and in a tone of homely vernacular, 'But O Dauvit, nae mair o' that Black Book!' This sally set the table in a roar."

Dr. Hedderwick further writes:* "The comple-

* *Backward Glances*, J. Hedderwick, LL.D., p. 126.

tion of the railway between Glasgow and Edinburgh was a great event for me. It diminished the distance between the two cities by considerably more than one half, and to that extent I was brought nearer my Glasgow home.

"I was present with the directors at their inaugural trip on the line, and at the great dinner in the Glasgow Station fitted up as a banqueting-hall, and presided over by Mr. John Leadbetter, the first chairman of the company. Those were the days of the horrible 'stand-ups'; and I recollect a friend who had been in one of those unseated tubs, on the occasion to which I refer, alighting at an early station, and soliciting, with 'most petitionary vehemence,' to be admitted to an inside seat. It was a cold season of the year, and the argument of necessity in support of his appeal was visible on his face, which was pinched and blue, while the *tremolo* in his voice made me feelingly participate in his shiver.

"The 'stand-ups,' however, gave rise to jocularity as well as to terror and objurgation. I think it was Dr. John Ritchie, of 'Voluntary' fame, who, on being asked how he had travelled from Glasgow, replied, 'I came in the congregation of the upright!'

"Towards the close of 1843 an artistic dinner took place in the Assembly Rooms, Glasgow.

"Among the toasts in the programme was the 'Memory of Sir David Wilkie,' given by a venerable baronet long since gone to his rest. He was not the first after-dinner speaker whom I have seen err on the score of too great length. Sir David, whose genius had attracted him to Abbotsford, where he painted Scott

and his family, and for whose 'Chelsea Pensioners' the Duke of Wellington had paid him twelve hundred guineas, was a good subject for any reasonable rhetorician. As a delineator of life and character in such pictures as 'Rent Day,' the 'Card Players,' 'Blind Man's Buff,' the 'Penny Wedding,' and others of that class, he might be likened to Scott himself. Then the ambition which took him to the East, his death on the voyage home, and his burial in the waters of the Mediterranean, so splendidly commemorated by Turner, might all have been touched upon in sympathetic and eloquent terms.

"I make no question of the speaker's fitness as regards a knowledge of the subject for the task he had undertaken. But he was undoubtedly too forgetful that there were many others to follow, and after a time the application of the *clôture* through the jingling of glasses became painful. To so small a matter I would not have alluded but for an anecdote which followed, and which I suppose had veritable foundation. The self-satisfied old gentleman sat down, it was alleged, remarking to those near him, 'I had no idea that Sir David Wilkie was so unpopular.'"

If space permitted, many more interesting things might be set down about Glasgow men; but, the limits of this book being fixed, one must now leave the men and devote a little space to the ladies. While Glasgow has in its day and generation brought forth many daughters possessed of all family and domestic virtues, romance, it must regretfully be admitted, seems to find St. Mungo's City a somewhat cold and uncongenial dwelling-place. Nevertheless, there have no

doubt been many women in the city who have sacrificed all for love ; and perhaps the most conspicuous was Miss Clementina Walkinshaw, who succumbed to the fascinations of Bonnie Prince Charlie. That unhappy young man received such a cold welcome from Glasgow in its civic capacity that he must have rejoiced to find at least one inhabitant of the then dour, drab town who regarded him with feelings of warmth.

Clementina Walkinshaw was the third daughter of John Walkinshaw of Barrowfield. Her beauty attracted the notice of the Prince. Whether the liaison which at a later period existed between Charles and Miss Walkinshaw commenced in Scotland is not perfectly known, but it is certain that from 1751 she lived with him, sometimes in Switzerland and sometimes in Flanders, as his mistress. By her he had a daughter, legitimatised in 1787, whom he created Duchess of Albany. She died the following year.

General Wolfe has recorded his opinion of Glasgow people in general, and of Glasgow ladies. Here it is:—

He says in one letter: "The men here are civil, designing, and treacherous, with their immediate interests always in view. They pursue trade with warmth, and a necessary mercantile spirit, arising from the baseness of their other qualifications." But hear what he says about the ladies: "The women are coarse, cold, and cunning; for ever inquiring after men's circumstances; they make that the standard of their good-breeding. You may imagine it would not be difficult for me to be pretty well received here, if I took

pains, having some of the advantages necessary to recommend me to their favour; but——"

After this Glasgow people may be inclined to readjust their ideas as to General Wolfe. He may be forgiven for his criticism of the men—it was probably true. But as to the ladies—well, the least that can be said is that the General had no small notion of his own fascinations.

In these modern days of hobble skirts, trouserines, pannier skirts, and other baffling evidences of female capriciousness, the following story should be read with interest. It is given in *Glasgow Past and Present*:*—

"I remember Colonel John Campbell very well before his marriage. He was a remarkably good-looking person, upwards of six feet high, and possessed a fine figure, with the commanding military carriage of a soldier. At the time of his marriage, he was only captain in the army; but was well known in London, in the circle of its bucks, by the name of 'Handsome Jack of the Guards.' In the year 1796 he married the celebrated Lady Charlotte Campbell, daughter of John Duke of Argyll, and uterine sister of Douglas, Duke of Hamilton. Their eldest son, Walter of Shawfield (late of Islay), was born in the year 1800, and succeeded his grandfather in 1816.

"A ludicrous scene was witnessed upon our streets shortly after Lady Charlotte Campbell had married 'Handsome Jack of the Guards.' Her ladyship at this time was about twenty-one years of age, in the full bloom of youth and beauty, and replete with life and sprightliness. She was said to possess the handsomest

* Vol. ii. p. 247.

legs of any lady at Court, and she was not sparing of exhibiting them, both there and elsewhere, to the greatest advantage. It was reported that Queen Charlotte desired one of her ladies-in-waiting to tell Lady Charlotte Campbell to take a tuck out of her petticoat the next time she appeared at Court.

"One day I was passing the foot of the Candleriggs, when my attention was arrested by seeing crowds of people surrounding two ladies, and a young gentleman apparently about seventeen years of age, who were walking eastwards towards the Cross along the Trongate.

"Like others, I ran forward to see what was going on, and then I beheld Lady Charlotte, dressed in the height of the then Parisian fashion, with petticoats almost as short as a Highlandman's philabeg, which dress exhibited the pretty little ankle and the beautiful contour of the calf of the leg to admiration. In an instant the word passed from mouth to mouth of the crowd, 'It's Lady Charlotte Campbell! It's Lady Charlotte Campbell!' and then might have been seen a scampering of all classes from the four streets of the Trongate, King Street, Candleriggs, and Gallowgate, to get a sight of the celebrated beauty. The crowd now became so dense that her ladyship and party could no longer proceed along the Trongate, every one of the mob eagerly pressing in upon them to have a sight of Lady Charlotte, who then became greatly alarmed lest she should be attacked by the mob, which was constantly increasing in numbers. Her ladyship and party having in vain attempted to proceed along the Trongate, at last, in a state of great alarm and terror,

rushed into a shop nearly opposite the Tron Church, and begged the shopman instantly to shut his door till the mob dispersed, which he not only did, but also put up the shutters of his shop window. The mob, however, so far from dispersing, became greater and greater, for the word had passed on all sides amongst the crowd that Lady Charlotte Campbell, dressed nearly half-naked, had taken refuge in the shop, and so everyone remained on the spot, expecting to get a peep of the half-naked beauty on her exit from the said shop. The shopman now became alarmed for the safety of his goods, as well as for the safety of his guests, and therefore jumping out by the window of his back shop, he ran at full speed to the guard-house (then situated in the Candleriggs, opposite to Campbell & Company's warehouse), and procured the attendance of a sergeant and a party of soldiers, who took their station at the shop door, which was still kept closely shut. In the meantime, Lady Charlotte being at her wits' end how she was to escape the attack of the rabble, who were not disposed to disperse, resolved to follow the example of the shopman, and accordingly jumped out of the back-window of the shop, which brought her into a throughgoing close leading into the Candleriggs, and (without the crowd having observed her escape) she entered an adjoining house, where, upon explaining her situation, a carriage was sent for which safely conveyed her ladyship to the Black Bull Inn. As soon as the shopman had seen Lady Charlotte fairly out of danger, he communicated the fact to the military who were guarding the shop door, and then, under the protection of the soldiers, he threw open his door to allow

the remaining lady and gentleman to pass on their way. The crowd were sadly disappointed at seeing only the lady and young gentleman coming forth, as the lady was dressed in the usual fashion of the day like others, and not at all remarkable. I must, however, say that the mob behaved to them with great politeness, for the instant that they made their appearance from the shop the crowd voluntarily separated, and left a clear lane upon the pavement so as to allow the lady and young gentleman to walk westward without molestation, the mob neither hooting, hissing, nor behaving in any respect rudely to them, so that the military had no occasion to escort or protect them; in fact, the mob was not a riotous assembly, but merely a gathering of people from curiosity to behold so celebrated a personage as Lady Charlotte Campbell appearing upon our streets in what they thought a stage dress, fit only for an opera girl."

The umbrella made but slow headway in Glasgow, as is evidenced by the following incident narrated by "Senex": "About the year 1799 I recollect of getting a jaunt to Bridgeton along by the Serpentine Walk in the Green. It was then very beautiful, there being a high hedge luxuriantly covered with blossoms running across the Green at King's Park, and the Serpentine Walk was cool and delightful. Umbrellas could not have been very common at this time, as I remember a lady walking through Bridgeton that day with an umbrella up, and a crowd of urchins after her, bawling out, 'Gentle Jean, haud up your coats and let the rain rin by ye.'" *

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. i. p. 561.

The worthy Dr. Strang appears to have been susceptible to feminine charms, and one is indebted to him for a brief glimpse of the beauties of Glasgow in the early part of the nineteenth century. He writes as follows:—

"Among the hundred annual lists of toasts regularly entered in the Minute Book of the Hodge Podge Club, that of 1809 contains a perfect galaxy of beauty, all of whom we remember to have seen in our boyhood. It was of one of those lovely young ladies belonging to that period the following anecdote was told: Being one day talking with a stranger gentleman from a distance about Glasgow and its gaieties, the conversation turned upon balls, and those who attended them; when the stranger laughingly asked this fair toast of the Hodge Podge, 'Have you many *beauties* in Glasgow?' On which the young belle naïvely replied, 'There are five of us!'"*

Such accounts of the loveliness of the ladies of a century ago are very moving. But here is another witness, "Nestor," who speaks glowingly of the ladies of a slightly later period. He says: "About the year 1820 Glasgow boasted of a galaxy of female beauties. One lady, not merely for her beauty, but for her diminutive stature, was known as the 'Pocket Venus.' Three sisters were termed the 'Three Graces.' One Miss enthralled the heir-apparent of a dukedom, who purchased his freedom by a handsome sum of money. Another lady, a native of the Highlands, when she visited her friends in Glasgow, and went shopping in Trongate, required the guardianship of the police to

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 62.

save her from the vulgar stare of the populace in wending her way homewards to Queen Street." *

These tales of feminine fascination are corroborated in a measure by the following romantic tale, culled from *Glasgow Past and Present*: †—

"To the best of my recollection, the last Duchess of Douglas belonged to the Mains branch of the Campbells of Blythswood. She was a Miss Douglas of Mains, and lived in the family mansion in the Bridgegate. The following story is told of the manner of her first introduction to the Duke of Douglas: A Glasgow party had been made up to take an excursion to see Bothwell Castle and its pleasure grounds, and among this party was Miss Douglas of Mains, a very lively, rattling girl. The Duke of Douglas was a man of very retired habits, and saw little company, living generally at Bothwell Castle. Upon the Glasgow party reaching the Castle and finding that the Duke was there, they sent a message requesting liberty to take a view of the Castle and pleasure grounds, which was readily granted. On this occasion Miss Douglas rattled away with his Grace, and chatted with him in so easy and lively a manner that the Duke was quite taken with her. The Glasgow party, after having viewed the house and pleasure grounds, were about to depart, when Miss Douglas said to the Duke, 'Please, your Grace, everything here is most beautiful, and very fine indeed, but I think this place might be wonderfully improved.' 'How so?' said the Duke quickly. 'Why,' answered Miss Douglas, 'just by your Grace taking a wife.' Of

* *Rambling Recollections of Old Glasgow*, "Nestor," p. 131.
† Vol. i. p. 318.

course, this passed off with a laugh. However, the Duke returned the call, and ultimately married the lively young lady."

From the foregoing story, and the immediately preceding evidence of the beauty of Glasgow ladies of last century, the fair citizens of the present day may take heart. They may fittingly reflect upon the proverb to the effect that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. And although the City has increased tenfold in population since the days above written of, yet it is obvious to every Glasgow man that the standard of beauty among the fair ones of St. Mungo has been abundantly maintained. Thus, if at the present time any temerarious stranger were to ask a Glasgow belle the question quoted above, "Have you many beauties in Glasgow?" the answer would undoubtedly be, not "There are five of us," but,

"Our name is Legion."

CHAPTER THREE

THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE

CHAPTER THREE THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE

THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE AVERAGE Glasgow man are now of a simple character. For eight months of the year he follows football—as a spectator. This occupies his Saturday afternoons. In summer he may participate actively in bowling, or by proxy in cricket. His evenings all the year round are devoted to music halls, and occasionally to the theatre. By these simple methods he gets rid of his surplus cash—and of some which is not surplus. If anything, he is more sober than he used to be; and upholders of the music halls state that this is because he spends his money on rational amusement, and not on drink. But in the eighteenth century he had no music halls to which he might resort, and football was practically unknown. Therefore the Glasgow man of those days sought other, and less peaceful, excitements. Amongst these perhaps the most reprehensible was the practice of shooting cocks at Govan on New Year's Day. On the morning of that day the road to Govan, then a village, might have been seen crowded with idle boys and half-tipsy operatives hurrying along, armed with fowling-pieces and guns of various forms and calibres, in expectation of being able to bring home a cock to their dinner. The poor cock was tied to a stake, and had no chance of escape. The price of a shot was one penny; and whoever killed the bird received its carcass as the reward of his dexterity. On every New Year's Day Govan was the resort of a blackguard half-drunken mob, who, in addition to cock-shooting, passed the day at throwing the cudgel for gingerbread

cakes, and the like sports; while there was free scope for all manner of thimble-rigging. It appears singular now how the sheriff or justices of the peace should have permitted such disgraceful scenes to be acted in the neighbourhood of the City; but the practice of cock-shooting at Govan on New Year's Day was an amusement of long standing, and, like other ancient bad practices, use and wont formed its apology.*

Another little amusement of the people was stone-fighting. In the latter half of the eighteenth century there was an island in the channel of the Clyde betwixt the old and new bridges, and this particular spot was the regular field for stone battles between the Glasgowensians and the Gorbalonians—the combatants being not merely a parcel of boys, but many of them grown-up young men. The Gorbalonians claimed more than a forty years' prescriptive right to this island, and defended it with the utmost pertinacity. If at any time they were likely to be worsted in battle, a messenger was immediately sent to the Gorbals weaver lads, who, without fail, left their looms, and brought aid to their discomfited friends. A great deal of strategy was required in these battles; for besides the weavers' *corps de reserve* there were on each side regular advance and ambush detachments. Some of these parties in a hidden manner would contrive, by creeping on all fours, to cross the new bridge unobserved, and to make an attack on the enemy's rear; while perhaps a detachment from the attacked party had pursued the same manœuvre, by crossing the old bridge, or the river, at the slaughter-house. In such a case there would come

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, p. 97.

to be a complete *mêlée*, when all the parties got upon the island, and fought almost hand to hand. "I remember," says "Senex," "that the Gorbalonians had a big bold fellow for a champion, whom they regarded with as much pride as the Philistines did their Goliath. This chap was their leader, and whenever he appeared, the Glasgowensians were sure to give way before him, and to betake themselves to flight or to manœuvring in his rear; for he was a downright, straightforward fighter, and despised all strategy; so that he and his party were sometimes taken so suddenly in the rear that his young adherents were put to the rout, while he alone braved all his enemies. These battles took place regularly on the Saturday evenings, and it then became dangerous for any person to cross the old bridge, or to walk the streets adjacent to it. It is singular that the Magistrates of Glasgow should have allowed such a state of matters to continue; but they seem to have considered it as a sort of idle sport, nearly as innocent as a game at football. An accident, however, at last happened, a boy being killed in one of these battles; and although it could never be ascertained who had thrown the fatal stone, nevertheless a proclamation was issued by the Magistrates strictly prohibiting all stone battles in future; and as the red-coat officers were directed to take up, and bring to the Chamber, all offenders, these stone battles upon the river entirely ceased." *

The Bridgegate was also the scene, at certain periods of the year, of considerable upheavals, resulting seemingly from an inborn love of mischief in the lower classes in the early years of the nineteenth century. Dr.

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. i. p. 285.

Strang gives the following account of the troubles in that district:—

"While the Bridgegate was characterised during the greater part of the year by quietness and respectability, it cannot be denied that, on Whitsun-Monday in particular, it was occasionally the scene of tumult and riot. On that evening all the loose boys and elder blackguards of the town were attracted thither, to play tricks on what were designated the country 'Jocks and Jennies' who had assembled during the day for country hire. Frequently on such occasions have we ourselves seen the mob take possession of the street, and particularly of the avenue leading to the bridge, and thereafter put to the rout both Magistracy and Police; while every man with a decent coat or a good hat was certain of being assailed with a dead cat or some equally filthy missile. We shall never forget the scene in which the honest, good-hearted Bailie Waddell, accompanied by the then gigantic Master of Police, Mr. Mitchell, vainly attempted, by 'soft sawdor' speeches, to check the increasing disturbing elements of a most uproarious multitude, and who only received for their kind counsels a shower of stones and mud; and although aided by all the police force which they had at their command—which, Heaven knows! was small enough—were thankful to sound a retreat and take refuge in a shop, where they might remain in safety till relieved by a party of soldiers ordered from the guard-house."*

About this time (1790) golf had some vogue in Glasgow; and in view of the present popularity of

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 281.

the game, the following note by Dr. Strang may be of interest:—

"The game of golf is one of the oldest amusements in Scotland, and is still in great favour in Edinburgh and St. Andrews. In Glasgow it was long a favourite pastime, and continued to be so till the improvements on the Public Green took away all the *hazards*, without which there is no play. At the period when the Grog Club was meeting, the Golf Club was in its heyday; and some of our first-class citizens were frequently seen with club in hand following the balls that flew on every side over the then undulating park. Among the best players were Messrs. James Spreull, Cuningham Corbet, John Craig, Laurence Craigie, David and James Connell, and the then editor of the *Courier*, James M'Nair, LL.D., who erected a villa on the summit of Woodlands, which, for its odd architecture, was best known by the title of M'Nair's Folly, and stood on the apex of the hill on which the square is to be built connected with the West-End Park.

"The sporting instincts of the people also began to assert themselves about this time, and a very general interest was taken in horse-racing, which was greatly encouraged by the patronage bestowed on it by the Duke of Hamilton, and by the annual races which took place in that nobleman's park. At that time the Duke and Mr. Baird of Newbyth were leading men on the turf; and in 1791 the famous match betwixt these two celebrated individuals was run over the course at Hamilton. Cock-fighting, also, was much encouraged by many of the leading citizens, and numerous *mains* were fought under most aristocratic pat-

ronage. And as to 'the noble science of self-defence,' as pugilism was denominated, it is certain, from the many advertisements which appear in the newspapers of the period, that this *sport* was looked upon with considerable favour. Fawtrell and Partner frequently sparred with great encouragement in Hemming's great hall in 1791. In the same year Big Sam twice exhibited his power in the same hotel; and Daniel Mendoza also wielded the gloves against Fawtrell, while in training for his famous contest with Ward."*

From boxing one may turn to a more peaceful form of amusement—namely, conjuring; and in that connection the following incident is amusing.

Among the Glasgow characters of olden time was Sandy Park the writer. Sandy was a portly, jolly fellow, and the prince of *bon vivants*. He sang a good song, told funny stories, was a great humorist, and the cock of Glasgow clubs and masonic lodges. No one ever enjoyed the hilarities of the punch-bowl more than Sandy Park; and Walter Graham himself was scarcely his superior at brewing the noble beverage of Glasgow rum-punch. As for humour, Sandy beat Walter quite hollow.

One night when Herman Boaz, the celebrated conjurer and legerdemain performer, was to exhibit some of his marvellous hocus-pocus tricks in Glasgow, Sandy was resolved to go and see the performance, and, if possible, to find out the secret of some of Herman's tricks. While Sandy was at the door of the exhibition room, paying for his ticket of admission, he happened to put his hand in his coat pocket, and, to his

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, pp. 236, 238.

surprise, he found a shilling in it which he knew did not belong to him "Ha, ha," thought Sandy to himself, "here is one of the conjurer's sleight-of-hand tricks! I think I will try to show him one too." So he slyly slipped the shilling into the coat pocket of a tall, thin gentleman who was standing next to him at the door, and who was also paying for his admission ticket.

On entering the exhibition room, Sandy took his place in the front row; but the tall gentleman went into a back seat. In the course of the entertainment Herman Boaz requested a gentleman, one of the company present, to place a shilling under a cup, and to hold the cup fast down over it, so as to be sure that he had the shilling effectually secured, while he (Boaz) stood at a distance. This being done, Boaz asked the gentleman if he was quite certain that the shilling was below the cup? Being answered in the affirmative, Boaz took up his magic wand, and with it overturned the cup, when lo! the shilling was gone. Boaz then pointing to Sandy Park said, "The stout gentleman in the front seat there will find the shilling in his right coat pocket." Upon this, Sandy, putting his hand in his coat pocket, and acting as if he had found the shilling, pretended to examine it, but concealed the fact that his hand was empty. He then with upcast eyes and affected surprise called out to the audience, "Most wonderful! it's perfectly miraculous!" Then, carrying his closed fist to his mouth, apparently holding the shilling, he gave a tremendous puff, and, extending his empty palms to the company, called out, "The tall gentleman in the back seat there will find the shilling

in his left coat pocket!" The said gentleman accordingly having searched his pocket, found the shilling in it, to the utter amazement of Herman Boaz, who exclaimed, "O ho! I find that there are more conjurers present here than one!"*

In these modern days, when every street in the centre of Glasgow holds numerous tea-rooms, the frequenters of these establishments will possibly be surprised to learn that the people of Glasgow were addicted to public tea-drinking long before the tea-room as now known came into existence. In *Glimpses of Old Glasgow* one reads: "In the suburbs were to be found the much-frequented, but now extinct and scarcely to be remembered, 'tea'-gardens. These places of resort were situated in Bridgeton, on the ground where Robertson's mill now stands; at Rosehall Gardens, New City Road; and Roseneath Cottage, Paisley Road. Although called 'tea'-gardens, that comparatively harmless beverage was not the only one to be had. Whisky and ale could also be got. In the summer-time curds and cream were dispensed to the younger visitors. These places were beautifully decorated with plants and flowers, and in them were found both birds and beasts—a menagerie on a small scale: one garden boasting a bear, while that in the east end possessed an eagle, caught, when young, on the Cathkin Braes." †

But however popular these tea-gardens may have been with one section of the community, there was another section to whom they appealed in vain; for an-

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. ii. p. 301.

† *Glimpses of Old Glasgow*, Andrew Aird, p. 15.

other chronicler tells that many of the smaller taverns in the City at that time had cock-pits and rat-pits in the back courts. Dog-fights and cock-fights were frequently held, and ratting with terriers was a favourite sport. John Gouldie's tavern was the favourite resort of the leading patrons of sport in the West of Scotland.

Here might have been seen the Duke of Hamilton, a tall, dark, thin man; James Merry, the ironmaster, one of the founders of the firm of Merry & Cuninghame, and always attended by his satellite, Norman Buchanan; Lord Kelburne, with his strange protégé, Rab Ha', the notorious glutton; Ramsay of Barnton, a famous whip, whose love for the ribbons led him to drive the four-in-hand coach between Glasgow and Stirling; and Rab Steel, the marrying Provost of Rutherglen.*

The Glasgow business man of to-day, hurrying along Queen Street, must find a difficulty in realising that less than a hundred years ago the boys of the town played cricket where now there is a constant roar of traffic, and that the present site of many city warehouses was the scene of combats between rival factions of youthful warriors. "Senex" moralises on the scene thus:—

"Many a game of cricket I have played on the then retired Queen Street, with Mr. Hamilton's sons—one of whom is now lieutenant-colonel, and the other major of a very distinguished regiment in the service—our red gowns being thrown on the railings in front of their father's house. I well remember 'a battle' which the colonel had with a strange lad from another street, who intruded, as we thought, into our beat. I 'held the bon-

* *Reminiscences of Eighty Years*, John Urie, p. 96.

net' with a son of the only Episcopalian clergyman then in Glasgow; accessions of strength came to both sides; the bonnet was thrown aside, and a regular set-to took place in pairs, where 'bloody noses' were dealt and received with amazing impartiality, till the whole street was in a ferment. This 'sanguinary engagement' took place exactly opposite the present Exchange, and was put a stop to by the sudden appearance of the policeman, with his red collar, who only occasionally came into Queen Street, but was a second Asahel in running, and bore the euphonious sobriquet of 'Rowley-powley' from the obliging habit he had of throwing his cudgel at our heads during the chase. So little traffic was on this now important street that I recollect the grass growing on it in many places along the sides." *

The Bridgegate, we have already seen, was not always the abode of perfect peace. Neither was Queen Street, or in fact any other Glasgow street down to the middle of the nineteenth century. On this, as on so many other Glasgow subjects, "Senex" has something to say. He writes as follows:—

"The Bridgegate may still be called our local Donnybrook. A row can be got up here in almost no time, especially on a Saturday night, and accordingly policemen are then stationed in it as thick as blackberries. An Irishman who feels himself 'Blue-moulded' for want of a beating has nothing to do but trail his coat along the street, and dare any man to tread on it, and he is soon thrashed to his heart's content. At times the district is so excitable that the appearance of an

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. ii. p. 424.

orange flower or ribbon is enough to cause something like an insurrection, which is productive of sundry black eyes and bloody noses. A few years ago (this is written in 1884) a powerful individual—still living, we believe—was distinguished by a mortal hatred of the Pope and the Papists, which, whenever he got a few glasses of whisky, he could not help showing, even at the expense of a beating. Accordingly, when he had drunk enough fairly to raise his 'dander,' he deliberately stuck an orange ribbon in his button-hole, and marched down to the Bridgegate, whistling 'Boyne Water,' or 'Croppies lie down,' varied with an occasional scream of 'To the Devil with the Pope.' Of course, he was set upon immediately; and although he might have the satisfaction of knocking down some half-a-dozen Papists in the struggle, numbers fairly floored him at last, and the matter ended by the enthusiastic Protestant being carried to the Police Office with his face so effectually battered that his mother would not have known him.

"In most cases during these street brawls, the civic power seemed to be asleep, as nothing was done in the way of prevention; for only when something extraordinary had happened did the town's officers appear; and in most cases just in time to be too late for the prevention of mischief. When the officers did turn out, and especially if supported by a Magistrate and his *cocked hat,* that generally was effectual in scattering the forces. One evening the army of the South, as it was called (those who resided south from the University), were so hard pushed by their opponents as to be compelled to take refuge at headquarters, *i.e.* by climb

ing over the walls which enclosed the burying-ground attached to the Blackfriars' Church. The attacking party rushed into the avenue to scale the walls of the churchyard, and one of them, more daring than his fellows, had mounted the parapet, but was felled to the ground by one of the besieged, who, with a piece of decayed coffin, which had a nail projecting from it, so struck his opponent that the nail penetrated the cranium. The nailed champion was carried off the field; and he who inflicted the injury fled from the city, nor was it known that he ever returned. That night there was a great display of officers, with Magistrates and cocked hats, it having been reported (erroneously) that a man had been killed.

"The only other of these affairs to be noted here occurred about the beginning of the 19th century, between a party of young gentlemen who lived in and about Queen Street and others from George Street, etc., the latter being led on by a youth who became an officer of rank in India, and died there. The contest was in Ingram and Queen Streets, or the Cow Loan, as both of them were then called. One of the two parties had its rallying-point at the front of the splendid mansion in Queen Street, which was built by Mr. Cunningham. It now forms the anterior portion of the Royal Exchange. The other post was on the east side of the chapel, which was at that time on the north side of Ingram Street. Both of these places were laid with gravel and plenty of pebbles, which afforded ammunition, a thing in those street-fights which was often a desideratum." *

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. i. pp. 108, 262.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE

The Glasgow man of to-day who finds difficulty in making a choice among the many theatres in the City little thinks of the hard struggle which the theatre had to obtain a footing in Glasgow at all. Indeed, the City absolutely refused at first to permit anything so profane as a theatre to desecrate its bounds.

The first regular theatre in Scotland, excepting one established in Edinburgh about eighteen years earlier, was built in the village of Grahamston in 1764. It stood fronting the street, and along the lane behind the tenement in which Mr. Marshall had his residence.

The circumstances which led to its being erected in this place were these. After the Reformation, plays and theatrical representations of all kinds were strictly prohibited, and denounced by the ministers of the gospel throughout the country from their respective pulpits. The feeling against theatres continued strong in the minds of the ministers and people throughout Scotland, and especially in the city of Glasgow, down to this time, so that when a company from London came down for the purpose of establishing a theatre in the City, they got no encouragement from the authorities, and no one could be found daring enough to sell a piece of ground for that purpose. Grahamston, being the nearest village, to the West, out of the bounds of the City—the boundary pillar stood on the west side of Union Place—was next applied to, where a proprietor sought the then very high price of five shillings per square yard for his ground, possibly thinking that such a price would deter the prospective purchasers. They, however, agreed to take it at that price, and the building of the theatre was at once gone on with.

The erection of the building caused a great sensation among the people in the City and the village, which increased during its progress to completion to such an extent that it was determined not to allow a theatre; and a short time previous to the day fixed for opening it was set on fire, and a great amount of damage done; the stage scenery, actors' wardrobes, etc., being all destroyed. The building not having suffered much, the damage was repaired, and the theatre at length opened by Mrs. Bellamy, then a popular actress of London. This attempt to destroy the building was, it is said, instigated by a preacher in the street, who, while denouncing the erection of the building, told his auditors that he dreamed the preceding night that he was in the infernal regions and saw a grand entertainment, at which Lucifer gave a toast in honour of Mr. ——, who had sold his ground to build him a house upon.

From this time the theatre was carried on by various companies from London and Edinburgh till April 1782, when it was burned down and nothing but the walls left standing, under circumstances which left no doubt that the people of Glasgow were determined to have no theatre in their neighbourhood. Dr. Cleland, City architect, and author of *Annals of Glasgow*, etc., records having been present during the course of the fire, and of hearing the shouts of the excited mob, and the cries of "Save the ither folks' houses an' let the deil's hoose burn."

The walls of the building fronting the street being in good condition, were some time after roofed over, and divided and fitted up for stables and other offices;

and the remains of the first theatre in the City were still standing up till the time when the whole village was swept away.*

In these circumstances, what must have been the amazement of the good folks in Dunlop Street when they learned that in place of the Grahamston theatre a "playhouse" was forthwith to be built at their own doors! A most graphic account of their consternation and proceedings is given in the *History of the Scottish Stage*. There was not the same difficulty in getting ground for such a purpose in the New Dunlop Street as had occurred elsewhere. Mr. Dunlop had sold a large piece of ground on the east side of that street to Mr. Robert Barclay of Capelrig, writer in Glasgow, who, being superior to the popular prejudice, had no difficulty in redisposing of it to Mr. John Jackson, manager of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. This was in 1781; and Mr. Jackson immediately proceeded to lay off the ground thus purchased for a theatre, suitable to what he conceived Glasgow ought to have. Mr. Jackson was the son of an English clergyman, and had himself at one time been in Holy orders. He was of gentlemanly manners, but firm and decided. On the morning of the day when the foundation-stone of the Dunlop Street theatre was to be laid, he received the following letter from his two reverend neighbours:—

"Dr. Gillies and Mr. Porteous offer their compliments to Mr. Jackson, and think it their duty candidly to inform him, before he proceed further in the work, that they intend to join with other proprietors in Dunlop Street, to apply to the Magistrates to prevent the

* *Quiet Old Glasgow, by a Burgess of Glasgow*, p. 17.

building of a playhouse (or concert hall for acting plays) in this street, as being an injury to their property, and inconsistent with the dispositions granted by Mr. Dunlop to the feuars. We are to meet with them on Tuesday forenoon; and although we might have delayed giving any intimation till the building was begun, we thought it fair, and becoming our station, to give it thus early.—Saturday, 17th February 1781."

Mr. Jackson was not the least daunted by this combination. He proceeded to lay the foundation-stone, ordered the workmen to push on with the building, and then resolving to seek protection of the law, went to Edinburgh and consulted the celebrated Henry Erskine, at that time practising at the Scotch Bar. Jackson returned to Glasgow with an order from the philosophical Lord Monboddo, one of the judges of the Court of Session, to the following effect: "Prohibits and discharges the before-mentioned Dr. Gillies and Mr. Porteous, and all others, from troubling, and molesting the complainer in the free exercise of his property."

Mr. Jackson at the same time wrote a long letter to the two ministers, in a firm yet courteous spirit, explaining his position and intentions, and assuring them that, while he had the power, he had not the disposition to molest them in the exercise of his rights. In one part he writes thus:—

"Let me persuade you, gentlemen, to take the advice of one who has seen enough of the world to point out your prudent conduct on this occasion. Would you live in neighbourly comfort with one who has pitched his tent so near you, molest him not in the pursuit of his

profession; for, believe it, he means to deport himself with the greatest deference to yours. The son of a clergyman, and brought up for holy orders himself, he shall ever pay honour to the sacred character of that order. Let it be your study to preach sanctity without austerity; for, be assured, whenever compulsion or restraint accompanies admonition or advice, the senses take the alarm, and nature and reason, ever rebellious under restraint, begin to weigh and to confute the unreasonable dictates of authority.... I am ready, however, on all occasions to meet you in the lists of argument, as I am in the Parliament House, before the Lords in Edinburgh, to whom I have already appealed. I have been reminded that one of you (Dr. Gillies) was last summer a fellow-traveller with me. We were not then disagreeable to each other; the conversation at Auchterarder will attest that circumstance. As we were fellow-travellers in a short journey, let us be so in a long one,—in a journey of the world; and let us show to each individual of that world that brotherly love and charity are the characteristics of good Christians. That it may be so with me shall be the constant care of, gentlemen, your humble servant, J. JACKSON."

All this had the proper effect; there was no further contention, the building was soon finished, and in full operation.*

Mr. Jackson, although an accomplished gentleman, and of considerable histrionic talent, seems in spite of every effort and aid from many friends, to have been very unfortunate in all his speculations; and at last, broken down with anxieties, died in 1806. The Dun-

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. ii. p. 438.

lop Street theatre passed into the hands of Mr. Alexander, and his task was no light one ; but the energy, prudence, business habits, and indomitable perseverance, added to his versatility on the stage, which made him successful in England, Dumfries, and Edinburgh, carried him on triumphantly in Glasgow, in the face of difficulties which might have appalled one possessed of less talent and determination. Mr. Alexander, on beginning his Glasgow managerial career, found that even the magnificent new Theatre Royal in Queen Street had had its succession of managers, all men of eminence in their profession, who failed to make theatricals pay, and the last lessee, Mr. F. Seymour, although supported by troops of friends, was steeped in difficulties and impecuniosity, and when the theatre was destroyed by fire in 1829, struggled for a short time in Glasgow, and afterwards removed to Ireland, where he died. It must be remembered, then, that Mr. Alexander rescued Glasgow theatricals from bankruptcy, and his own successful career was owing to no favouritism of fortune, but simply due to his histrionic talents—which, as is well known, were great—in conjunction with general business habits, industry, and accomplishments, which, if they had been carried into any other line of life he might have chosen to pursue, would have made him equally successful. It must ever be remembered to his honour that he tolerated no immorality among his company ; and that, as there are few men, perhaps, who have so completely avoided the vices of the stage in their own practice, so he made strenuous efforts to purge it from those vices in others. He died in December 1851, aged fifty-five years, leaving

behind him an ample provision for his family; and at the same time a name which, notwithstanding strong peculiarities of character, even his enemies respected. He was rigidly honest in his dealings; and if he was sometimes blamed for his frugality, those who were the readiest to censure him on that account would have been the first to despise him if, by neglecting his own interest, he had not succeeded in the world.*

An anecdote of Mr. Alexander may here be told. On one occasion a boy had got into the theatre in the usual way by paying his sixpence. When the interval came he wanted to go out and parade before some of his less fortunate companions who were hanging about the door. The checktaker, however, was in a difficulty, as his supply of pass-out checks had become exhausted.

"I'll tell you what," he said; "I'll put a chalk mark on your back, and that will admit you."

The mark was accordingly made on the lad's back. When the time for the curtain rising came, and the house began to fill up again, the bewildered checktaker noticed about a score of boys with chalk marks on their backs marching in. He smelt a rat, and the next lad who tried to pass in on the strength of a chalk mark was unceremoniously kicked downstairs. It happened, however, that this was the only lad who had a claim to be admitted; and accordingly his father in wrath called on Mr. Alexander to complain. The actor-manager pacified the man, and afterwards gave a word of caution to the checktaker.†

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. ii. p. 442.
† *Reminiscences of Eighty Years*, p. 90.

A very interesting theatrical event is described by Dr. Hedderwick in *Backward Glances*. He writes as follows :—

"But my second visit to the 'Royal' was more memorable. Edmund Kean, the most meteoric and phenomenal tragedian of the century, had forbidden his son to follow his own profession, whether from a knowledge of its hardships, or from a fear that genius was not likely to prove in his case hereditary, is uncertain ; but it soon became current that young Charles's appearance on the London boards, in defiance of his father's repeated injunctions, had given him dire offence. There was, in fact, a serious quarrel between them ; and it occurred to the Glasgow manager, Mr. Seymour, a good-hearted Irishman like the great Edmund himself, that it would be a mighty thing if he could succeed in bringing about a reconciliation.

"Edmund was at that time residing in Bute, where he owned a cottage on the banks of Loch Fad, to which he occasionally resorted. Having engaged Charles for the 'Royal,' the opportunity seemed to be a highly favourable one, and off accordingly went Seymour to Rothesay on his delicate but laudable mission.

"The result exceeded his expectations : he returned in triumph ; and Kean the elder was forthwith announced to appear on a certain night for his son's benefit.

"'Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin,' was the piece selected for the occasion. This tragedy is by an American dramatist, John Howard Payne, better known perhaps as the author of the tender ditty, 'Home, Sweet Home.' Lucius Junius Brutus, the Roman Consul af-

ter the overthrow of Tarquin, sacrifices his son Titus, who has been detected in a conspiracy against the Republic. Hence the tragic situation; and the idea of such a father and such a son, with a veritable father and son for their representatives, was enough to cause a sensation among playgoers.

"The theatre was packed to the ceiling. Edmund was then at the zenith of his popularity, and the struggle between the tenderness of the parent towards the child and the duty of the patriot towards his country, was at times painfully realistic.

"In reality, however, the exhibition in question was not a novelty. It reminded Macnee the artist of the soft-hearted rustic who, bent on an evening's amusement, went to see Mrs. Siddons. Unfortunately the tragic queen was in one of her most touching parts; and with tears streaming down his face, the poor fellow at length blubbered out, 'You long-nosed thafe! do you call that divarsion?'" *

On 17th February 1849 some indiscreet person in the upper gallery of the Theatre Royal, Dunlop Street, lit his pipe and dropped a burning paper at his feet. It ignited a small leakage of gas, and a tiny flame burst forth. This was immediately put out, but not before an alarm of fire had been raised. Those sitting near saw that no danger existed; but it was Saturday night, the gallery was crowded, and all became uproar and confusion. From both the stage and boxes the scrambling and yelling people aloft were appealingly exhorted to keep their seats, while the orchestra continued to play cheerful tunes with affected unconcern.

* *Backward Glances*, pp. 35, 38.

But in the gallery itself an unreasoning panic had set in, and there was a wild rush for the stair. An overmastering terror of death made everyone fly to it. The fugitives from a position of safety into the jaws of destruction were mostly apprentice lads in their teens; and their very physical strength, activity, and dash hastened and consummated a catastrophe which could not be otherwise than fearful.

Mr. J. H. Alexander, the proprietor and manager of the theatre, hastened by a private passage to the gallery. He was a tall, strong man, and wrought frantically in arresting the stampede and saving life. But while he roared himself hoarse to quell the alarm, the work of murder was in progress. Deep in the staircase the first fliers had been thrown prostrate; others were piled above them, driven down by the superincumbent weight, and in a few minutes or seconds the place became a huge Black Hole of Calcutta, a confined and seething mass of groaning, suffering, and dying humanity. No fewer than sixty-five persons, a few minutes before in the bloom of youth, health, and happiness, perished in that hideous struggle.*

It has already been mentioned that Glasgow men take an interest in bowling, and matches between Glasgow and Ayrshire bowlers have been played for very many years. Of one of these Dr. Hedderwick writes:—

"I found the Earl of Eglinton and his Ayrshire friends in amicable conflict with the Kingston Bowlers, comprising decent shopkeepers from Tradeston, some of them with cutty-pipes in their mouths. The bearing

* *Backward Glances*, p. 148.

of the handsome nobleman was, no doubt, in marked contrast to that of several of his competitors; but what of that? They were all, I take it, respectable in their sphere; and nothing could exceed the unaffected courtesy of his manner to the humblest, as if in recognition of the fact that on the bowling-green the highest and the lowest were for the moment on perfectly level ground.

"On Lord Eglinton's side was a well-known Ayrshire worthy—Mr. Hugh Conn, belonging, I understood, to Kilwinning. Hugh was also a respected member of the Eglinton curling rink, and was a favourite with the noble and popular Earl.

"At a critical point in the game his lordship, under Mr. Conn's directions, was playing a decisive shot. Hugh was in high excitement, and exclaimed, 'First-rate! capital! Man, I like ye! I like ye!'"

"At that instant the ball took a wrong bias, played the deuce with the game, and caused the Kilwinning enthusiast to pirouette in his despair, and shout in a loud, angry voice, 'Oh, damn it, Eglinton, you've spoiled it a' thegither!'" *

Glasgow Fair causes a general flocking to the city of all the showmen within travelling distance; and some adventurous and curious members of the upper classes still get up parties to visit the shows and see what is to be seen. This custom is of old standing, and in the early part of the nineteenth century one reads of such parties being made up.

Gentlemen (who were then nicknamed "dandies" and ladies termed "dandyzets") were seen flocking

* *Backward Glances*, p. 204.

night after night to the shows at the Stockwell. On one occasion a practical but lucrative trick was perpetrated. An Irishman obtained the use of a cellar at the foot and on the west side of the Stockwell. A dirty canvas was exhibited, with the strange announcement: "A Worsar to be seen here, 1d." Such an animal being unknown in Natural History, large crowds were attracted. After the audience were seated on the planks placed on herring barrels, Paddy, raising an old sack, which served the purpose of a curtain, straightway introduced into the small space a large, well-fed sow. He discoursed on its parentage, age, feeding, and history. He exhibited the various points of its excellence, and in answer to his request, and anxious to get their curiosity satisfied by a view of the real monster, all agreed that the animal was good, excellent, and not to be surpassed. Grumphy was then withdrawn behind the curtain, and another of the tribe was introduced. The showman again discoursed largely and learnedly on the history of the second specimen, but all were compelled to admit that No. 2 in the programme was not so good as its precursor, but worse. Having got this unanimous verdict from his audience, who by this time had become somewhat restless, the second was removed, and the plot was wound up by the introduction of a third in every way answering to the lean kine seen in the dream of the Egyptian Monarch. It was a perfect skeleton-pig, scarcely able to stand on its legs. "Now," exclaimed the son of Erin, "you have seen a good sow, and a worse sow; but all must now admit that this is a *worsar*." Some grinned, and others

used angry words; yet in the end they agreed they had been "had." But the fraud was only to the extent of one penny; so, instead of proclaiming their folly, they sought rather to extend the field of imposture. Thus they violated the strict principles of truth, and successive swarms of spectators added to the exchequer of the Irishman in his attempts at orthography, grammar, and biology, until at last his lectures on swine culture were arrested by the police.*

One showman, Bill Adams, a man of many parts, had a panorama painted of George Cruikshank's picture of "The Bottle," but was interdicted from exhibiting it. Next week was the Fair. His booth was up. What was he to do for an attraction? He hit on an idea, and going to Wombwell's Show he borrowed a fox, a monkey, and some other beasts and birds.

Two gentlemen were visiting the shows, and seeing an intimation painted up inviting the public to come and see "the happy family," paid their pennies and entered. Walking round a big cage was Bill Adams calling out, "Ladies and gentlemen, here are these wild animals, which are natural foes, living together here in harmony for weeks, ay, months."

Suddenly there was a flutter and a quack. The fox had the duck by the neck, and Bill was laying on to the fox with a stick, shouting, "You brute, this is the third duck you have killed this week."†

The Magistrates were petitioned time after time to put a stop to the letting of stands in Jail Square for Fair Shows, on the ground that some of them were

* *Rambling Recollections of Old Glasgow*, "Nestor," p. 139.
† *Reminiscences of Eighty Years*, p. 61.

immoral in their tendency, and the whole a disgrace to the city; and an attempt was made to bring some of the more objectionable features into discredit and disuse. Mr. James Smith tried, by opening a temperance coffee-house in Jail Square, to minimise some of the drinking habits. Below is given a copy of its announcement written by "Sandy M'Alpine" (the late William Walker):—

A WONDER, A WONDER, A WONDER FOR TO SEE!
A BRAW COFFEE-HOOSE WHAUR A DRAM-SHOP USED TO BE!
FREENS
AN' FELLOW-CEETIZENS
IN GENERAL!
AN' YOU FOKE ABOOT THE FUT O' THE SAUTMARKET IN PARTIK'LAR
WILL YE SPEAK A WORD WI' ME?

I'm an auld WHISKY-SHOP; I'm an interestin' relick o' anshient times, and mainners. Maybe sum o' ye dinna ken what a Whisky-shop is. I'll tell ye.

In anshient times—lang before puir Workin' Foke were sae wise or weel daein' as they are noo-a-days—the Gleska Foke, an' partik'larly the Foke aboot the fut o' the SAUTMARKET, were awfu' fond o' WHISKY. This WHISKY was a sort o' DEEVIL'S DRINK, made out o' GOD'S gude BARLEY.

It robbit men o' their judgment; but they drank it.
It robbit them o' their nait'ral affeckshun; but they drank it.
It robbit them o' independence an' self respeck; but they drank it.
It made them mean, unmanly, disgustin' wretches; but they drank it.
It made them savage an' quarrelsome; but they drank it.
It cled them wi' rags; but they drank it.
It made them live in low, filthy dens o' hooses; but they drank it.

It sent them in scores to the Poleece Office ; but they drank it.
It sent them to Jail, the Hulks, an' the Gallows ; but they drank it.
Bailies an' Sherrifs, Judges an' Justices, deplored its effecks ; but they drank it themsel's !
Ministers preached aboot it ; but they drank it themsel's !
It blottit oot God's glorious image frae men's faces an' hearts ; but they drank it.
It made them beggars ; but they drank it.
It made them paupers ; but they drank it.
It made them idiots ; but they drank it.

This WHISKY, then, wuz selt in Shops, an' I wuz ane o' them,—That'll let ye ken what a Whisky-Shop wuz in anshient times. TIMES ARE CHANGED NOO. Every body's a member o' the Scottish Temperance League ; naebody drinks onything but Coffee ; so I've ta'en up the Coffee-House line mysel' !

Come and see me ! Ye'll get Rowsin' Cups o' Coffee ! Thumpin' Cups o' Tea ! Thund'rin' Dunts o' Bread ! Whangs o' Cheese ! Lots o' Ham an' Eggs, Staiks, Chops, an a' ither kinds o' Substanshials !

FREENS AN' FELLOW-CEETIZENS.—I'm no' the Shop I ance wuz. I've a blythe heart an' a cheery face noo. Come an' see me !

THE REFORMED
DRAM SHOP,
20 JAIL SQUARE.

OBSERVE.—Nae Connexion wi' the JAIL owre the way.*

The Fair, now, is essentially for the benefit of the working classes, and is keenly enjoyed by them. It is something outside the daily round of possible amusements. Unfortunately the public-house enters very largely into the life of the Glasgow labouring classes, and seemingly a considerable pleasure is derived from actual drunkenness. At least that is the conclusion one must draw from the fact that the patrons of the

* *Glimpses of Old Glasgow*, Andrew Aird, p. 52.

public-houses deliberately order whatever compound (such as beer and whisky) they know will speedily produce intoxication. Others with equal deliberation set out for a prolonged bout of drunkenness. While this sort of thing is a blot on the fair fame of the City, it occasionally has an amusing side. As an example of the "spree deliberate," one may cite the case of John Smith, a quay labourer, but a man of family and some time a man of substance in Wales. To him fell a legacy of a thousand pounds one day; and his way of spending it could only have found proper sympathy at the quay. It was most simple. He placed his wife and three children inside one of the old quayside growlers, and the legatee sat himself on the box beside the driver. At every tavern they stopped, and the driver brought out drinks. Smith drank on the box, his wife in the cab, and the driver on the street. And so to the next one. Then home in the evening, hallooing along the quayside, to the delight of the neighbourhood. He did not forget past days, but lent money lavishly, and filled the lumpers so "fou" that a boat missed the tide, and the whole shed was demoralised for weeks. A short life, but a merry one, my masters. First, the old horse, sickened with perplexity as to when the fare would end, dropped off after ten weeks of it. Then, and just before the old driver was about to follow,—reluctant as he was now that life had at last blossomed to him,—the thousand pounds ran out; the last twenty going to pay for a chemist's shop which Mr. Smith wrecked to express disapproval of the doctor's not wearing his tall hat while he called on his wife.

A week later John Smith, Esquire, became "Jake"

once more, bending his broad back in the trucks without a single show of regret. And his wife, although she missed her outings, seems not unreconciled to her lot as long as her husband can sport of a Sunday his Newmarket coat and blue waistcoat as outward and visible signs that they were carriage folk in their day.*

* *Glasgow in 1901*, p. 208.

CHAPTER FOUR

ALARMS & EXCURSIONS

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SOME ALARMS & EXCURSIONS

ALTHOUGH GLASGOW IS IN GENERAL A law-abiding community, there has always been in the City a turbulent element ready to take advantage of any opportunity for riot and plunder. Fortunately, such opportunities have been few. The City has on the whole been governed with wisdom and firmness. Still there have been occasional outbreaks; and one or two of them may here be mentioned.

In 1725 the popular tumult known as the Shawfield Riot took place. In that year the Government imposed a tax on malt; and as home-brewed ale at the time was an indispensable article of common food—the poor man's wine—the tax was highly unpopular. Mr. Daniel Campbell of Shawfield was Member of Parliament for the City, and it had become known that he had used his influence in favour of the obnoxious tax. He therefore became an object of popular hatred. When the time came that the impost took effect, there was no small commotion in the town. Crowds of turbulent idlers, chiefly boys and women, collected, who violently hustled the officers charged with carrying out the duty of exacting the tax. Of course the dignity of the law required to be upheld, but unfortunately there was no military in the town, and the mob had the best of it. As there was little prospect of a peaceful settlement, two companies of Lord Deloraine's regiment of foot were sent for in hot haste. When the soldiers arrived, Provost Miller ordered the guard-house to be cleared for their reception; but the doors were locked, and the keys had been carried off, so the

soldiers were billeted in the usual way on the householders. Then the Provost and his friends, under the impression that all was over for the time, spent their evening in their tavern or club.

Fourteen years before this time Mr. Campbell of Shawfield had built a spacious mansion-house, which, with its great garden, stood upon the site of what is now Glassford Street, then entirely out of the town. As its owner wisely kept out of the way, the mob, having provided themselves with axes, and hammers, proceeded without challenge to demolish the house, the furniture of which they knocked to pieces, with loud shouts of "Down with Shawfield's house!" "No malt tax!" Doubtless they would have carried out their threat to pull down the house had not the Provost and Magistrates interfered, and persuaded them to desist. Next day the soldiers obtained possession of the guard-house, which stood on the south-west corner of Candleriggs; but the mob collecting in still greater numbers began to pelt the sentinels with stones. The soldiers were thereupon formed in a hollow square, and were ordered by Captain Bushell, their commander, to fire, which they did, killing two persons. Immediately the rioters broke open the town magazine, took possession of the arms, rang the fire bell, and alarmed the whole town. On the persuasion of the Magistrates, Captain Bushell and his company left the town for Dumbarton Castle; not without a vigorous attack from the enraged citizens. In this riot from first to last nine were killed, and seventeen more or less severely wounded.*

* *Curiosities of Glasgow Citizenship*, p. 121.

The peace of the City was disturbed in 1787 by a riot in which the journeyman weavers were principally engaged. Their object was to force their employers to raise their wages. To accomplish this, they not only refused to work themselves, but, assembling in a mob, they proceeded to molest their more peaceable brethren by every act of outrage. The Magistrates and other peace-officers, supported by a party of the 39th Regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Kellet, endeavoured to dissuade them from their violent purposes. Such lenity, however, only provoked the insolence of the rioters, who were not finally suppressed till by the fire of the military, after the Riot Act had been read, three persons were killed, three mortally wounded, and three slightly wounded. After this the rioters immediately dispersed; and although they several times assembled afterwards, yet the approach of soldiers always made them retire.*

Again in 1789 there was trouble with the weavers. The manufacturers proposed a reduced scale of wages to their workmen, in consequence of which the weavers struck work, and many acts of violence followed. A strong body of weavers got hold of the late Henry Monteith, Esq. of Carstairs, and handled him in the roughest manner, on account of his having reduced the price of weaving in his establishment. Besides grossly maltreating him, they cut off his cue or pigtail, it being then the fashion for gentlemen to wear their hair powdered and tied with a black ribbon in the form of a pig's tail. The late William Aitken, Esq. of Frisky

**Topographical Picture of Glasgow*, Robert Chapman, p. 40.

Hall, was struck by a brickbat and severely wounded in the head by the mob.*

An important strike occurred in Glasgow in 1812. It has been well described in a recent number of the *Glasgow Herald*, from which the following account is taken by permission.

Exactly one hundred years ago, in 1812, Glasgow was the centre of a strike among the cotton spinners which has an important place in the history of labour. The Western cotton industry had been started at New Lanark by David Dale in 1785. The linen manufacturers of Glasgow and the neighbourhood turned their attention to the new industry, which soon became the chief feature of the Clyde district. The wages of the cotton spinners being much higher than those to be earned in agriculture, there was no lack of labour. This led eventually to a redundancy of labour, and a reduction of wages.

In 1809 the Scottish weavers applied to Parliament to fix the number of apprentices; but the House, after investigating the matter, declined to interfere. Another attempt made in 1811 also failed. During these proceedings the attention of the cotton spinners had been directed to certain old Acts of Parliament passed in the reign of Elizabeth, authorising Justices of the Peace to fix the wages of labour. After endeavouring to come to an extra-judicial settlement with the masters, the "operatives," as they were then called, decided to present a petition to the Provost and Magistrates of Glasgow, praying them "to fix by their official authority reasonable prices for weaving different fabrics

**Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. i. p. 315.

of cotton cloth, agreeably to the spirit and letter of the Acts of Parliament stated in their petition." The Magistrates (according to a letter of Mr. J. J. Dillon to Lord Sidmouth, which is now in the Public Record Office, London) dissuaded the workers from presenting their petition in a body, but recommended them to appoint a committee to confer with a committee of the manufacturers. This was done, but the Magistrates, uncertain as to the law, consulted counsel, who gave it as their opinion that Justices of the Peace had no power to regulate wages. Nevertheless, the spinners, acting on the advice of Francis Jeffrey and other Whig advocates, asked the Justices to fix a list of prices. The Justices agreed; but against their decision the manufacturers appealed. The case came before the Court of Session, which upheld the action of the Justices, and remitted to them the task of drawing up the rates of wages. In this process before the Justices 130 witnesses were examined on behalf of the spinners, the masters refusing to appear. At this time the wages ranged from 10s. to 12s. a week, the working day being from 14 to 16 hours. The cotton spinners, taking a ten-hours' day as a basis, demanded 15s. 7½d. a week for fancy fabrics, and 11s. 11½d. for plain fabrics. This gave a general average of 13s. 9d., with a maximum wage of £1, 0s. 9d., and a minimum of 8s. for all "full-bred workmen"—women and boys being excluded. From other investigations made at the same time for comparative purposes it was ascertained that the average wage of artisans in other trades was 18s. 4½d. a week, with a maximum of 25s. 6d., and a minimum of 12s. Finally, the Justices de-

clared the rates so fixed to be "moderate" and "reasonable." Another attempt to settle with the masters failed ; and, as the spinners were led to understand that the Court of Session would not enforce the rates, they determined "to try the effect of a moral effort." In November 40,000 looms stood idle, the strike extending from Aberdeen to Carlisle.

Nothing was more foolish than the action of the manufacturers. As Dillon explained to Sidmouth, they took no steps to discuss the matter in court ; they refused to enter a proof. "They did not deny that the prices demanded were fair, nor did they attempt to show their inability to afford what was demanded, and they did not attend by their counsel even the hearing of the Court." According to the same authority, this obstinacy of the employers was due to the facility with which, upon their unfounded representations of riotous disturbances likely to occur, they had obtained the presence of almost an army of soldiers in Glasgow and the neighbourhood. Yet the strikers were wary, and no tumults broke out. "They prided themselves on their patient endurance, and upon the contrast they afforded to their Southern neighbours." The community testified its approval of the cotton spinners by supporting them with credit, and by subscriptions. The landed proprietors took their part, and gave them employment on their estates.

Justice now demanded that the employers should be forced to obey the law. Unfortunately, the Government lent too ready an ear to rumours of political plots and conspiracies, artfully circulated by the employers. In July, Lord Advocate Colquhoun, writing

to Sidmouth, had reported the existence of an association of weavers who maintained a correspondence with similar organisations in England. Though no acts of violence had been committed, yet the societies "might easily be made instrumental for accomplishing seditious or treasonable designs." During the strike it was discovered that Maurice Margarot, the only "political martyr" of the sedition trials in 1793, who had returned from Botany Bay, had paid a visit to Glasgow, had been in touch with some of his former "revolutionary" associates, and had been seen in the company of some of the strikers. His visit was connected in the minds of the authorities with the propaganda of the Hampden Club, founded by Major Cartwright, a leading democrat of the time, to agitate for drastic measures of Parliamentary reform. Under these circumstances, the Lord Advocate determined to crush the whole movement. The houses of the men's delegates were illegally entered, and searches were made for incriminating documents. Finally, the leaders of what Lord Cockburn calls "the most extensive and peaceable combination that had ever appeared in this part of the kingdom" were charged with contravening the Combination Acts of 1799 and 1800, and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment—a punishment which could not be reconciled with the recognition of the Spinners' Association both by the Justices and the Court of Session. But, as Dr. Cunningham says, "In case of any dispute between masters and men, or of a strike, the employers were able to have recourse to this Act at any moment and summarily crush all opposition." Once the manufacturers saw that the Gov-

ernment was on their side, they dropped the overtures they had begun with the operatives, and the strike concluded with the men returning to work at the old rates.

Two important consequences resulted from this industrial upheaval. The clauses of the Statute of Artificers authorising the Magistrates to fix the wages of labour were repealed in 1815—a significant action in view of recent demands for a statutory minimum wage. Further, the resentment caused by the partisan administration of the law led to a revival in Glasgow and other industrial centres in the West of those extreme doctrines of Parliamentary Reform derived from the French Revolution which had been popular in 1793. It was among the weavers and spinners that Scottish Radicalism had its birth; and Glasgow was the scene of that abortive attempt to initiate a revolution which is known in Scottish history as the Radical Rising.

On the afternoon of Sunday, 17th February 1822, a most extraordinary riot took place in the City.

It was directed against Mr. George Provand, oil and colour merchant, who then occupied the handsome house in Clyde Street, not far from the jail, which had been the residence of the well-known City magnate, Robert Dreghorn, Esq., Laird of Ruchill, near to Maryhill and Possil, an estate recently purchased by the Corporation of Glasgow for a public park.

The house referred to had the reputation of being *haunted*; and, in addition thereto, the mob had become possessed with the idea that its then occupant, Mr. Provand, a bold, tall, and vigorous man, was that obnoxious character, a resurrectionist; and it might be even worse, a burker!

As set forth in the proclamation issued by the Lord Provost and Magistrates, the house was broken into and entered by a riotous and tumultuous assemblage of persons, who, besides breaking the windows and destroying many articles of furniture in the house, were guilty of stealing and carrying away therefrom a number of gold, silver, and copper coins, silver plate, etc. Others of them, who had not an eye to plunder, indulged their propensity for devastation and destruction, furniture being smashed, burned, or carried out and thrown into the river, which flowed past quite handy for the purpose. The police of the City were overpowered, pelted with stones, and forced to run for their lives; while about four o'clock, when the worshippers in the churches were coming out, the whole City was in a ferment. The Magistrates, and Mr. James Hardie, master of police, and some well-known citizens, in vain sought to throw oil on the troubled waters. They were hooted, pelted, and driven away; Mr. Lawrence Craigie, acting chief Magistrate, having a most narrow escape for his life. In these circumstances he rushed over to the cavalry barracks, then in Laurieston; while one or other of his colleagues ran to the infantry barracks, then in the Gallowgate, for military aid.

Mr. Craigie, mounted on a dragoon horse, soon appeared at full gallop over the old Jamaica Bridge, heading the cavalry, while the infantry also came forward in double quick order. The Riot Act was read; the dragoons charged with drawn sabres, and the infantry advanced with fixed bayonets; on which the mob, innocent and guilty, took to their heels and fled. Next morning the Lord Provost and Magistrates offered

"A reward of two hundred guineas"
to any persons who, within one month, should give such information as would lead to the apprehension and conviction of the offenders.

In consequence of said proclamation and reward, various persons were apprehended, five of whom were brought to trial before the Circuit Court of Justiciary in April following. They were convicted; and one, Richard Campbell, weaver, who had been a police officer, in addition to the sentence of transportation beyond the seas, which all received, was further adjudged to be scourged through the City by the hangman on the 8th of May following.

Accordingly, on the day specified, at twelve o'clock, a strong detachment of the 4th Dragoon Guards paraded in front of the jail, while at the same time a large force of police and civil officers attended. The culprit was brought out of the jail, and bound to the cart; parties of the dragoons were placed in front and rear to keep off the crowd; and when all was ready the cavalcade moved on to the respective places of punishment. The *first* halt was made on the south side of the jail, where the culprit's back was laid bare by the hangman, who then gave him his first twenty lashes with a formidable "cat o' nine tails."

The *second* act was performed at the foot of Stockwell Street; the *third* at the head of the same street; and the *fourth*, and last, making eighty lashes in all, at the Cross—the prisoner groaning and lamenting his hard fate. The executioner was old Thomas Young, the last permanent finisher of the law maintained by the Magistrates of Glasgow, his house be-

ing within the jail, from which he but seldom issued forth.*

Strikes accompanied by riot and bloodshed took place in 1837.

During the commercial crisis and panic which in that year swept over the country, Glasgow, as a great mercantile industrial centre, suffered severely. Prices of all kinds of manufactured goods sank to nearly one-half; many workers were thrown idle, and the wages of those still employed were reduced, which reduction again led to general and foolish strikes, at the instance of their trades unions, first of the operative cotton spinners in and around Glasgow, and soon after of the whole colliers and iron-miners in Lanarkshire. The effect of these two strikes was to let loose upon an already over-distressed community above 80,000 persons, all in a state of utter destitution, and yielding implicit obedience to their trade leaders. To cope with this formidable and well-organised body there was, in and around Glasgow, a police force of only 280 men. Bands of 800 to 1000 men traversed the streets, with banners flying and drums beating; and the colliers assembled in such numbers as to render any attempt to disperse them, except by military force, out of the question. Many violent assaults were made on the "nobs," or new hands, who took the place of the men out on strike; and at length, on the 22nd July of that year, a new hand was shot dead in one of the streets of Glasgow.

The masters met and offered a reward of £500 for the discovery of the persons implicated in the murder;

* *The Anecdotage of Glasgow*, R. Alison, p. 224.

and three days afterwards two informers met Sheriff Alison by appointment in a vault under the old College, to which the informers were admitted by a back door through the College Green. They disclosed to the Sheriff a plot "to assassinate the new hands and the master-manufacturers in Glasgow, one after another, till the demands of the combined workmen were complied with"; that the man shot three days before had been selected as a victim; and that Mr. Arthur, master-manufacturer, was to be the next victim. The informants told the Sheriff that the next meeting of the committee would be held on the evening of Saturday, 29th July, in the Black Boy Tavern, Gallowgate, Glasgow. At nine o'clock at night the Sheriff left his office, with no arms but his walking-stick, accompanied by Mr. Salmond, the procurator-fiscal, and Mr. Nish, the principal sheriff-officer. They met Captain Miller of the police force, with twenty constables, at the mouth of the Black Boy Close, a vile den in the Gallowgate, near the Cross. Four constables were stationed at the entrance to the close, with instructions to let no one out or in; twelve of the others were stationed round the tavern front, and four at the back, with orders to seize anyone attempting to escape.

Sheriff Alison, Mr. Salmond, Captain Miller, and Mr. Nish then entered the tavern. They at once passed by a trap-door in the chief room, and to which they ascended by a movable wooden stair or ladder, into the room above; Captain Miller first, the Sheriff second, Mr. Salmond and Mr. Nish following in rotation. They found the whole committee, sixteen in number, seated round a table in consultation, with a lot of mon-

ey spread out before them, and only one light, from a gas pendant descending from the roof, lighting the apartment. The Sheriff brought up eight of the police, whom he had stationed in the room below, re-entered the upper room, and took up his position under the gas-light, to prevent it from being put out. He then looked round and saw that the committee were so panic-stricken that no resistance would be offered, though they were in the room four to one. Captain Miller then called out the name of each member of the committee, and as each was named beckoned him to go out, and they were thus one by one secured by the police in the room below. Not a blow was struck, so coolly, quietly, and firmly did the Sheriff and other officials go about their work.

On Monday following (31st July) the cotton spinners met on Glasgow Green, and by a great majority resolved to resume their work on the masters' terms; and on Tuesday the courageous Sheriff had the delight of seeing the whole of the tall chimneys in Calton and Bridgeton sending forth their wonted smoke, after a stoppage of three months. The trial of the cotton spinners came on at Edinburgh on the 8th January 1838, and resulted in the whole of the would-be assassins receiving sentence of transportation for seven years.*

Another dangerous service performed by Sheriff Alison was the attending the execution at Bishopbriggs of two railway labourers from Ireland who had murdered their overseer. So great was the fear of riot that a body of 1800 troops with two field-guns was massed at Bishopbriggs on the night before the execution.

* *The Anecdotage of Glasgow*, p. 309.

Alison's duty was to lead the procession from Glasgow to Bishopbriggs with the culprits, and back again with their dead bodies. The road was lined by a surging crowd, whose roar drowned the Sheriff's voice; but by tact, and the exhibition of a bold front, actual riot was avoided. The Glasgow Magistrates prudently remained within the friendly shelter of the courtyard of Glasgow Jail whilst the execution was going on miles away, and Alison narrowly escaped having to pay some £130 towards the expenses of the military escort.*

The following description of incidents of the Chartist riots of 1848 is full of interest for present-day Glasgow men:—

"In the year 1848," states Mr. Daniel Frazer, "I witnessed from the doorway of No. 113 (Buchanan Street) a procession of a large body of ill-fed, ill-clad, and half-armed Chartists, men, women, and boys, enter Buchanan Street, by Royal Bank Place. After marching from the Green and Gallowgate, by East George Street and Queen Street, without much interruption, the procession turned sharp down the street, and when passing Gordon Street fired two shots in the air. At this moment I saw a Glasgow gentleman, a medical man, if my memory serves me right, rush into the procession and disarm one or two of the men who had fired the shots, and who were thus trying to overawe our civic authorities.

"Happily for law and order, nothing tended more to restore both than the speedy enrolment of a large force of special constables, largely recruited from the better-class citizens. These gentlemen were all pro-

* *One Hundred Glasgow Men*, vol. i. p. 3.

vided with substantial batons, and were for a time subjected to daily drill. They were stationed in the Royal Exchange and elsewhere during the night."

An old Glasgow merchant and Sabbath-school teacher, who himself acted as a special constable, and underwent daily drill as such, communicated to Mr. D. Frazer the following particulars :—

"This outbreak soon assumed an alarming aspect. The mob had rapidly increased while passing towards the west of the City; the streets got blocked, and shops were entered and robbed by the hungry people. Among others the premises of a gunsmith in Exchange Square were entered, and guns and ammunition carried off. The shots fired in Buchanan Street greatly alarmed the inhabitants, who hurriedly shut the doors of their shops. Many windows were broken, and their contents carried off."

Mr. R. Alison, author of *The Anecdotage of Glasgow*, who was then a lad, had a vivid recollection of much that is above related and more, as, in company with the late Mr. Robert S. Shearer, bookseller, Stirling, who was then a lad with Mr. David Bryce, bookseller, Buchanan Street, he walked down the street named, and along Argyle Street, where they fell in with the infantry, police, and special constables—Bailie, afterwards Sir Andrew Orr, whom they well knew, being at the head of the military. Nothing occurred to obstruct the onward march until the head of the Saltmarket had been reached, and there it was found that a barricade of furniture, etc., had been erected. This was coolly, quietly, and deliberately cleared away; but ere this had been done, the rioters who had been there had vanished

with their stolen guns. The conflict between the East-End rioters and the pensioners occurred on the second day. A special police assessment was levied to make good the damage and loss.*

Nowadays the shipbuilding industry is more vexed by strikes than any other local trade. The reason is, no doubt, that the men of the various trades which are required in shipbuilding are better organised than in other trades. Also they enjoy better remuneration, and therefore in time of peace can afford to lay by for the strike or lockout which will indubitably crop up ere long. The attitude of the men on the subject of strikes is at times a little incomprehensible to the onlooker. Occasionally there is sound sense behind it. More often, unfortunately, the reason for striking appears, to an outsider, altogether insufficient. In the subjoined sketch, entitled "The Strike," the present writer endeavours to show one aspect of the Strike Question. This sketch originally appeared in the *Glasgow Herald*, and is here reproduced by permission of the editor :—

The Strike

"The fac' o' the matter is," said Sandy Dougall, "the profession o' rivetin' is no' whit it was. I mind the times when we chaps liftit twelve pounds the fortnicht. Then it wis fitba' an' cigars on the Setterdays, and nae hurry to stert on the Mondays. Noo it's different. It's either hunger or a burst.

"As I wis sayin', things is rotten in the rivetin' nowadays. Ye a' ken there's been a strike wi' us boys

**The Anecdotage of Glasgow*, p. 321.

for the last two months. It's by noo, an' I'm goin' tae pit in a guid winter's work an' get doon tae the Lairgs for a couple o' months next summer. There'll be steady work now a' winter. It's fine at the Lairgs in summer."

"Whit wis yer strike aboot?" asked the listener.

"Whit wis it aboot?" said Dougall in astonishment. "Whit wis it aboot? Man, it's easy seen ye're no' a riveter. Whit wis it aboot? It wis aboot me, Sandy Dougall, an' nae ither man. Says the gaffer tae me one day—

"'Ye're no' makin' much o' a job o' they rivets.'

"'There speaks ignorance,' says I.

"'Whit's that?' says he.

"'There's some folks would teach wisdom tae Solomon,' says I.

"'He didna ken muckle aboot iron ships,' says he.

"'There are ithers,' says I, dry-like.

"'That's impudence,' says he.

"'Ye're a judge o't,' says I.

"'Ye can lift yer pey,' says he.

"'I'll dae mair than that,' says I. 'I'll lift every bloomin' riveter in the yard.' An' I did it tae. We've been out twa months, an' we're jist gettin' a start the day. Gaffers must be taught their place. When I want tae strike, I strike. Noo I want steady work for the next six months."

Just then another man joined the group.

"Mornin', Dougall," he said. "I hear there's trouble wi' the rivet boys on the South Side, an' your son is leadin' them. The masters are fair wild about it; an' there's talk about a general lockout."

"By gum!" said Dougall, "I canna hae that. I'm no' wantin' a lockout the noo. Wait till I see the laddie. Jist you wait."

The yard gate opened slowly, and the gate-keeper emerged bearing a notice which he affixed to the gate. The men advanced and read: "Owing to a strike of rivet-boys on the South Side, the services of all riveters will be dispensed with until further notice."

"Crivens!" said Dougall, in the middle of the group. "Let me by, boys. I'll settle this strike."

A bystander laughed scornfully.

"It took ye twa months tae settle your own strike," he remarked pleasantly.

Dougall scowled ferociously.

"If I meet the leader o' this yin, I'll settle it an' him in twa minutes." Then he headed for the ferry.

Socialism and Trade Unionism are pretty closely allied in these days, and therefore the attitude of a professed Socialist on the Strike Question, and the general relations of Capital and Labour, will be of interest. The present writer recently contributed to the *Glasgow Herald* a sketch on this subject, which embodied an actual conversation which he had with a labour man of advanced views. In the hope that it will be of interest to employers as showing the attitude of a Socialist on present-day labour questions, it is here reproduced by permission of the Editor:—

The Victim

We met on the Stewarton Road. Conversation began over the borrowing of a match. Presently it touched on trade prospects.

"I suppose you're having a holiday to-day?" I said.

"No'exactly," he answered somewhat gruffly. "I'm havin' whit ye micht ca' a vacation."

"A vacation!" I gasped. "I suppose I've made a mistake, but I took you for an engineer."

"An' ye're no' faur wrang. But I'm an engineer wi' nae work."

"How's that?" I asked.

"Man, it's like this. I'm yin o' thae men whit thinks that a' the means o' production should belang tae the State for the benefit o' the workin' man. Weel, I wis employed wi' Rivet & Screw (Limited), whit has the big engineerin' works in Govan. Sae I thocht I wid dae a bit propaganda work among the hands. Some o' the men came tae my way o' thinkin', an' then we organised a strike for mair pey. I wis the leader, so tae speak."

"Naturally," I agreed.

"We were oot six weeks, an' then we went back at a shillin' o' an advance. Some o' the chaps that had thirty-eight bob a week when we went oot werena pleased. They said it would take them twa hunner and twenty-eight weeks tae mak' up whit they had lost."

"And what could you say to that?"

"Man, that wis easy answered. Says I tae them, says I, 'It's principles an' no' money we're contendin' for the noo. Bide a wee.' Sae they bided."

"And what happened then?"

"We maist o' us jined the Union; an' it wis decidit that I should explain the situation tae the bosses. Says I tae them, 'Maist o' yer haunds are Union men. The ithers maun join, or we'll shut the shop.' Man, they

were fair angered. But they had tae give in. They had contracts runnin', an' they couldna afford a strike."

"What next?" I asked.

"Whit next? Man, they sacked *me*. Ay. They sacked me. Sae of course I ca'ed the men oot, an' the works were shut doon for twa months. Then the bosses had tae climb doon, an' I wis taken on again. But I could see fine they were chawed aboot it. Still, they didna meddle wi' me; an' things went a' richt for a bittie, till yin o' the foremen gied me some cheek ae day. Of course I wisna gaun tae staun' that. So says I tae the bosses, says I, 'Pit oot that foreman, or I'll shut the shop.' An', bowin' tae the inevitable, they pit him oot."

"Very wise of them," I said. "What happened next?"

"Weel, for a while there was a kin' o' a lull. But, ye see, a man whit means tae be a leader o' men has aye tae be doin' somethin' tae justify his leadership. Sae efter a while we had a bit tirravee aboot speedin'-up; an' then anither aboot the premium bonus system."

"And how did you lose your job?" I asked.

"Man, it was like this. Ye see, me bein' a leader o' the men in a' thae questions, I wisna verra weel likit by the bosses. Besides, the same kin' o' thing had been goin' on in ither shops. So a' the bosses pit their heids thegither and formed a bit Union o' their own. A federation they ca'd it. An' then Rivet & Screw (Limited) sticks up a notice that, owin' tae trade depression, there was nae mair orders to execute. So the works were shut, an' the men a' turned aff. Man, it wis a' a do. They got their orders done in some o' the ither employers' shops; an' efter a bittie they opened again

—beginnin' in a sma' way—an' jist takin' on the men they likit. I wis tell't there wis nae job for me. An' when I tried ither works in Govan, they would nane o' them have me. An' it wisna lang till I foun' oot I wis blacklisted in a' the shops on Clydeside an' the country round—me that wis a fine engineer."

He paused. I coughed sympathetically.

"And what are you now?" I asked.

"Me? Whit am I noo? I'm a victim o' tyranny."

CHAPTER FIVE

HUMOUR

CHAPTER FIVE HUMOUR

THE CITIZEN OF GLASGOW IS NOT, GENerally speaking, a very witty person, but he possesses in some degree that dry humour which is to be found in most Scotsmen. Everyone is aware that all Englishmen believe, or at least say, that Scotsmen are devoid of humour and are unable to see a joke; but recently one writer at least has been found courageous enough to assert that all the inhabitants of Scotland are humorous. This seems a fairly strong claim; but it is not very wide of the mark so far as dry and caustic humour is concerned. The shallow wit which appeals to the average Londoner is conspicuously absent in Glasgow. But despite an unfavourable climate and a smoke-laden atmosphere, the Glasgow Scot occasionally manages to make a joke, even if it is made "wi' deeficulty." In the following anecdotes the idea has been to illustrate the types of humour which are perhaps most frequently to be found in Glasgow, and, generally speaking, the dry and caustic is principally in evidence.

The following story exhibits both traditional Scottish canniness and dry sarcasm:—

A somewhat parsimonious couple invited a friend to dine with them on a Monday, and when the joint was laid on the table it proved to be the remains of Sunday's roast heated up. Whereupon the guest remarked that this appeared to be "an auld frien' with a new face." This, however, did not prevent his doing justice to the fare provided; and upon departing he said, "Well, good-night. I've had an enjoyable evening; and you have always the consolation that it hasna cost you much."

There is a certain type of man with whom many people are familiar, who when in company has always either forgotten his tobacco pouch or mislaid his cigar-case. Quite a variety of anecdotes hinge upon this characteristic, and of these perhaps the following is as good as any:—

A certain workman, notorious for his sponging proclivities, met a friend one morning, and opened the conversation by saying—

"Can ye len' us a match, John?"

John having supplied him with the match, the first speaker began to feel his pockets ostentatiously, and then remarked dolefully: "Man, I seem to have left my tobacco pouch at hame."

John, however, was equal to the occasion, and holding out his hand remarked—

"Aweel, ye'll no' be needin' that match, then."

Many of the most amusing stories are those in which the humour is entirely unconscious, and of this class of anecdote the following is a good specimen:—

Two Glasgow women, meeting one day, fell into conversation, and the one said to the other—

"Ay, Mrs. McTavish, an' so Jeanie's got mairret!"

"She has that, Mrs. McAlpine."

"An' how's she gettin' on?"

"Oh, no' sae bad at a'. There's only one thing the matter. She canna bide her man! But then, there's aye a something!"

An elderly Glasgow man lost his wife, and his nephew was taking the old man back to the now empty and desolate house.

"Well," said the bereaved husband after a long sil-

ence, "forty-six years! I suppose she was a good wife to me. She was a fine cook and a good housekeeper; and she kept me well. But, do you know," he added, "I never liked her."

Here is another story which is also a good specimen of unconscious humour.

A serving-woman who was sent to bring water from the Clyde for some domestic purposes was rather a long time on her errand, and at length returned. On making her way to the kitchen, her mistress demanded what had kept her so long. "Keepit me sae lang!" said the dripping maid, with a look of surprise; "deed ye may be glad to see me again. The river was rinnin' frae bank to brae. I missed a fit and fell in; and if it hadna been for Providence and anither woman, I wad hae been drowned."

As an example of the soft answer which turneth away wrath, the following may be submitted:—

A person of weak intellect, who went by the name of Jock, was a hanger-on in the household of the late Sir John Maxwell of Pollok, where he performed occasional small menial tasks such as turning the spit. On one occasion a dispute had arisen between the cook and Jock, and the former struck her assistant with a shovel that she happened to have in her hand. The enraged Jock seized hold of a large three-pronged fork, and the cook fled with the infuriated wielder of the fork at her heels. Round and round the park in front of the mansion-house did the pursuer follow the cook, till she was fairly out of breath, when suddenly she turned round, and putting her hands on her hips, smilingly said, "Man, Jock, that's been a race." Jock im-

mediately forgot the *casus belli*, and grounding his arms replied, "Hech! ye may say't."

All the world knows that football has a very prominent part in Glasgow life, and that the youth of Glasgow devote more time, energy, and intellect to the playing of the game and to following it than they do to anything else. It is therefore natural that there should be a good many stories dealing with the subject; but considerations of space prevent the quotation of more than three.

A visitor was being shown round the Royal Infirmary. As he passed through the accident ward he exchanged words of sympathy with some of the patients. "My word," he said to one man, whose head was swathed in bandages and whose face was badly scarred, "you *are* knocked about! But you must cheer up if you want to get better." "I've finished with cheering," said the patient. "Nonsense," replied the visitor. "There's nae nonsense aboot it," answered the patient. "It was through cheering that I'm here. I wis oot at Parkheid watchin' the Celtic playin' the Rangers, an' I cheered the Rangers." When it is mentioned that Parkhead is the ground of the Celtic, the moral of this story is obvious to any footballer.

The Butterbiggins Rovers were playing the Goosedubs Swifts on forbidden ground, when a policeman suddenly appeared on the scene.

There was a rush, a general scramble, and the constable had captured a small boy, who looked as if he had been in the wars already.

"Now," said the policeman, who wasn't a bad sort after all, "I've warned you before about this playing

football in the street. Which shall it be—a hiding or a summons?"

"I'll hae the lickin'," came the tearful response. "Yin mair canna mak' muckle difference. I wis the referee!"

An Englishman and a Scotsman chanced to meet at a football match, and, contrary to tradition, the Englishman had a bottle while the Scotsman had none. A few minutes after the game had started a good run was made by one of the visiting forwards. "Good run," said the Scotsman. "Fine," said the Englishman, and applied his lips to the bottle, ignoring Sandy's thirsty glances. Later on a goal was scored. "Fine goal," said Sandy. "Grand," said the Englishman, taking another draught, but still not offering it to his neighbour. "I presume you're a bit o' a fitba' player yoursel'?" said Sandy. "I am," was the proud reply. "I thocht sae," said Sandy. "You're a grand dribbler, but you're no good at passing."

The world contains a good many people who are tired of existence and have an inclination to discover what the next world holds for them. The subject of suicide is not a pleasant one, but the following anecdote shows that it may have its humorous side:—

A gentleman in Glasgow had in his employ a groom who always wore an air of sadness and dejection. On going to his stables one morning the gentleman was surprised to find his groom dangling in mid-air at the end of a trace, one end of which was tied to a beam in the roof, and the other end buckled around the man's waist. "What on earth are you up to now?" queried the master. "I'm tryin' to hang mysel', sir," said the

groom, in a tired-of-life tone. "Then why didn't you tie the trace round your neck?" said the employer, who was thoroughly tired of the man's foolishness. "I did try that way once, sir," came the reply in all solemnity, "but I couldna breathe."

Glasgow has of course a world-wide reputation as a shipbuilding and engineering centre. Unfortunately, these trades are not without their risks, and seldom a day passes without some fatal accident in one of the public works. This is nearly as solemn a subject as suicide; but, despite its solemnity, it produces at least one good story.

Two Scots met the other day after many years. First Scot: "Ah weel, noo, Sandy, an' hoo hae ye been gettin' alang this lang time?" Second Scot: "Fine, man, fine; an' hoo are a' the auld folk?" First Scot: "Weel, man, weel; but ye mind Jock M'Kay? Weel, the big steam hammer at the foundry cam' doon on his chest an' killed him." Second Scot: "Eh, puir auld Jock; but ye ken Jock aye had a weak chest!"

While on the subject of shipbuilding one may also quote a good story which is told of a ship-yard labourer:—

The foreman in a Clyde shipbuilding yard once engaged a new hand as a labourer, and promptly set him to transfer some large pieces of timber from one part of the yard to another. The man took off his coat and started the job; but after a little he waylaid the foreman and said, "A say, mister, did ye catch ma name, when ye took me on?" "Ay," said the foreman, "ye said Tamson." "A did," said the man; "but A thocht maybe ye took it up for 'Samson.'"

One or two specimens of unconscious humour have already been given, but these were connected with grown-ups. Such humour is perhaps more frequently to be met with among the youthful generation. Many people have encountered in train and tram-car the boy who is thirsting for knowledge, and who pesters his long-suffering parents or guardians on all conceivable and inconvenient topics. The following story is an excellent specimen of its kind :—

Sandy asked so many questions one day that he finally wore out his mother's patience. "Sandy," she cried, "if you ask me another question I shall put you to bed without your supper." Sandy promptly asked another, and was packed off to bed. Later his mother repented. After all, asking questions was the only way the boy could acquire knowledge; so she tiptoed upstairs, knelt beside his bed, and told him she was sorry. "Now, dear," she said, "if you want to ask one more question before you go to sleep, ask it now, and I will try to answer." Sandy thought for a moment, then said, "Mother, how far can a cat spit?"

Another awkward customer is the small boy who has overheard his elders talking, but has not quite understood the exact drift of their remarks. In such cases a little knowledge is a very dangerous thing, as was probably realised by the boy in the next story. "Grandfather," said little Dugald, "will you please make a noise like a frog?" "Why, boy?" "Because father says that when you croak we'll get five thousand pounds."

School life is not without its humours, and this would no doubt be apparent to the teacher in the fol-

lowing anecdote. Schoolmaster: "Now, boys, suppose in a family there are five children, and mother has only four potatoes to divide between them. Now she wants to give to every child an equal share. What is she going to do?" Silence reigned in the room. Everybody calculated very hard, until one little boy put up his hand. "Well, Sandy, what would she do?" said the master. "Mash the potatoes, sir."

The next story is also a good example of the unexpected answer: "And why," a teacher asked, 'should we hold the aged in respect?" "'Cause it's mostly the old men that has all the money," Tommy answered.

The parents of the present generation did not benefit so much from education as their children do nowadays, and occasionally they may be at a loss to understand any long words which the teacher may happen to use. The next story exemplifies a parental lack of knowledge which seemingly had painful results for the unhappy pupil. A Bridgeton school teacher, after having her pupils medically examined in her room, wrote the following note to the parents of a certain little boy: "Your little boy, Tommy, shows signs of astigmatism. Will you please investigate, and take steps to correct it?" To which she received a note in reply saying: "I dinna richtly ken what Tommy has been daein'; but A've leathered him the nicht, an' you leather him the morn, an' that ought tae be some help."

Nowadays we live in an age of strikes and lockouts; and while, generally speaking, organised labour obeys its leaders, the obedience is not always yielded

without some heart-searching. For example, the Irish dock-labourer in the next story evidently found himself in somewhat of a quandary. But history does not relate how he escaped from it. Casey: "Now phwat wu'd ye do in a case loike thot?" Clancy: "Loike phwat?" Casey: "The Union tills me to stroike, an' me ould woman orders me to kape on wurkin'."

There is much humour to be found among the Irish labourers who work in their thousands in and around Glasgow. The foregoing story is a fair specimen of one species of it. Here is another.

One afternoon on a hot summer day an Irish foreman platelayer was walking along the Caledonian line in the neighbourhood of Glasgow when he found one of his men placidly sleeping on the shady side of an embankment. The foreman looked reproachfully at the delinquent for a full minute, and then remarked—

"Slape on, ye lazy spalpeen, slape on. Fur as long as ye slape ye've got a job, but when ye wake up ye won't have none."

Glasgow prides itself upon its tramway system, and at times the citizens discuss in the press, through the medium of letters to the editor, the manners of Glasgow car-conductors. Generally speaking, these manners are all that can be desired; and the undernoted tale shows that a car-conductor may not only enforce the regulations, but may do so wittily: "I suppose," said a lady, "if I pay a penny for my dog, he will have the same privileges as other passengers—that is, he may have a seat?" "Certainly, madam," replied the conductor; "on the same terms as other passengers—he will not be allowed to put his feet on the seat."

In these days of talk about conscription, we have the territorial army much in evidence before us, and some of the dashing officers are no doubt subjects of admiration not only to the ladies but also to small boys. This, however, may possibly have awkward consequences, as is shown in the next story:—

"You ought to have seen Mr. Marshall when he called upon Dolly the other night," remarked Johnny to his sister's young man, who was taking tea with the family. "I tell you he looked fine sitting there alongside of her with his arm——" "Johnny!" gasped his sister, her face the colour of a boiled lobster. "Well, so he did," persisted Johnny. "He had his arm——" "John!" screamed the mother frantically. "Why," whined the boy, "I was——" "John," said his father sternly, "leave the room!" And Johnny left, crying as he went, "I was only going to say that he had his army clothes on."

From time immemorial down to the present day Glasgow has always possessed one or more street characters of a curious description. These men were usually not quite *compos mentis*, but frequently possessed a species of coarse wit which seems to have appealed to Glasgow citizens of a bygone day, and would no doubt still appeal to the people in some of the lower quarters of the town. The characters in question were in some degree licensed jesters. Many stories are told of them, and numerous specimens of their alleged wit are to be found in print. A careful study of these, however, leads one to the conclusion that the humour of the past century or two contained much vulgarity and very little genuine wit. Perhaps the most famous of all these

street humorists was Hawkie. But beyond recording the fact that these street jesters existed, it is hardly worth while to take further notice of the majority of them here. Their humour was not such as would appeal to present-day audiences, and the following specimens of Hawkie's wit are perhaps sufficient to enable one to gain some idea of the smartest of Glasgow street humour.

Hawkie was ever ready to enter into a religious discussion, and frequently showed great skill in the management of an argument. One day he fell into a discussion on the doctrine of Baptism with a spirit-dealer in the City, who maintained that the mere observance of the external ceremony was all that was required. "Do you," said the gangrel, "insist that sprinkling wi' water constitutes baptism?"

"Yes, I do," replied the bar-master.

"Weel, then, gin that be a' that's necessary, your whisky casks may dispute Christianity wi' ony Protestant bishop in the hale country."

"Hae, Hawkie," said one of his almoners, "there's a penny to you, and gae awa', man, and get your beard ta'en aff; ye micht draw lint through't for a heckle. I'm perfectly ashamed to see you gaun about like a Jew."

"Oh," replied Hawkie, "but you forget, freen, that it disna suit a beggar to be bare-faced."

"I shall endeavour to provoke Hawkie into retort," said a gentleman who was well known to the wit, to a friend. And passing the beggar, with head turned away to avoid recognition, he remarked, in a voice sufficiently audible, "He's a perfect blackguard and

impostor that Hawkie. He should be sent to Bridewell!"

"Hech, man," retorted Hawkie, "you're the only neebour-like person I hae seen the day."

Some forty years ago, when the Very Rev. Bishop Murdoch was Bishop in Glasgow, Hawkie in his rambles often made his way to the Bishop's residence in Great Clyde Street, and as the Bishop was well acquainted with Hawkie and his pawky sayings, he often rewarded him with a plate of soup or a glass of spirits, whichever he appeared to be most in need of. On one occasion a clergyman from the Highlands was paying a visit to the Bishop, and as they both chanced to be standing at the window conversing, they saw Hawkie slowly making his way in their direction. The Bishop, turning to the clergyman, told him that that was one of Glasgow's characters, famous for his witty sayings, etc., and that he would call him in, when he would probably hear for himself. Accordingly, Hawkie was brought in, and shown into the room beside the reverend gentleman. The Bishop spoke a few words to him, and then, as he saw Hawkie looking at the pictures on the walls, he asked him if he knew any of them.

"Maybe," was the answer.

The Bishop, pointing to a likeness of himself which was hanging on the wall, asked him if he knew it, and if it was a good likeness.

"Ou, ay," said Hawkie, "it's no' bad."

He was then shown an engraving of the Pope, and, being told who it was, he said, "I dinna ken, I never saw him."

"Well," said the Bishop, pointing to a picture of

the Crucifixion, which was hanging between the two likenesses, "you surely know that?"

Hawkie gazed intently at it for a minute, and then said, "I aye heard that Christ was crucified between two thieves, but I ne'er kent wha they were afore."*

It is regrettably true that whisky figures very largely in Glasgow life, and not a few stories are told regarding its virtues or its effects. Generally speaking, public orators can manage to get a laugh out of an allusion to whisky, but the gentleman mentioned in the following story amused his audience quite unconsciously.

A North of Ireland orator in a Glasgow constituency sought to ingratiate himself with his audience at the outset thus: "Gentlemen, I am an Irishman. I am proud to be an Irishman, but I am not ashamed to admit that I have a drop of Scotch in me." And for fully a minute he could not understand what the laughter was about.

As an instance of the 'ruling passion strong in death' the following is an excellent example. A slater who was engaged upon the roof of a house fell from the ladder and lay in an unconscious state upon the pavement. One of the pedestrians who rushed to the aid of the man chanced to have a flask of spirits in his pocket, and to revive him began to pour a little down his throat. "Canny, man, canny," said another man, looking on, "or you'll choke him." The unconscious

*The foregoing stories of Hawkie are taken by permission of Alexander Gardner, Esq., Publisher, Paisley, from *Thistledown*, by R. Ford.

slater slowly opened his eyes and said quietly, "Pour awa', man, pour awa'; ye're doin' fine."

Convivial citizens occasionally find themselves in trouble when they have been spending the evening abroad instead of at their own firesides. In such cases the welcome home is often warm in more senses than one, and the next two stories illustrate this unhappy state of affairs.

Sandy returned home at a very questionable hour, and among other souvenirs of a special evening he carried a considerable gash on his forehead. His wife demanded an explanation of the wound. "Nothin' be'larmed 'bout m'dear. Jes' bit m'self." "Alexander McKay! How could you bite yourself on the forehead?" exclaimed his irritated helpmate. This had presented no difficulties to the versatile Sandy, if it had taxed the credulity of his spouse. "Shtood on a chair, y'know," he explained glibly.

In the East End of Glasgow there once lived a good-humoured carpenter remarkable for his shrewd sense and ready wit. He was an excellent workman when sober, but like many good tradesmen he sometimes frequented the public-house and indulged to excess—a sin which his wife did not relish, but resisted with might and main, by opening upon him a well-directed battery of tongue and fisticuffs as often as he transgressed. Knowing what was to be expected at home, he, like a prudent man, often remained longer abroad than he would otherwise have done. On one occasion he got drunk as usual; and when twelve o'clock at night came round he found it necessary that he should proceed homewards. A friend was kind enough

to assist him; and when he had arrived at his own door, and had put his hand upon the latch, he turned round and addressed his faithful conductor. "Tam, I wad advise ye no' to gang ony far'er; it's needless for twa tae enter a place o' torment at ance."

To bring this section to a close one may relate the story of the West Highlander who had dwelt long in Glasgow, but was finally summoned from it to the bedside of his dying father. When he arrived the old man was fast nearing his end. For a while he remained unconscious of his son's presence. Then at last the old man's eyes opened, and he began to murmur. The son bent eagerly to listen.

"Dugald," whispered the parent, "Luckie Simpson owes me five shullins."

"Ay, man, ay," said the son eagerly.

"An' Dougal More owes me seven shullins."

"Ay," assented the son.

"An' Hamish M'Craw owes me ten shullins."

"Sensible tae the last," muttered the delighted heir. "Sensible tae the last."

Once more the voice from the bed took up the tale.

"An', Dugald, I owe Calum Beg twa pounds."

Dugald shook his head sadly.

"Wanderin' again, wanderin' again," he sighed. "It's a peety."

CHAPTER SIX

MUNICIPAL

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BROADLY SPEAKING, GLASGOW HAS been fortunate in its civic rulers. The breath of scandal seldom has attached even to a Councillor—let alone a Lord Provost or a Bailie. The wholesale graft which is apparent in American Municipal Politics has no place in this happy City; or if it has a place it is an obscure one. True, one has heard from time to time rumours of corruption upon the licensing bench, and stories have been circulated regarding the profits to be made even by a common Councillor. But these things have seldom, if ever, been authenticated. Even if they have been done in secret they have certainly not been proclaimed upon the housetops. Therefore the Glasgow citizen pays his rates with resignation, and comparative punctuality; satisfied that he is getting better value than is vouchsafed to ratepayers in less favoured communities. He may begrudge the Edinburgh man his Princes Street, and the general beauty of his city. But a consideration of the Edinburgh tramway system speedily restores the Glasgow man's equanimity. Or having imbibed Talla water in Fair Edina, he can turn to "pure Loch Katrine," satisfied that he has also in this respect the better of his Eastern brother. Indeed, generally speaking, Glasgow has been and is a well-governed city, and its list of Lord Provosts is a roll of which the City may justly be proud.

The armorial insignia of Glasgow are richly storied, the different emblems referring to several legends in the life of St. Kentigern, who was the first Bishop of Glasgow, and died about 602 A.D. The tree represents the bough which, according to an old story, St. Kenti-

gern kindled by his word into a blaze in order to relight the church lights, which some of his enemies had put out. The bird perched upon the tree is a robin, the pet of St. Serf, which St. Kentigern restored to life, as the tradition goes. The bell which hangs upon the tree signifies the Church and See of Glasgow founded by St. Kentigern. But the most romantic legend of all is associated with the salmon, which bears a ring in its mouth. Tradition relates that the Queen of Cadzow had given away to a certain knight a ring which she had received as a present from the king her husband. The king, suspecting this, and being very wroth at such faithless conduct, considered how he might best discover her guilt and punish it.

One day when the king and his Court were out hunting along the banks of the Clyde, the knight to whom the queen had given the ring, overcome with fatigue, fell asleep under the shelter of a tree. The king seized the opportunity to look into the knight's pouch, and there, as he had expected, he found the ring. Incensed beyond measure that the queen should have thus lightly treated the ring he gave her, he flung it into the river.

Returning home, he demanded the ring from the queen; at the same time telling her that she should be put to death if it was not produced. She immediately sent her maid to the knight to ask for it; but, of course, he could not find it. The queen knew not which way to turn. At last, in her despair, she bethought herself of the good Bishop Kentigern. She avowed her fault to him, and expressed her sorrow, and besought his advice and help. The good man believed in her sin-

cerity and took compassion upon her. He immediately sent one of his people to fish in the river, with instructions to bring him the first fish he caught. The angler soon returned and laid a huge salmon at the feet of the Bishop, who took from its mouth the very ring which the king had flung into the Clyde. The queen, receiving the ring from the Bishop, together with his blessing, hastened to take it home to her husband, and thus her life was saved by the good Bishop Kentigern.*

In municipal matters the Council are guided by the Town Clerk, and that office has been filled by a long succession of able men. Its duties are onerous; but seldom, even in these days of fervent municipal politicians, does the Town Clerk run any bodily risk in consequence of the fearless discharge of his duties. But there is on record one instance in which the Town Clerk was the victim of outrage.

In 1694 a dispute between a citizen and a soldier was submitted to the sitting Magistrate. Robert Park, the Town Clerk, supported the cause of the citizen, and Major James Menzies that of the soldier. High words ensued, when, in the heat of passion, the Major stabbed Mr. Park, and immediately fled. He was pursued, and, in consequence of resistance, shot in Renfield garden.†

One of the most famous of the earlier Provosts of Glasgow was Andrew Cochrane, who, according to the prefatory notice to the Cochrane Correspondence,

* *History of the Incorporation of Cordiners in Glasgow*, W. Campbell, p. 17.

† *The Topographical Picture of Glasgow*, p. 23.

published by the Maitland Club, "was born in 1693, and was bred to mercantile life. He was first chosen Provost (after having been Bailie for several years) in 1741, and was re-elected to that dignity in 1744–45, at a crisis when unflinching integrity of purpose and great firmness of conduct were required. Under his official guidance, Glasgow fully maintained the reputation of a staunch adherence to the Protestant Constitution; and to his skilful management was owing the recovery of compensation for the losses sustained from the rebels by its loyal inhabitants." The Cochrane Correspondence displays in the strongest manner the public spirit of the Provost, and the anxiety and labour which the Rebellion and its consequences imposed upon him. He had, however, for reward the gratitude of his townsmen, and that conscious rectitude which dictated his famous ejaculation, "I thank God my magistracy has ended without reproach!" Mr. Cochrane was elected for the last time Provost in 1760; and till the close of his life his exertions were bestowed on the support of Hutcheson's Hospital, of which he died Preceptor in 1777. A handsome monument was erected to his memory in the Cathedral, and now ornaments the renovated nave.

The raising of the Glasgow Regiment, already referred to in Chapter I., occasioned a great stir in the City, and so enthusiastic were the leading classes in getting the ranks filled up, that many gentlemen paraded with drums and fifes, offering large bounties for recruits. The first public movement to raise the Glasgow Regiment was made by Mr. Gray of Carntyne, Mr. James Findlay, and ex-Provost Ingram, who

met somewhere in the Gallowgate, whence they proceeded as a recruiting party towards the Cross; Mr. Gray, who was a tall, handsome man, wielding a sword as the sergeant in front—followed by Mr. Findlay playing the pipes—and Mr. Ingram bringing up the rear.

On arrival in front of Peter McKinlay's, a famous tavern near the Exchange, this trio followed the example of other recruiting parties, by halting and proceeding upstairs, where they were instantly joined by a number of their friends from the reading-room, anxious to know the success they had met with. Upon which Mr. Ingram said, "There's a sergeant and a piper, but I am the regiment!" It was not many days, however, before a thousand men were obtained. Mr. Ingram was one of the three public-spirited individuals who supported the brothers Robert and Andrew Foulis, in their endeavour to establish a Fine Art Academy in Glasgow; and from him the now busy thoroughfare leading to the present Royal Exchange takes its name. He afterwards became Provost; and it is said that he began in the world by selling a peck of "haws."*

Nowadays one hears much of the civic hospitality of Glasgow, and certain Councillors think that too much is lavished on this department of municipal activity. But, generally speaking, Scottish municipalities in the eighteenth century took small interest in matters gastronomic. London led in that respect. Other towns were content to admire, without striving to emulate. It is therefore with interest that one reads

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 68.

that although previous to 1750 the general characteristic of the inhabitants of Glasgow had been an attentive industry, combined with a frugality bordering upon parsimony, it appears that they, notwithstanding, paid some little attention to cookery, which taste may perhaps be traced in some degree to their original connection with France. The following singular entry, in the Council Minutes of 8th May 1740, shows that the Corporation of Glasgow were not insensible to the benefits to be derived from a knowledge of the culinary art: "Which day, anent the petition given in by James Lochead, Teacher of Cookery, mentioning that he being regularly educated by His Majesty's cooks, under whom he served, in the art of cookery, pastry, confectioning, candying, preserving and pickling, and of making milks, creams, syllabubs, gellies, soups and broths, of all sorts; and also taught to dress and order a table, and to make bills of fare for entertainments of all kinds; and that of late he had successfully taught severall young ladies, to their own and to their parents' satisfaction; and that for instruction of his scholars he is obliged to provide, on his own charge, flesh, fowls, fish, spiceries, and severall other ingredients, but when dresst, lye on his hand for want of sale, by which he is a loser, and will be obliged to lay aside his teaching unless he be assisted in carrying it on; and, therefore, craving a yearly allowance, etc., remit to the Magistrates to agree with him as to teaching, and allow him £10 sterling yearly during their pleasure."

The following advertisement is taken from the *Glasgow Courant* of 1749, relative to the foregoing

individual: "That James Lochead, at his house opposite to Bell's wynd in Glasgow, begins, upon the 10th inst., to teach, as formerly, in a plain and easy manner, how to dress, with very small expense, all sorts of Flesh, Fowl, and Fish; also Pastry and pickling, preserving any kind of meat in summer, from spoiling: dressing Roots and Herbs; likewise he teaches many useful things fit for families of all ranks, too tedious to mention. Any person who designs to be taught to dress meat, etc., as above, will be attended upon in his school, at any hour of the day, and will agree with them by the month, at a very easy rate. He hopes great satisfaction will be given to the ladies who are desirous of learning the art of Cookery, etc., by which, in a short time, they will be able to direct their servants to dress any dish of meat to their own mind. And if any persons have occasion to make publick Entertainments, he is ready to attend them, to their satisfaction, as he has had the opportunity to be frequently employed on such occasions, both in Scotland and England." *

It is hoped that the worthy and enterprising James Lochead reaped an adequate reward. The City's contribution does not seem to have erred on the side of generosity.

In this present year of grace, when the City Sanitary Department has assumed great dimensions, and when the name of its employees is legion, it is instructive to look back to the small beginnings of that Department. From a Minute of the Council of 14th October 1777, an insight may be gained into the modest requirements of

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 19.

the citizens of those days in regard to a Cleansing Department. This, of course, was in pre-microbular days. The Minute runs as follows: "14th October 1777.—The said day the Magistrates and Council, considering that there are only two men employed in cleaning the streets of the City, and which have not been properly cleaned; they therefore agree that a third person should be employed, along with the said two men, in cleaning the streets in time coming. And in the winter season, the said three men, if they clean the streets properly, shall be paid one pound sterling weekly, and ten shillings weekly in the summer."*

It is open to question if the above scale of pay for summer work would now be regarded as satisfactory. But no record of a scavengers' strike in those days is to be found.

It is a truism that Magistrates should be the dread of the evilly disposed, and our civic forefathers knew how to maintain their authority, and the dignity of their office. Nothing was more vigorously resented than any defiance of constituted authority, and Magistrates insisted upon due honour being shown to their dignity on all occasions. Expressed contempt of the Magistrates was sometimes visited with both fine and imprisonment; and even the failure to lift the bonnet to a passing Bailie was considered worthy of punishment, the delinquent requiring to go bare-headed and bare-footed to the Cross to ask pardon of God and the Bailie for his contumely. Open contempt of religion and profanity were punished in the same way.†

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 78.

† *Curiosities of Glasgow Citizenship*, G. Stewart, p. xiv.

Such was the dignity of the Corporation that only one joke was permitted regarding the word "Magistrate." That delicious fish, the Loch Fyne herring, became known as a "Glasgow Magistrate." The name arose from the practice of all persons bringing up this delicious and cheap fish to the Broomielaw being obliged to send a specimen of their boat-loads to the Bailie of the River for his approval. The consequence of this was, that the samples presented to the *Skate* Bailie, as he was sometimes called, were always the largest that could be selected. This ultimately ended in giving to all picked herrings the designation of "Glasgow Magistrates."*

The prosperity of Glasgow is bound up with the Clyde, and the Town Council and the Clyde Trustees are generally at one in supporting any project for the good of the river. At one time it was hoped that a large dock would be constructed in the neighbourhood of Washington Street, and the Clyde Trustees were anxious to acquire an extensive plot of ground in that vicinity. The history of the negotiations, and their failure, is as follows:—

About the year 1814, when Henry Monteith was Lord Provost of Glasgow, the River Trustees, having thought of excavating docks at the Broomielaw, to accommodate the increasing shipping of the harbour, authorised Mr. Monteith to treat with Mr. Grahame, agent of the proprietrix, for the purchase of the said lands of Washington Street, then vacant ground. Mr. Monteith accordingly waited on Mr. Grahame, to know the price which the proprietrix, Miss Reid, would

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 286.

take for the said lands, fully expecting to acquire them at a very moderate price, seeing that they were waste grounds bringing in no return. In reply to Mr. Monteith's inquiry as to the price which Miss Reid would take for the said property, Mr. Grahame at once said that the very lowest price would be £10,000. Mr. Monteith, who, in his younger days, had remembered the trifling value of ground in the immediate neighbourhood of Anderston, at the mention of £10,000 held up his hands in amazement, at what he considered its absolute absurdity, exclaiming that the price demanded was so utterly extravagant and ridiculous that it was quite unnecessary to say a word more on the subject, and so forthwith left Mr. Grahame's office. Provost Monteith reported so strongly against the whole project that the River Trustees hesitated about making any further attempt to acquire Miss Reid's lands; but about a year afterwards, the said Trustees having again taken the matter into their consideration, came to be of opinion that the lands in question, being so favourably situated for a dock, should be purchased by the Trust, notwithstanding of the price being likely to be rather extravagant; they therefore again requested Mr. Monteith to wait on Mr. Grahame with an offer of £8000 for the said lands When Mr. Monteith again waited on Mr. Grahame he commenced his address to him by saying that the River Trustees, contrary to his opinion, had now a greed to make Miss Reid an offer of £8000 for the Washington Street lands, and he added that he was confident that no such offer would ever again be made for these vacant grounds. But Mr. Grahame, in reply

to this offer, repeated that he had before said that the very lowest price would be £10,000. In consequence of this answer the treaty for the purchase of the lands in question was finally broken off, and thus the River Trustees lost a most convenient site for a dock, in the very heart of the harbour and of the City. Mr. Grahame shortly afterwards laid off Washington Street for feuing, and ultimately the feus realised a price equal to £30,000.

Miss Reid, in accordance with her political principles, named the new street "Washington Street," in honour of the founder of American Independence.

By looking at Fleming's large map of Glasgow, published in 1815, it will be seen that the lands now of Washington Street then consisted of a large oblong piece of ground, stated to be the property of Matthew Reid. On the west it formed the western boundary of the City, lying between Clyde Street and McAlpine Street. It stood north and south from Anderston Walk to the margin of the river Clyde—a glorious situation for a dock, which the City authorities unfortunately allowed to slip through their hands.*

The story of the municipal progress of Glasgow belongs to the region of History, and therefore is outwith the purview of this book; but there are numerous anecdotes about Glasgow Magistrates and Councillors which will bear repetition.

A short time prior to the French Revolution of 1848, and while Louis-Philippe, the citizen King, was still on the throne of France, Glasgow was honoured with a Lord Provost, Mr. James Lumsden, who, though any-

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. iii. p. 50.

thing but literary himself, carried on an extensive and prosperous business in publishing. This wise dignitary was, in his day, a benefactor of one or more of our public charities, and as such has been honoured with a monument; as his son, who succeeded him in business and also became Lord Provost, was with the honour of knighthood.

The worthy senior went as one of a deputation from Glasgow to Paris for the purpose of presenting an address to Louis-Philippe; and after the ceremony was concluded, he was taken by the King (who had probably heard of his connection with literature) into the royal library, where His Majesty pointed to a splendid copy of the works of Edmund Burke, whom he pronounced to be one of his favourite authors.

"Indeed, your Majesty!" quoth the worthy Glasgow civic head, "I mind fine o' his being tried wi' Hare at Edinburgh for horrid murders, and o' his being hanged; but I didna ken he had written ony books!" *

Dr. Hedderwick, in his interesting book, *Backward Glances*, gives the following entertaining account of Mr. Lumsden's Paris experiences:—

"That first lighthouse trip of mine was when the Provost (Mr. James Lumsden) had just returned from Paris, where he had dined with Louis-Philippe. His invitation to the Tuileries was consequent on his presentation to His Majesty of an address from the Glasgow Town Council congratulating him on a recent escape from assassination—a piece of happy fortune at which all Europe had rejoiced. An evening spent in

* *The Anecdotage of Glasgow*, p. 319.

such high company was an event in Mr. Lumsden's career, and his fellow-excursionists on the Clyde were both interested and amused by his homely and graphic account of his experiences in the French palace. He wore a Court costume stitched together hastily by Parisian tailors; and after ascending the broad staircase in his scarcely finished garments, was shown with due ceremony into the reception-room, where a large party was assembled. Thereupon the King advanced, held out his hand and said, 'My Lord Provost of Glasgow, welcome to France!'

"Introductions to sundry of the royal dukes, to the statesman Guizot, and to other eminent people followed, together with much interchange of bowing. On dinner being announced, our lively Provost was a little puzzled as to how he should proceed; but his embarrassment was quickly relieved by the King's sister, Madame Adelaide, slipping her arm gently into his, with the remark, 'My Lord Provost, you and me.' This his Lordship told with much *naïveté*, and added, 'A nice body; I was at hame wi' her in five minutes.'

"Another incident Mr. Lumsden related as curious. When dinner was practically over, all the carving having been done at side tables, a piece of ham beautifully decorated was placed before the King, who cut two wafer-thin slices. These were put before the Provost, who was in the act of declining the compliment, when he was stopped by his fair partner, who whispered in his ear, 'Oh, dat is from de King, special for you.'

"'May I ask,' cried a caustic Town Councillor, 'whether you spoke French or English at the Tuileries?'

"But Mr. Lumsden was equal to the occasion. In

the midst of an outburst of laughter he retorted, 'I spoke gude braid Scotch.'" *

In these modern days, when our Town Council is filled with ardent reformers advocating Taxation of Land Values, Single Tax, and numerous other political nostrums, the following account of an earlier reformer will be of interest. It also is taken from Dr. Hedderwick's valuable book.

"Bailie McLellan was an accomplished musician, but it was chiefly as a debater that he became a power in the municipality. His temperament was irascible and impulsive, and to this source may have been due much of that bold rhetoric which at times thrilled and charmed his fellow-councillors and associates. Although a high Tory in politics, he was a man of large sympathies, and among his personal friends he numbered Sir Francis Chantrey; Sir David Wilkie, occupying a foremost place in Scottish Art; R. A. Smith, the eminent composer; Motherwell, the chief of our local poets; and other artists, musicians, and literary men without number.

"As chairman of the City Parochial Board the Bailie tried hard to get the poor-rates levied on means and substance instead of rental. These rates, he held, pressed unduly on highly rented shopkeepers; while great merchants, grubbing perhaps in small and obscure counting-houses, enjoyed comparative immunity from the tax.

"It was while the controversy on this subject was at its height that I met Mr. McLellan at the hospitable table of Lord Provost Stewart of Omoa. Among the

* *Backward Glances*, p. 164.

guests was Mr. W. S. Lindsay, M.P., who, on allusion to the Bailie's reputation as a speaker, expressed to me a desire to draw him into discussion. In the conversation which followed, his favourite theme was introduced, and I noticed the nervous facial excitement and flashing grey eyes of the eloquent advocate of means-and-substance rating. But at one point Mr. Lindsay struck in with a pertinent remark. He did not pretend, he said, to have studied the question. It merely occurred to him that any wealthy merchant who objected to a local income-tax might easily move outside the City parish and escape it altogether.

"'Well suggested,' observed Mr. William McLean of Plantation, who was present. 'I know for a fact that a certain very wealthy firm,' which he named, 'intends to remove to the south side of the river if the means-and-substance proposal is carried.'

"This was like a bit of red rag to a bull, and gave rise to a scene, which was exactly what Mr. Lindsay wanted.

"Up started Bailie McLellan to his feet, with the exclamation, 'And the curse of the poor go with them!'

"The effect was startling. His eyes were in a flame; and he proceeded, with menacing gesture, to expatiate on 'the despicable meanness of men, whom Providence had so largely favoured, plotting for the sake of a few dirty coppers, to escape their just obligations to the poorly born and unfortunate, forgetful of their duty to the City, to the country, and to the spirit of that Christianity which they professed to reverence.' After this burst of oratory the company became ex-

cited, and it seemed all at once to flash upon him that the exhibition was out of place at a private entertainment. So, glancing significantly at the head of the table, he put his thumb to his nose, spread out his fingers, twirled them with comic effect, and resumed his seat with the triumphant climax, 'Pass the bottles, Provost.'

"An explosion of laughter followed; this 'one touch of nature' on the part of a City dignitary distinguished for his gentlemanly bearing, had the effect of cooling down the heat in a moment; and the genial good-humour which had previously prevailed was at once cleverly restored." *

Bailies as a class are no doubt eminently worthy men, but for some reason a good deal of fun is centred round these holders of magisterial office. It may be because the Bailies have a considerable sense of their own importance, and their learning is not always equal to sustaining their dignity. Frequently the magistracy is recruited from men who have had a sore struggle in early life, and have had no subsequent opportunity of improving their defective education. Latin is often a stumbling-block to these worthy men. For example: A Glasgow Bailie consigned goods to a house in New York, which goods lay a long time in the hands of the American firm, undisposed of. At length he received a letter from the consignees intimating that the goods were *in statu quo*. Mistaking this for the name of a place, he joyfully informed a neighbour that the goods were now in Statu Quo, where he hoped they would speedily find a purchaser. "But I never heard of the

* *Backward Glances*, p. 193.

place," said the neighbour. "Nor I either," replied the Bailie. "I looked at the map, but couldna find it; an' I just conclude it's a sma' toun up the kintra."

Here is another specimen of magisterial ignorance:

"This is a most tragical event which has happened," said a friend to Bailie Blank.

"Bless me! What is it?"

"Why, your neighbour, A—— B——, has committed suicide."

"Wha on?" anxiously inquired the Bailie.

In the next tale the newly-elected magistrate obliges with an excellent example of unconscious humour. He had been promoted to the coveted position of Bailie, and gave a grand supper in honour of the event to his friends and supporters. Of course his health was duly proposed in connection with his new dignity, and in the course of his reply he said—

"I canna but say, ma friends, but that I'm proud o' the honour o' being made a Bailie o' this great city; an' I am even, I think, entitled to the honour, for I've gone through a' the various stages o' degradation that a Bailie has tae dae tae reach it." *

Civic dignitaries are not always of the Vere de Vere caste. Often they, unfortunately, have had no opportunities for acquiring social polish, and they are a little apt to betray their humble origin on important civic occasions. Thus it is related that at a public banquet a prominent Councillor was approached by a waiter, when the following dialogue ensued:—

"Pheasant or grouse, sir?"

"Whit's that?"

* *Laird o' Logan*, p. 344.

"Pheasant or grouse, sir?"

"A'll hae naythér. A hae nae teeth, an' A canna chow."

From this tale one would judge that the subject of it was a man free from all affectation. This was not the view of his good lady. She confided to a friend—

"Oor Jeems is gettin' that prood, noo he's in the Toon Cooncil. D'ye ken, he wouldna tak' the soup the ither day, an' jist because the dish-clout had been biled in't."

But a Bailie is only seen in his full glory when he is administering justice, and a few samples of his methods will be appropriate. These, however, are not to be taken as illustrative of all magisterial justice. They are merely cases of judicial lapse which lend a little humour to the usually dreary proceedings in the police courts.

A culprit was brought to the bar charged with a serious assault on the person of a gentleman on the Paisley road. After the charge was read by the Public Prosecutor—

"Weel, sir," quoth the Bailie, "for this wicked and malicious crime which you have committed we will fine you in half a guinea."

"But the crime has not yet been proved," interposed the Assessor.

"Verra weel, then," answered the Bailie. "Jist mak' it five shillings." *

A learned weaver, in stating his case before a magistrate, having occasion to speak of a party who was dead repeatedly described him as "the defunct." Irri-

* *Laird o' Logan*, p. 102.

tated by the repetition of a word which he did not understand, the Bailie exclaimed—

"What's the use o' talking sae muckle aboot this chield ye ca' the defunct? Can ye no' bring the man here an' let him speak for himsel'?"

"The defunct's dead, your honour," said the weaver.

"Oh! that alters the case," gravely observed the sapient judge.

Another Bailie had a case brought before him in which the owner of a squirrel claimed damages against a person to whom he had confided the care of the animal. Unfortunately, the squirrel had escaped.

There were certain features of the case which somewhat perplexed the worthy magistrate, and caused him much thought. At last he said to the custodian of the squirrel—

"Hoo did it manage to get awa'?"

"The door o' the cage was open, an' it gaed through it, an' then oot o' the window," was the reply.

"Whit wey did ye no' clip its wings?"

"It's a quadruped, your honour," answered the defendant.

"Quadruped here, quadruped there," replied the Bailie, "if ye had clippit the brute's wings it couldna hae flown awa'. I maun decide against ye."*

A poor man made his appearance at the bar of the Gorbals police court, Glasgow, charged with being drunk and disorderly on the streets, when, after a patient hearing, the presiding Bailie, who seems to have possessed little of the firmness and dignity required for the magisterial office, ordered him to pay a fine of

**Thistledown*, p. 267.

fifteen shillings. Thereupon the following dramatic colloquy took place :—

"Fifteen shillings!" vociferated the man. "Fifteen shillings! Bailie, ye're surely no' in earnest. Bless ye, when will I win fifteen shillings tae gie ye?"

"Well," said the Bailie, yielding, "I'll mak' it half a guinea, and not a farthing less."

"Half a guinea, Bailie! If ye fine me in half a guinea what's tae come o' my puir wife an' weans for a month tae come? We must jist starve. There's nae ither way for't," said the offender in most lugubrious tones. "We must starve or beg."

"Well," said the relenting Bailie, "I'll mak' it seven-and-sixpence, and not a farthing less!"

"Seven-and-sixpence!" said the still unsatisfied offender. "That's jist the half o' my week's wages, an' there's no' a grain o'meal in the house, nor a bit o' coal to mak' it ready wi', even though there were. Oh! Bailie, think what a sum seven-and-sixpence is to a working man."

"Well, well," said the good-natured magistrate, "I'll mak' it five shillings, and not a farthing less; though ye were the King on the throne, I'll not mak' it less."

"Weel, weel, Bailie, Mary an' me an' the weans maun jist submit," said the knavish culprit, affecting to weep; at the same time saying, as if to himself, yet so loud that the Bailie could hear him, "Blessed is he that wisely doth the poor man's case consider."

The Bailie could not stand the silent appeal of tears, nor the apt quotation which had been made. "Well, well," he said again, "I'll mak' it half a crown, an'

though ye were my ain brother I couldna mak' it less." *

A boy was brought before a Glasgow magistrate charged with stealing a handkerchief from a gentleman's pocket. The indictment having been read, the Bailie, addressing the boy, said—

"I hae nae doot ye did the deed, for I had a handkerchief ta'en out o' my ain pouch this vera week; sae ye maun gang to the jail for sixty days."

The Assessor here interposed, stating that the case had not yet been proved against the boy.

"Oh, then, in that case," said the worthy Bailie, "I'll just gie ye thirty days."

But on being again informed that even this sentence was contrary to law, he finally disposed of the case by saying—

"Weel, my lad, the evidence seems a wee bit jimp this time, so I'll let ye aff; but see and no' do it again." †

Upon another occasion reference was made to a verbal agreement upon which the case turned. Determined to probe the matter to the bottom, the Bailie leaned forward with outstretched hand, and remarked—

"Here, let's see yer verbal agreement. Hand it up."

Of the same magistrate it is told that in a case which turned upon the interpretation of a written agreement he considered the deed for a while, and then said—

"I canna mak' heid nor tail o' this ducument. It's jist like Alphy and Omegy; it's got neither beginning nor end."

* *The Anecdotage of Glasgow*, p. 318.

† *Ibid.* p. 285.

By way of variety there is next submitted an example of magisterial shrewdness.

At the River Bailie Court in Glasgow, an individual was brought to the bar for a breach of the harbour and river police regulations. The presiding judge fined the offender in half a guinea. The culprit, as usual, pled in mitigation of the penalty. "Na, na," said the implacable magistrate, "if ye think it owre dear dinna come back again."

City magistrates have to take their turn in dispensing justice in the local police courts, and their individual idiosyncrasies soon become known to the regular frequenters of these somewhat dismal places. Thus the late Bailie James Martin was famous for his severity in cases of assault upon the police; while Sir John Ure Primrose established a reputation which was a terror to wife-beaters.

Upon one occasion it was Sir John's turn to preside at the Monday Court. Among the prisoners was a man who had assaulted his wife severely on the Saturday night, and had been given into custody by her. At the time of the assault she had been righteously indignant; but now, on the Monday, the matter did not seem so grave. Moreover, if her "man" were to be locked up for a long time she would miss his wages. Accordingly she attended the Court to do her best to minimise the offence, but as she approached the door from one direction she saw Sir John coming from another. Whereupon, recognising the Dispenser of Justice, she gave way to her feelings in the despairing cry, "The Lord pity puir Jimmy! It's the wee baldheidit yin."

CONCERNING MUNICIPAL LIFE

Nothing is more pleasing to the average Town Councillor than a trip to London to give evidence in regard to some contentious Bill promoted by the Corporation. The excursion is always a blend of business and pleasure, and it is hard to say which predominates. But be that as it may, a Glasgow Councillor, and more particularly a Glasgow Bailie, is glad to impress upon the Committee, whether it be of Lords or Commons, the fact that he is a man of importance. This little frailty is well known to parliamentary counsel.

Upon one occasion a Bailie was in the witness-box, and counsel put a few questions to him to show his standing in the community. The Bailie was originally a corkcutter, but by industry, thrift, and hard-headedness had made money, and now possessed investments outside of his original business. Counsel's questions elicited the fact that he was a Bailie, that he was interested in several public companies, that he was a shipowner, and generally speaking magnified the worthy man into a very important personage.

Then the opposing counsel came upon the scene.

"Is it not the case, sir," he asked, "that you are a corkcutter?"

"Ay," admitted the Bailie grudgingly, "but in a big wey."

"Ah!" observed the counsel gently. "Bungs, I suppose."

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE COMMERCE OF GLASGOW

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GLASGOW IS, BEFORE ALL THINGS, A great centre of commerce. It has been the native place of many great industries. It numbers among its business men the representatives of multitudinous large manufacturing firms in other parts of the kingdom and in the world at large. For Glasgow is not only a manufacturing centre: it is also the home of many large merchant houses which buy and sell and get gain in the uttermost parts of the earth. Hence it comes about that great competition exists in the City in every branch of trade, and prices for all commodities are of the keenest. The advantage lies with the man of deep purse. For still the ancient truth holds, "To him that hath shall be given."

In Glasgow the commercial community presents pretty much the same features as in any other city. Time was when all Glasgow merchants dwelt in the odour of sanctity, and in the midst of that all-pervading aroma did their best to get the better of one another. In this respect things have somewhat changed. Ostentatious piety is now looked at askance. The man who clinches his bargain with a text is carefully watched. For there have in modern times been notorious instances of bad faith kept by men who made a show of religion. Judged by the standard of religious life in Glasgow a hundred years ago good men are now scarce. Bad men are fairly plentiful. Generally speaking, these reap a fitting reward.

In the West of Scotland the commercial instinct is strong. Business is pursued with avidity. The

powers of Nature are turned to practical use, regardless of interference with rural beauty. David Dale established cotton mills on the Clyde near Lanark. The Vale of Leven is the home of the turkey red trade. Strathblane is dotted with bleach-works. These are but specimens of the utilitarian spirit of the Glasgow business man. His attitude on such matters is that of the commercial traveller from a great dyeing house in Glasgow who wrote from Germany to his employers, "Elberfeld is a most beautiful valley, and has evidently been intended by Providence for turkey red dyeing establishments."

The Glasgow business man is a hard-headed individual. An American writer once remarked that "the well-to-do man is generally hard-to-do." In framing this statement, he might have had the business man of St. Mungo in his eye. The men of the east coast have a reputation for business shrewdness. The Aberdonian is notoriously a keen hand at a bargain. But the fact remains that the greatest fortunes of Scotland have been made in and around Glasgow. The conclusion is therefore inevitable that the men of Glasgow must be at least as shrewd and far-seeing as their neighbours.

Sir John Dalrymple, in the Appendix to his *Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland*, published in 1788, says: "I once asked the late Provost Cochrane of Glasgow, who was eminently wise, and who had been a merchant there for seventy years, to what cause he imputed the sudden rise of Glasgow. He said it was all owing to four young men of talent and spirit who started at one time in business, and whose success gave

example to the rest. The four had not ten thousand pounds amongst them when they began." The following were the four young men alluded to by Provost Cochrane: Mr. Cunninghame, afterwards of Lainshaw; Mr. Speirs, afterwards of Elderslie; Mr. Glassford, afterwards of Dougaldston; Mr. Ritchie, afterwards of Busby.

The large and elegant mansion built by Mr. Cunninghame in Queen Street was offered for sale in August 1789; it was afterwards re-exposed, and purchased by Mr. Stirling; it next became the property of the Royal Bank; and finally was converted into the present Royal Exchange.

Glasgow first became conspicuously prosperous after the Union, in consequence of the opening of the Colonies in America and elsewhere to its merchants. The business men of Glasgow were not slow to seize upon the new opportunities for amassing wealth, and a trade sprang up with Virginia which laid the foundations of many Glasgow fortunes. It is said that the first adventure which went from Glasgow to Virginia after the trade had been opened to the Scots by the Union was sent out under the care of the captain of the vessel acting also as supercargo. This person, although a shrewd man, knew nothing of accounts; and when he was asked by his employers, on his return, for a statement of how the adventure had turned out, told them he could give them none, but there were the proceeds, and threw down upon the table a "hoggar" stuffed with coin. The adventure had been a profitable one; and the Company conceived that if an uneducated, untrained person had been so successful, their

gains would have been still greater had a person versed in accounts been sent out with it. They immediately dispatched a second adventure with a supercargo highly recommended for a knowledge of accounts, who produced to them, on his return, a beautifully made out statement of his transactions, but no "hoggar"!*

As the trade with Virginia grew and prospered the wealth of the merchants engaged in the business was multiplied rapidly. In consequence, the Virginia merchants appear to have suffered from a sense of their own great importance. They adopted a special style of dress; and a gold-headed cane was an essential part of the equipment of any self-respecting tobacco merchant. The humbler section of the community designated them "Tobacco Lords." For their convenience, the "plainstanes" at the Cross were barred to the vulgar while these magnates might deign to appear among their fellow-men. Money has always been the subject of adoration in Scotland; and these possessors of wealth suffered from no lack of sycophantish followers. It was an offence to speak to one of these Tobacco Lords on the plainstanes unless he had first addressed the speaker. In fact, generally speaking, they appear to have occupied an eminence only slightly lower than that of the angels.

The following anecdote of one of these dons, who, among their other peculiarities, appear to have made use of the foreign mode of salutation, is taken from a paper in *Chambers' Journal* of 1851. It is there told that "a certain Tobacco Lord, who was familiarly known under the appellation of Provost *Cheeks*, be-

* *Curiosities of Glasgow Citizenship*, p. 5.

sides having the peculiarity of visage which had gained him this sobriquet, was gifted with an uncommon capacity of mouth, extending from ear to ear. He was complaining one day of some d—d fellow (swearing was then in greater repute than it is now) who had come up to him on the *Plainstanes*, and, will he nil he, bussed him on both sides of the face, slavering him with his filthy saliva. 'If I had been you,' said his friend, looking significantly at his mouth, 'I would have *bitten off his head!*'"

These Tobacco Lords continued to flourish until the War of Independence. Then ruin fell upon them, and upon Glasgow. But doubtless to that very ruin the present prosperity of the city is due. For the loss of the Virginian trade compelled the business men of the city to seek other outlets for their energies; and in the fulness of time the magnificent colonial trade which Glasgow now enjoys, and the development of the surrounding mineral wealth of the West of Scotland, followed. The following extract from *Glasgow Past and Present* gives a slight glimpse into the Virginia trade, and exhibits the dignity of one of the merchants in a curious light:—

"At this period (about 1746), and for many years afterwards, the mode of transacting business by our great Glasgow merchants was very different from what it is at present. In making purchases for shipments to the colonies by the Virginia merchants, no fixed term of payment was agreed upon; but there was a tacit understanding between the buyer and the seller that the vessel on board of which the goods were shipped should return, and the return cargo be disposed of, before the

sellers were to receive payment of the goods furnished; and if any seller should dare to demand payment of his account before he received a circular letter from the great merchant that the latter was prepared to pay for the goods shipped, the poor seller could never expect to be afterwards favoured with the merchant's custom. In my younger days," says "Senex," "the following narrative was given to me by a relation who died in 1788, and who was present at one of the scenes which took place upon the arrival of a Virginia ship. This gentleman had sold Provost French (Lord Provost in 1778) some trifling article for shipment, amounting to about £37, and upon the arrival of the ship in the Clyde, and after the return cargo had been sold, my relation received a circular from the Provost requesting his attendance at the Provost's counting-house on a certain day, and at a fixed hour, when payment would be made to him of his account. My relation, accordingly, was punctual at the appointed place and hour, when he was astonished to see about thirty persons in waiting, all sitting on forms in the room where the Provost's clerks were writing. The Provost himself was in an adjoining room, the door of which was ajar, and my relation said that ever and anon he beheld the Provost *keeking* through the opening, to see if the whole parties summoned had arrived. At last, after a considerable delay, the Provost (who was an excessively pompous and consequential man) threw open the door of his private room, and after taking a glance of the parties waiting for payment of their accounts (but without deigning to speak to any of them), called out to his clerk with a loud voice, 'John, draw for £3000, and pay

the accounts.' His lordship then, with a most dignified strut, re-entered his own apartment. This farce was concocted in order to astonish the natives at the magnitude of the sum drawn from the bank; but, most unfortunately for the Provost, it had quite the contrary effect, for it afterwards became a standing joke among these very sellers, when anyone was calling upon them for payment of a small account, to bawl out to their youngsters, 'John, draw for £3000, and pay this account.'" *

The Glasgow shopkeeper of the eighteenth century was often a man of character, and much might be written in proof of this statement. Considerations of space, however, prevent reference to more than one of these founders of the City's greatness, and, for present purposes, Robert McNair, a grocer and general dealer, will serve as an example. He commenced the world with a basket of half-spoilt oranges; but by laudable industry became a wealthy grocer, and the largest proprietor of houses in Glasgow. He took into partnership his wife, and the firm was long known as "Robert McNair and Jean Holmes, in Company." As such they figure in the "list of shop-keepers" in M'Ure's book, published in 1736. This thrifty pair had their shop at the head of King Street, facing Trongate. It had two bow-windows, and the outside was gaily painted bright green. Both partners wore toupees and powder; and Jean, whose province it was to keep the cash, fluttered with ribbons, and rustled through the premises in a dashing silk gown. They might have passed for an antique French couple. It was an

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. i. p. 407.

unsettled point among the seniors of the eighteenth century whether the male or the female partner made the keenest bargain, though the preponderance was in favour of Jean. The Glasgow newspaper a hundred and fifty years ago teems with the advertisements of this funny old grocer.

Here is a specimen of his queer prose advertisements in the old *Glasgow Courant*:—

"There is come in the Batchelor of Irvine, James McNair, supercargo, a parcel of lemons and bitter oranges; they are reckoned to be the best cargo that came here this seven years from Spain; and as the said Jas. McNair caused them to be pulled, and not shaken off the trees, and all wailed (picked) when pulling, makes them much more superior both in goodness, and for keeping; the bitter oranges are of a very high colour, and very heavy and large, and very fit for making marmalade, and are sold at Robert McNair's shop, opposite the Guard, Glasgow, or his warehouses in the Weigh House, where attendance will be given from 8 o'clock in the morning till 5 at night; and as the oranges are so heavy, he sells them and lump sugar at 6d. per pound, if 7 pounds is taken at once. He has also a parcel of potatoes at 5d. per stone, 16 English pounds in the stone; the potatoes are all white roughts, a kind never brought here before. He also sells Gloucester cheese at 3½d. per lb. and Liverpool cheese at 5¼d. per lb. He also sells best English oatmeal at 11d. per peck, and Irish meal at 10d. He has a parcel of best grey and white English peas at 1d. per lb. with sundry kinds of grocery goods, all to be sold at the above places by Robert McNair.

"P.S.—As some designing folks have been pleased to raise a malicious report, in order to hurt my business, this is to acquaint the public that the same is entirely without foundation, and hopes they will lose their design, who were most busy in promoting it.

"ROBERT MCNAIR.

"*February* 1753."*

There happened one season to be rather a scarcity of oranges in Glasgow, and, unfortunately for Mr. McNair, his stock of them was very small, while a neighbouring grocer held nearly the whole stock of oranges in the City. Mr. McNair, however, told all his customers that he had a large cargo of oranges which he expected to arrive every hour. In the meantime, he made up apparently a barrow-load of oranges with his small stock, and employed a porter to wheel them past his neighbour grocer's shop, and to deliver them to his own shop (as if he was getting delivery of a cargo), but immediately afterwards he privately sent away the porter, with his load well covered, by a back door and through cross streets, and made him again wheel the same barrow of oranges (openly exposed) past his opponent's shop; and so the porter continued employed for many hours. Having thus apparently laid in a large stock of oranges, he engaged a person to call upon his neighbour grocer, and to buy his whole stock, which his friend did on very moderate terms, the grocer believing that Mr. McNair had received a large supply, and that certainly oranges would fall in value.†

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. ii. p. 532.

† *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 293.

Although Scotsmen generally are supposed by our Southron friends to be incarnations of meanness, yet it is undoubtedly the case that no deserving cause ever appeals in vain to the citizens of Glasgow. While this is true of the present generation, it was also true in bygone days. The following anecdote of a deputation soliciting a subscription from a well-known citizen is an interesting example of maladroitness on the part of the solicitors.

The late William Dunn, Esq. of Duntocher, had many good qualities, and in subscriptions for charitable purposes he was rarely behind any of his neighbours. If the genial fit was upon him, he would give more liberally perhaps than any other man within call; but if any stubborn or ill-natured fit was upon him, it was quite needless to say a word to him. One day he was waited upon by a douce deputation, who, after making their profound bow, handed him the subscription paper. He signed his name for two guineas.

"Two guineas, Mr. Dunn! only two guineas for such a noble, philanthropic purpose!" exclaimed a member of the deputation in astonishment.

Another said: "Mr. Dunn, you *ought* to sign for at least fifty guineas."

Others more modestly besought him to treble or even to double it, but his decided reply was—

"Not another penny, gentlemen, not another penny."

One of them, annoyed, and probably more rude than he should have been, quoted the text—

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of

heaven." And he expounded it pretty strongly by telling Mr. Dunn that he ought to give of his means liberally while he was yet spared upon the earth, as he could take none of his money with him to the other world.

"I know that perfectly well," replied Mr. Dunn. "It is the only thing I am vexed about."

Saying this, he bowed them out.*

All men now know Skibo, famous as the residence of Mr. Andrew Carnegie; but few are aware that it was once the scene of a commercial enterprise by Glasgow capitalists. The following facts will therefore likely prove of interest.

In 1786 Mr. George Dempster of Dunnichen purchased the estate of Skibo, on the Dornoch Firth. Mr. Dempster, who for twenty-eight years represented the Dundee and St. Andrews district of burghs in Parliament, when he came to the estate was most assiduous in devising measures for improving the condition of his neighbours and tenants. He was a man of great benevolence, and till his death, in 1818, enjoyed the respect and esteem of all classes of the community. This gentleman was the prime agent in the manufacturing speculation which has been mentioned. The estates owned by himself and his brother were about 18,000 acres in extent, but excluding three farms, upon one of which the mansion-house was situated, yielded little more than £500 of yearly rental. There was, however, an abundant and healthy population in such straitened circumstances that it was supposed that the offer of fair wages for light work must appear to the poor

**The Anecdotage of Glasgow*, p. 270.

Highlander a welcome prospect to be gratefully received.

The situation, too, was admirable. An arm of the Firth running up some miles formed a beautiful harbour, where vessels of large burden could find shelter in the stormiest weather, and the water privileges for driving machinery were of the very best. In short, everything promised that the speculation would turn out a great success. A copartnery was soon formed. Several Glasgow gentlemen took shares in the concern — namely, Messrs. Macintosh, Dale, William, James, and Andrew Robertson, Robert Dunsmore, and William Gillespie of Woodside. The other partners were mostly local gentlemen. The work was begun with great energy and high hope. A large spinning factory and weaving village were built. Instructors in the various departments were sent from Glasgow, and a second village was got up in haste near the principal harbour; and, that the villagers might have nothing to distract their attention from their duties, the various services which they were in the habit of rendering to their superiors were commuted by a money payment. Secure tenures of dwelling-houses, gardens, and other requisites were granted, and Spinningdale, as it was called, promised to be a great mutual benefit.

But the habits and conditions of the Highlanders were found to be positively fatal to the success of the new enterprise. Why (they asked) should an active man be doomed to finger among paltry cotton threads, in the midst of noisy and evil-smelling machinery, from week's end to week's end, especially when the partridge and muir hen were on the wing, the trout

and salmon leaping in loch and river, and the broom bushes blooming like the beaten gold? And besides all that—here were these inflexible and intolerant Sassenachs, too, with their unreasonable restrictions regarding the use of tobacco and the dram; and their forgetfulness of the fact that Donald Ruach and Shamus Gordon, renowned progenitors of the local clans, fought side by side with King Robert Bruce at the battle of Bannockburn!

There was no help for it; with deep disappointment, Mr. Macintosh and his friends saw all their magnificent schemes for the improvement of the Highlands doomed to failure, without a particle of sympathy from those for whose benefit all that toil and expense had been wasted. Moreover, all the partners in the speculation, except Mr. Macintosh and Mr. Dale, and another gentleman who held a small share in the business, cautiously withdrew from the concern. It was in vain that the partners appealed to Government for help. They were informed that the funds set aside for improvements in Scotland were to be applied only "for specific purposes of a general nature," whatever that might mean. In 1804, the works were sold for a mere trifle to an individual who took the precaution to insure them, and immediately afterwards they were wholly consumed by fire; and thus ended Mr. Macintosh's grand plan of help for "poor Sutherland"! *

In the person of Mrs. McNair one has already seen that the Glasgow woman of the eighteenth century was not devoid of business ability. The following is another example of feminine commercial capacity.

**Curiosities of Glasgow Citizenship*, p. 79.

In Jones' Directory of 1789, the following address is inserted: "Mrs. Brown, dealer in cotton and cotton yarn, first flat, Lang's Land, Princes Street." Mrs. Brown was a widow, whose history is curious. Her husband was a shoemaker, who, when he died, left a large stock of leather and ready-made boots and shoes. As the widow had but little experience in the business, she applied to Mr. Dale for his advice as to how the stock should be disposed of. He suggested that the leather should be speedily wrought up into shoes and consigned to a well-known American merchant, with instructions to return the value in raw cotton, for which, he assured her, she should find a ready sale and a good profit; and as the cautious widow expressed her fears respecting the risk she ran of losing her precious stock, Mr. Dale promised to take a share in the adventure. When the cotton arrived, Mrs. Brown again waited on Mr. Dale for further guidance. He advised that it should be placed in the hands of a careful agent and sold. "Na, na," said she; "I'll juist sell it a' mysel', and that'll save commission, ye ken." So, providing herself with a stout leather pouch, which she filled with cotton samples, she sold her stock so advantageously that she was induced to enter into the cotton trade on an extensive scale, and soon became the first in that business. Dr. John Buchanan says: "She passed more value through her hands than any woman in Scotland." In the disastrous year 1794 Mrs. Brown was sequestrated; but she seems to have recovered, in a short time, the credit of her house, and, abjuring the conversation and sympathies of her own sex, she to the last carried round her samples, and made her sales

in her own way—a queer specimen of the cautious and thrifty merchant of the period.*

Marine Insurance is a subject which possesses an abiding interest for many Glasgow shipowners and merchants. The following two cases of a hundred years ago will therefore appeal to the present-day commercial community. They relate to two express dispatches which were sent off from Glasgow during the Napoleonic wars, which excited great interest in Glasgow at the time.

During the French War the premiums of insurance upon running ships (namely, ships sailing without convoy) were very high, in consequence of which several of our Glasgow shipowners, who possessed quick-sailing vessels, were in the practice of allowing the expected time of arrival of their ships closely to approach before they effected insurance upon them, thus taking the chance of a quick passage being made; and if the ships arrived safely, the insurance was saved.

Mr. Archibald Campbell, about this time an extensive Glasgow merchant, had allowed one of his ships to remain uninsured till within a very short period of her expected arrival; at last, getting alarmed, he attempted to effect insurance in Glasgow, but found the premiums demanded so high that he resolved to get ship and cargo insured in London. Accordingly, he wrote a letter to his broker in London, instructing him to get the requisite insurance made on the best terms possible, but at all events to get the said insurance effected. This letter was dispatched through the post office in the ordinary manner—the mail at that

**Curiosities of Glasgow Citizenship*, p. 55.

time leaving Glasgow at two o'clock p.m. At seven o'clock the same night Mr. Campbell received an express from Greenock announcing the safe arrival of his ship. Mr. Campbell, on receiving this intelligence, instantly dispatched his head clerk in pursuit of the mail, directing him to proceed post-chaises and four with the utmost speed until he overtook it, and then to get into it; or if he could not overtake it, he was directed to proceed to London, and to deliver a letter to the broker, countermanding the instructions about insurance. The clerk, notwithstanding of extra payment to postilions, and every exertion to accelerate his journey, was unable to overtake the mail; but he arrived in London on the third morning, shortly after the mail, and immediately proceeded to the residence of the broker, whom he found preparing to take his breakfast, and before delivery of the London letters. The order for insurance written for was then countermanded, and the clerk had the pleasure of taking a comfortable breakfast with the broker. The expenses of this express amounted to £100; but it was said that the premium of insurance, if it had been effected, would have amounted to £1500; so that Mr. Campbell was reported to have saved £1400 by his promptitude.

The other case alluded to happened in this manner. At the period in question, a rise had taken place in the cotton market, and there was a general expectancy among the cotton dealers that there would be a continual and steady advance of prices in every description of cotton. Acting upon this belief, Messrs. Jas. Finlay & Co. had sent out orders by post to their agent in India to make extensive purchases of cotton,

on their account, to be shipped by the first vessel for England. It so happened, however, shortly after these orders had been dispatched, that cotton fell in price, and a still greater fall was expected to take place; under those circumstances, the firm dispatched an overland express to India, countermanding their orders to purchase cotton. This was the first overland express dispatched from Glasgow to India by a private party on commercial business.*

Brewing is one of the great industries of this country, and in very recent years Manchester was greatly excited over cases of poisoning resulting from the drinking of beer into which, by some chance, arsenic had found a way. As Glasgow possesses a large brewing industry it may be of interest to recall a poisoning scare of the early part of last century. At that time there was in Glasgow an analytical chemist of very high repute named Thomas Graham. His services in his profession were in great demand. But he found this work interfered with the work of original research, and gave it up as far as he could. "The very last occasion on which he did yield to solicitations of this kind was one in which his feelings of justice and fair play were strongly appealed to. A panic, arising from an ill-natured assertion often repeated, pervaded the public mind in regard to the bitter beer of a great brewing house. It was asserted that the bitter principle was strychnine. Conscious of innocence, the head of the firm applied to Mr. Graham to make analysis. Mr. Graham pleaded want of time, referred him to other competent chemists, and stated that, not caring for

**Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. i. p. 389.

such work, to prevent its coming to him he was obliged to charge a fee of £100. By return of post he got a cheque for £200, accompanied by an earnest appeal to do an act of justice and allay a groundless panic. This appeal was irresistible. Dr. Hoffman of the College of Chemistry was called in, and received half the fee. The analysis made on their joint authority was published far and wide, and the panic was allayed. Independently altogether of the analysis, it was shown how senseless and absurd was the panic. Every part of the process was carried on in the most open manner, rendering fraud and concealment impossible. The yearly 'output' would require 16,448 ounces of strychnine to give the bitter flavour, the cost of which would be £13,158, while at that time not more than 1000 ounces were made all the world over." *

The firm of William Baird & Co., Iron and Coal Masters, bulks largely in the life of Glasgow at the present day, and has for many years contributed greatly to the growth and prosperity of the City. The following account of the origin of the Baird family is taken from an article which appeared a good many years ago in the columns of the now defunct *Scottish News*:—

"They came of a sturdy stock that, for more than two hundred years, had been tenants of the same lands in the cold upland parish of Old Monkland.

"In the class to which their ancestors belonged are found, in the fullest perfection, all the special virtues of the Scotch character—perseverance, self-respect, integrity, foresight, prudence, resolution, thrift, with

* *George Square, Glasgow*, p. 193.

a dour determination to have their rights, that makes any attempt to wrong or browbeat them a perilous business. Like many others, they owed much to their mother's training.

"By all accounts she was a typical Scotch housewife of high principles, shrewd, humorous, thrifty, of untiring spirit, industry, and resource, a strict but devoted mother. She might have sat to Solomon for his portrayal of the excellent woman. She looked well to the ways of her household, and neither ate the bread of idleness nor would let others eat it, and her children rose up to call her blessed. She lived to see them rich and powerful, but she had her reward not so much in this as in the tender and loyal love and duty they yielded her to the last.

"The respective members of the family were:—Alexander Baird of Ury, born in 1799, and dying in 1862, who had been a member of the Town Council of Glasgow and River Bailie; Robert Baird of Auchmedden, born in 1806, and dying in 1856, who had been Lord Dean of Guild in Glasgow in 1855–6; Douglas Baird of Closeburn, born 1808, and died 1854; William Baird of Elie, born 1796, and died 1864; James Baird of Cambusdoon, born in 1803, who was member of Parliament for the Falkirk district of burghs from 1851 to 1857. His great interest in the Church of Scotland was shown by his having, in July 1873, instituted the Baird Trust and devoted the sum of £500,000 to the promotion of the spread of the Gospel in connection with the Church. His death took place at Cambusdoon, near Ayr, on the 20th June 1876.

"An amusing anecdote relating to his munificent

gift was current at this time, and even recently found its way into the columns of a London evening paper, but for its accuracy we are not prepared to vouch. The story is that the worthy donor and ex-M.P. was met soon after by another eminent ironmaster, who also sat in Parliament for the same district of burghs, and was specially noted for his sporting proclivities. Addressing Mr. Baird, he said—

"'Man, for all the money you have given to the Kirk, I take ye a bet of five pounds that you cannot repeat the Lord's Prayer.'

"The bet was at once accepted, and Mr. Baird, after some little consideration and scratching of his head, began to repeat—

> "'The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.
> He makes me down to lie
> In pastures green: He leadeth me
> The quiet waters by.'

"Upon which the challenger, utterly ignorant of the fact that this was the first verse of the Scottish version of the twenty-third psalm, pulled a five-pound note out of his pocket-book and handed it over to Mr. Baird with the remark—

"'Man, I did not think you could have said it. Well, you certainly have paid by far the largest premium of insurance against fire that I have ever heard of.'" *

The pioneers of the Iron and Steel industries in the West of Scotland were men of brains, but their opportunities for self-culture had been limited. Thus one reads of an ironmaster who began as a labourer and died as one of the richest men in the world. He had

* *The Anecdotage of Glasgow*, p. 364.

factories, lands, houses, horses, and carriages *ad nauseam*. Then someone told him that his house was incomplete without a library. The idea was novel to him, but he went to a bookseller and ordered so many thousand volumes of assorted sizes to fill the shelves which he had caused to be constructed. The bookseller was to be particular about the sizes, and to spare no cost in the matter of binding and gilt; but as to the literature——?*

These strong men of commerce knew more of sport than of learning, and were interested in anything from a horse-race to a cock-fight.

Many years ago a Glasgow ironmaster of sporting proclivities owned a bulldog, famous for its victories in dog-fights. Another sportsman down Kilwinning way also owned a warlike bulldog; and it was arranged that the dogs should fight, for a considerable sum, at the Ayrshire man's place.

All details were perfected, and the Glasgow man and some friends started to drive to the scene of combat. The bulldog was accommodated in a basket in the conveyance; but, upon a halt being made for refreshments *en route*, it was discovered that by some mischance the bulldog had been smothered. Great was the wrath and lamentation. At first it was decided to return home. To proceed farther seemed a waste of time. But finally the "never say die" principle prevailed, and the company proceeded to the place of combat. There they were met by a lugubrious-looking individual, who proved to be the owner of the other dog. As the visitors alighted he said—

* *Clydeside Cameos*, p. 176.

"There will be no fight the day. Ma dug's sick."

The Glasgow man rose to the occasion.

"Ye maun fight or pay the forfeit," he said grimly.

"Weel, if I maun pey, I'll pey," said the other; "but I'll no' risk a sick dug against a weel yin."

Thereupon he paid over the stake to the owner of the dead dog, who promptly left for home.

Mr. Robert Henderson, a Scotsman, carrying on business in Leghorn, Italy, and afterwards in Glasgow, had many admirable qualities, and had attained a great fluency in modern languages. On one occasion when an Englishman of considerable eminence was having some money transactions with his brother Thomas, Robert was engaged with various parties transacting business—first with a Frenchman, then an Italian, and then a Spaniard—to each of whom he spoke in his own language; and afterwards noticing that his brother had completed his business with the Englishman, he addressed the former in homely Doric, "I say, Tammy, ma man, I think it's time we were gaun hame for oor kail." The gentleman turned round to Thomas and said, "Your brother is a remarkable man. I have heard him speak in French, Spanish, and Italian with fluency. All of these I know a little about, but now he speaks a language of which I know nothing."*

Shipping occupies a prominent place in the history of Glasgow, and navigation owes much to Henry Bell, James Watt, David Napier, and other inventors and perfectors of marine engines and steamships. From the *Comet* to the *Aquitania* is a wide gap, bridged over by the labour and ingenuity of a legion of hard-headed,

* *One Hundred Glasgow Men*, vol. i. p. 142.

strenuous, and capable men. But if the shipbuilders have reason to be proud of their achievements, so also have the shipowners, for their commercial acumen has caused the expansion of trade which has created the demand for improved ships, and the incentive to build them. Some shipowners bear their greatness modestly. Others do not. Of the latter class was a certain Glasgow shipowner more famous for his self-importance than his politeness, who was interested in a transatlantic line which prided itself upon possessing finer and faster ships than any of its rivals. At length an opposition line had a steamer built which surpassed anything afloat in speed and also in general comfort. This could not be brooked. The shipping magnate approached the builder of this new vessel with a request, couched rather in the words of a command, for a tender for a vessel to eclipse the rival ship. The tender was duly submitted, but with a time limit of one week for its acceptance. The magnate refused to be hurried, and took his own time. At the end of the week the offer was withdrawn. Thereupon the great man had to go to the builder and offer the order, which the latter refused to take unless upon an advance of £25,000.*

Once a daring competitor ventured to attempt competition on one of this shipowner's special trading routes. Promptly the shipowner ran down the rates to a shilling a ton, and gave passengers a meal besides a free passage. The intruders prudently retired. Again an agitation was got up for a rival Irish service, and a low tender was submitted for the mail contract.

* *Clydeside Cameos*, p. 6.

The contract was not worth much financially, but if transferred it would give a standing and a prestige to the new line. Immediately the holder of the existing contract offered to the Post Office to carry the mails *for nothing* for a long term of years, which offer was accepted, to the discomfiture of the rival scheme.*

Sometimes, however, it is more prudent to buy off than to bully off. Once upon a time a difference occurred between the Glasgow and Liverpool divisions of a certain shipping combination. Needless to say, Glasgow overcame, and Liverpool retired. But Liverpool had its little scheme, and quietly began an opposition line of coasters. This looked too serious a case for bullying. The Glasgow managing director pounced down upon the Liverpool man, bought up his steamers, gave him a lump sum down in return for his written undertaking never to repeat the experiment, and was back in Glasgow before the Liverpool man could recover his breath. Then rates were put up all round.† In these cases the public pays.

The shipowner mentioned above was a man of action. But vigour and decision in Glasgow are not confined to the shipping trade. There is in Glasgow a huge soft-goods house which for present purposes shall be christened Jones & Co.

Naturally such a huge concern could not have gone on without any vicissitudes or checks, and in time of commercial panic and financial scare the strain must often have been severe. The concern has outlived a sequence of such times, and has more than once stood the assaults of many-tongued lying rumour.

* *Clydeside Cameos*, p. 7. † *Ibid.* p. 8.

Once these tongues were excessively busy, and the tale spread fast and far that Jones was in straits. Everybody was more or less in straits at that time, and the rumour did not create surprise, although it roused fear. So one fine morning all the creditors of the firm —who were many and widespread, for Jones' purchases were necessarily enormous and diversified—were cast into doleful dumps by the receipt of a circular requesting their attendance at a meeting in Jones' office. There could be, they thought, but one meaning in such a request, and gloomy faces gathered from all parts of the realm, depressed by visions of deferred and diminutive compositions.

When all were gathered at the appointed hour Jones entered, and briefly said that he had called them together in consequence of rumours which had been circulated regarding his solvency. He wished to present to them a duly audited and certificated statement of his affairs, which they could consult at their leisure, and in the meantime his cashier would receive their acknowledgments for cheques in full of each and all of their accounts.*

There are still some in Glasgow who may remember John Anderson, the founder of one of the biggest commercial houses in the city. At first he had a small drapery establishment in the Gorbals. Then he crossed the water and started business on the west side of Jamaica Street, between Ann Street and the Broomielaw. There were then scarcely any houses west of Jamaica Street until you came out to the village of Anderston, about half a mile distant.

* *Clydeside Cameos*, p. 66.

The railway had not crossed the Clyde; and what is now the busiest thoroughfare in Scotland—perhaps in any town out of London—was then a quiet place. John Anderson was a man of culture as well as of business enterprise. He started a waxwork and museum in a building in Jamaica Street that had formerly been occupied by a circus.

In this waxwork there were singing entertainments and scientific lectures. Mr. Anderson, bringing some of the ablest scientists of the day to Glasgow to deliver lectures, called his hall of science the Polytechnic. It was carried on for a few years, and then he removed to Argyle Street, and went into the drapery business exclusively, retaining the name Polytechnic for his business concern.*

The already mentioned story of Jones & Co. is a proof of financial strength in the great houses of the City. It is told of another commercial magnate that on one occasion a big firm whose shipments he financed suddenly suspended payment, and rumour became busy with his name. Immediately he intimated to all the banks who held his acceptances to the suspended firm that he would take them up at once. To do this he had to pay "on the nail" the sum of £300,000. The result was to establish his credit upon an impregnable basis. But even in Glasgow few men could have done what he did.†

Another story is told of one of the big men of Glasgow. He was interested in a line of steamers which had been started with a view to cutting into the trade

* *Reminiscences of Eighty Years*, p. 102.
† *Clydeside Cameos*, p. 38.

of an old-established line. But the cutting process proved expensive to the new line, and did not bring about the dissolution of the old one. Getting tired of this unremunerative game, one of the leading shareholders in the new line called upon the managing owner of the old line, and spoke somewhat as follows :—

"It seems a pity, Mr.——, that this cutting of rates should go on. I think we should come to some arrangement about it. You know that if it comes to a question of money we can beat you. I am worth a million. So is B. C. is worth two ; and we have other wealthy shareholders besides."

The managing owner smiled.

"Indeed, Mr. A. I'm surprised to hear that you are worth so little among you. Good morning." *

Glasgow is fully up to the average of commercial cities in the matter of business honesty, but it also has its black sheep. There have been cases of companies being floated which, after starting with the fairest prospects, presented a dreary succession of adverse balance-sheets. The effect, of course, has been to depress the price of the shares. Then when shareholders got tired of waiting for dividends which never came, and threw their shares on the market, these shares have been quietly absorbed by the directorate. When sufficient shares have been so acquired an era of prosperity suddenly dawns upon the company. Of course this state of matters annoys the shareholders who have sold out. *Mais, que voulez-vous?* Everything has been done within the compass of the law.

Apropos of shipping lines, a certain merchant prince

* *Clydeside Cameos*, p. 38.

in Glasgow supported a line of steamers very strongly, but found his investment anything but remunerative. It was part of the bargain that steamers were only to be run to ports where he had an agent; but to his wrath he discovered one day that the steamers were calling at a port where he was unrepresented. In a furious rage he sought the manager, who, by reason of a carelessly worded agreement, held the whip hand over the shareholders.

"What do you mean, sir, by running steamers to Ling-ting-pu when you know I have no agent there?"

"What do I mean?" was the reply. "I mean that I don't care a continental whether you have an agent there or not. I'll run the steamers where I choose. And I'd start a line to H–ll if I wasn't certain you had a representative there already."*

Of another Glasgow magnate it was said that in the top story of his magnificent house in the West End he had a little room in which was carefully placed all the furniture he possessed when he commenced housekeeping—a deal table, a couple of chairs, and a chest of drawers. If he was giving a dinner party, he would, after coffee, carefully conduct his guests up the long flight of stairs to this sanctum, and, ostentatiously throwing open the door, would say—

"There, gentlemen, that is how I began the world. You see downstairs what I have risen to. All is due to industry, perseverance, temperance, and economy. Go ye and do likewise."

He had, from time to time, various partners. The story goes that once upon a time a certain distin-

**Clydeside Cameos*, p. 38.

guished visitor was brought to see the firm's famous works. He was taken all through the departments, and all the stages of manufacture illustrated and explained. Then he was brought back to the counting-house for a glass of sherry. In the seclusion of the partners' sanctum he overflowed with the usual expressions of admiration at the extent and importance of the works, and of wonder at the enormous amount of brains required to organise and manage them.

"Sir," said the magnate, placing his hat upon his own head, "this hat covers all the brains in the concern."

His two partners preserved a respectful silence.*

Commercial enmity will go a long way upon occasion, but the following authentic instance of rancour is surely somewhat exceptional. True, it happened a good many years ago. The present generation, one would hope, is hardly capable of such conduct. The facts are that a prominent Glasgow iron merchant upon leaving the Exchange one day was greeted by another, equally prominent. We shall call them A. and B.

"Good afternoon, A.," said B. "How's the market to-day?"

"Dull, very dull. But have you not been on 'Change to-day?"

"No. The fact is, ye mind Jimmy C.? Well, him an' me cast oot; an' I tell't him I would live to spit on his grave. Weel, I've jist been up doing it."

* *Clydeside Cameos*, p. 222.

CHAPTER EIGHT

CONCERNING BANKING

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MONEY IS THE LIFE-BLOOD OF COMmerce, and Glasgow is a commercial city. It therefore follows that banks and bankers occupy an important place in the community. Glasgow is now well supplied with banks—too well supplied, some bankers may think. But the business of banking in the City is not yet hoary with antiquity. Prior to 1750 there were no banks in Glasgow, and the business men of the town seem to have managed to get along without them fairly well. But the increasing prosperity of the local merchants and the growth of intercourse with England and the Colonies at length made greater financial facilities indispensable, and also rendered it necessary that these facilities should be granted by financial institutions whose standing would be recognised not only by the whole local business community, but also by bankers and merchants in other places and countries where Glasgow merchants did business. Thus was brought about the establishment of the first bank in Glasgow, the famous Ship Bank, now absorbed in the Union Bank.

But prior to the establishment of the Ship Bank attempts had been made from Edinburgh to set up banking facilities in Glasgow. In 1696, and again in 1731, the Bank of Scotland had opened an office in Glasgow. But mindful of the text, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" the Glasgow merchants held coldly aloof, and the Bank for the time being abandoned Glasgow. But in 1750 the Ship, and later

in the same year the Glasgow Arms Bank, began business, each with a strong local backing; the Thistle Bank began in 1761; and the Merchants' Bank was established in 1769, chiefly for the accommodation of the increasing class of smaller traders. Both the Ship and Thistle are now merged in the Union. The Glasgow Arms and the Merchants' Bank failed in 1793, but paid their creditors in full.*

When the Ship Bank was established in 1750, Andrew Buchanan, who was one of the original partners, got his old tutor's son, then a smart lad about fourteen years of age, a situation as message boy and general assistant in the quaint old Briggate establishment. This boy was the renowned Robert Carrick, one of the most heartily, and most unjustly, maligned bank officials Glasgow has produced. It cannot be denied that Robin, as a member of the community, was cold, unsympathetic, grasping, and inflexible; but in his official capacity, as the guardian and distributor of the public wealth, he displayed an accurate perception of those sound monetary principles which were subsequently more fully developed by Dr. Adam Smith, and in the application of which Robin evinced an amount of assiduous attention and shrewd sagacity that contrasted favourably with the recklessness or stupidity of so many official brethren in his own and in more recent times. At any rate, he for many years piloted the good old "Ship" past many a dangerous reef and through many a troublous passage; till after eighty-six years' buffeting it found a harbour, sound in timbers and cordage, in the Union Bank.

* *Old Glasgow Essays*, p. 376.

In accordance with the advice of his contemporary and namesake, Burns, Robin

> "Gathered gear by every wile
> That's justified by honour."

He yearly added house to house and field to field. No speculation was either too high or too low for him, provided it held out a prospect that it could "pay"; and before his death he was reputed to be the richest man in Glasgow. Of course speculation was rife as to how or where all this wealth would find an owner when he died. His old housekeeper, who was reputed to be a more inveterate "skinflint" than himself, was almost his only relative. As for churches and schools, and infirmaries and similar institutions, they might be supported, he said, by those who could afford to do so, or who needed their help. At length Robin died friendlessly in the upper room of the old Ship which he had served so faithfully, and it was found that the greater part of his large fortune was left to David, the grandson of Andrew Buchanan, his old patron.

Although the motives of Mr. Carrick in thus disposing of his wealth were unquestioned and unquestionable, nevertheless the matter formed a nine days' wonder and a great source of gossip at the time, especially when it became known that not one of those benevolent and useful institutions which were the pride and glory of the town benefited to the value of a copper coin by the old man's bounty; and that even his faithful servant John,—his bank porter, body servant, groom, coachman, gardener, and general factotum,—who carefully collected the bank candle-ends to grease the axle of the rickety vehicle in which

Robin was conveyed from his country house each summer morning, in company with a supplementary load of syboes, cabbages, and turnips, which John duly carried to the green market, and fought the kail-wives over in many a wordy encounter—even poor faithful John, who had grown grey in the service of a thankless master, was entirely neglected, and died an inmate, and a highly respected one, of the old Clydeside Poor-house.

Had the eccentric banker lived but a short time longer, there is no saying where his great fortune might have been bestowed. One of David Buchanan's Virginia partners, a cute American, raised a serious lawsuit against the firm, which assumed such proportions that, whatever way it might have terminated, would have damaged, if it did not ruin, the estate. As it was, however, the windfall enabled Mr. Buchanan to come off unscathed ; yet everybody said that sharing his painfully gathered gear among the lawyers was the last thing Robin would have submitted to, could he have foreseen such a catastrophe.*

The office of the Ship Bank stood on the west side of the foot of Glassford Street, entering from Argyle Street. It had been the city mansion of some aristocratic family, and certainly was not built for a bank, being destitute of all those artistic and expensive decorations which in modern times appear essential to the success and stability of a banking company. The cashier's room was in the front, and the public office in a small, dismally dark room behind. The town house of Mr. Robert Carrick was on the upper floors;

* *Curiosities of Glasgow Citizenship*, p. 25.

and the house of the porter, John Crosbie, was behind on the ground floor. The bank opened at 10, but was shut from 12 to 1 o'clock, so that the officials might bring up their books, and it was reopened between 2 and 3 o'clock. Bills were handed in to Mr. Carrick, and when they received a favourable verdict he tore a small piece from the bottom of the paper, which was the mark of approval and the order on the teller to honour and pay. The sweating chamber was the large outer lobby, where the customers were kept standing in suspense. When the bill was not approved, it was politely returned to the supplicant by a raw Highland lad, without other response than it was "not convenient to-day." In the public room sat the teller, Mr. Michael Rowan, a most worthy gentleman, who had his country house (Linthouse) near Govan. The public were kept within a pen, enclosed by a partition of some four feet in height. There was no apology for a counter. The cheques were handed over the pen, and if found correct Mr. Rowan rose from his three-legged stool to a large wooden desk in which he kept the bank-notes. He placed the lid of this money chest on his head, and slowly counted out the required sum, which he handed over the barricade. The receiver had then to check the notes either in the dark, in the room; or, when he desired some more space and light, in the lobby of access.*

Mr. Carrick, with his wrinkled face and keen, piercing eyes, was usually attired in a brown coloured coat, queerly made, with deep flaps on the outside pockets, the broad skirts reaching down nearly to his heels,

* *Rambling Recollections of Old Glasgow*, "Nestor," p. 5.

and adorned with large brass buttons; drab knee-breeches; a striped woollen waistcoat, of hotch-potch tinge, allowed a very moderate display of "ruffles" at the breast; white neckcloth with longish ends; ribbed white worsted stockings, and buckles in his shoes; while a small brown wig covered the pate of this singular-looking but able old financier. Mr. Carrick was fond of music, and accustomed in the evenings, as a relaxation, to play the violin, often with an old friend who performed well on that instrument, in the queer and very plainly furnished house above the bank. This old musical friend laid Mr. Carrick's head in the coffin, by special request of the ancient virgin who long superintended the old banker's household.*

As has already been mentioned, the Glasgow Arms Bank was started in the same year as the Ship Bank, and the success of these banks soon roused the ire of their Edinburgh rivals, the Royal Bank and the Bank of Scotland. In fact, the Ship and the Glasgow Arms banks had scarcely been established when they were fiercely attacked by the Edinburgh banks. These last had long had a bitter feud between themselves, and tried to drive each other off the field in Edinburgh. The particulars of this contest may be seen in the pamphlets printed by their respective partisans, and in other publications of the day. But now that Glasgow had presumed to act herself, in a field peculiarly her own, the Edinburgh banks, full of jealousy of the Glasgow banks, quashed their own disputes, and resolved if possible to crush the two new competitors. With great arrogance, therefore, the Edinburgh banks insisted on

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. i. p. 481.

Provost Dunlop and Provost Cochrane, and the other gentlemen associated with them, immediately discontinuing the business of banking, under threat of their notes being protested. This unwarrantable request was firmly refused; whereupon the two Edinburgh stranger banks employed an agent, named Archibald Trotter, to collect as many notes of the Ship and Glasgow Arms as possible, and suddenly present these at the banks for payment. This was the plan the Edinburgh banks had adopted during their own feud against each other; and now as friends they resolved to try it on the two young Glasgow banks. Trotter accordingly came west on his despicable mission, and took up his abode in Glasgow. But he completely failed in his object. The Glasgow banks stood their ground manfully, backed by the voice of public opinion, against the tyranny attempted towards them, and met all demands. As a specimen of Trotter's tactics, he insisted that the Ship and Arms banks had no right to fix their hours of doing business, but were bound to pay their notes at any time these were presented—from seven o'clock in the morning till ten o'clock at night; and he therefore made his demands often at the most untimeous hours. In order, however, to punish Trotter, some of the payments were made to him in sixpences, to his no small vexation, from the time it took to count. But this was just what the Edinburgh banks had done themselves during their feud with each other; and, moreover, silver was then a legal tender. This opposition lasted some years, and ended in a lawsuit before the Court of Session, at Trotter's instance against Cochrane, Murdoch, & Co., the plead-

ings in which revealed the whole conspiracy. Latterly Trotter was glad to compromise the case, after having spent about £600 in law expenses. The Glasgow banks continued to prosper, and none of the Edinburgh banks ventured to place a branch here for upwards of twenty years after their repulse.*

The Royal was the first stranger bank which seated itself in Glasgow. This was in 1783. It did so in a very humble manner. Its first office was on the one side of a small shop in "Hopkirk's Land," east side of High Street, five doors north from the corner at the Cross. The agent carried on his ordinary business of a linen-draper on the other side of the shop. The rent paid by the bank was £2, 10s. annually. The agent had been originally a herdboy, afterwards a weaver in Paisley, Hamilton, and Cambuslang; thereafter a clerk to a silk-mercer in Glasgow; and at the time the bank employed him he was, as already said, a linen-draper on his own account. The Bank of Scotland did not repeat their experiment of a branch here for many years after the Royal. They had only a bill-collector, Mr. Herbert Hamilton, agent for the Carron Company, west side of Queen Street, and had a room in his place of business. Their first regular office was in Miller Street, the agent being Mr. Archibald Hamilton, jun. Afterwards they bought the old Star Inn, Ingram Street, and built their office on the site in 1826.

Further interesting particulars of this financial battle are given in the following extracts :—

Scots Magazine, May 1756 (p. 249).—"Two gentlemen from Edinburgh, with an agent, etc., made con-

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. i. p. 475.

siderable demands on the two banks at Glasgow (Ship and Glasgow Arms) May 31st and June 1st, 2nd, and 3rd. A protest was taken against the old bank (Ship), that of Messrs. Dunlop, Houston, & Company, for non-payment of £976 and £7000. Payment was offered of the £976, in notes of the two banks of Edinburgh, but refused and specie insisted for. The gentlemen who demanded the £7000 were told by the cashier that the Company's notes were always paid at ordinary hours; but that so large a demand, *after the ordinary time of doing business for the forenoon was over—i.e.* after twelve o'clock—he did not think proper, without previously advertising the Company, to pay till four o'clock afternoon; and they were desired to come back at that hour, when all the notes would be paid. Attendance was given at the banking office from three o'clock afternoon till near five; and as the Edinburgh gentlemen did not call as desired, an attorney was sent to their lodgings. The principal person was gone out of town; but the other, who was his agent or doer, was found on the street, and required to repair to the banking office, to receive payment of the sum demanded, the Company being always ready to pay their notes at proper hours, in gold and silver, and Edinburgh bank-notes. *N.B.*—The Edinburgh notes offered were those of the Royal Bank, which were refused."

Glasgow Journal, 7th June 1756.—"There having been a run last week on the two banking companies here for gold and silver in exchange of the Glasgow notes, and the notes of the banks at Edinburgh having been refused to be taken in payment, the inhabitants with great readiness and alacrity paid in large sums of

specie to the two cashiers; and we are well assured that the noblemen and gentlemen of this country have entered into a resolution to continue their countenance and support of these two companies."

Scots Magazine, July 1756 (p. 365).—"Since the run upon them, the Glasgow banks have altered the tenor of their notes. By the new notes the cashier promises to pay the sum in the note on demand, or, in the option of the bank, the sum, and an additional sum (which is precisely half-a-year's interest at five per cent per annum of the other sum) at the end of six months —the demand and the option of the bank to be ascertained by the cashier's marking and signing on the back of the note the day on which it was presented."

This matter is also dealt with by "Senex" in *Glasgow Past and Present** as follows:—

"I have already mentioned that, in consequence of the scarcity of silver, our banks commenced issuing notes of the value of five shillings. Although no bank in Glasgow had hitherto issued notes of such trifling amount, nevertheless, in the year 1761, our banks made an issue of notes of the value of 10s., payable to the bearer on demand. But as for the £1 and £5 bank-notes, they were made payable either on demand or, in the option of the bank, *six months* after being presented, with six months' interest. The reason for our banks reserving this option was peculiar, and not very creditable to the great banks in Edinburgh, as the following narrative will show:—

"December 20, 1761.—Arch. Trotter brought an action against Cochrane and Murdoch, and other pro-

*Vol. ii. p. 227.

prietors of one of the Glasgow banks (Glasgow Arms) setting forth—'That he had applied to the bank for payment of about £3000 of their notes, and they had offered him payment in sixpences; but in making payment their servants had proceeded in a way designedly evasive and slow; that they had miscounted the money on purpose to have a pretence of counting it over again; had quitted him in order to pay other people, and by many other arts had protracted his payments; on which account he had taken a protest against them, and he concluded for payment of the sum with interest from the date of the protest, cost of suit and damages.'"

The defence pleaded from the banking company was:—"That Trotter was sent *to* and settled *at* Glasgow by the directors of the two public banks at Edinburgh, as their agent, in order to pick up the defender's notes, and then to make a sudden run upon them in order to ruin their credit. That in such a case it was their right to defend themselves by every legal method against so invidious an attack. That payment in sixpences was a legal tender. That they were not obliged to keep all their servants employed in making payment to him only, and that therefore they could not be liable for anything further than payment of the notes. Secondly, supposing there had been an absolute refusal to pay, they could not be liable for damages; because, being only a private banking company, though thirty in number, they were in the case of any private debtor by bill or note, who, if he refuses payment, can only be sued for the debt, interest, and expenses, but not for damages."

The Lords found the action relevant for payment of the principal sum, interest, and expenses of process. *N.B.*—As the defenders did not reclaim against the interlocutor, it became final *quoad* the pursuer's demand for interest and cost of suit. But the pursuer having reclaimed and insisted for damages, the Lords ordered his petition to be answered. This point, however, never came to a discussion, as the suit was carried out of court by a submission.

It may be remarked that in tendering payment of silver for the £3000 the teller of the Glasgow Arms Bank twice kept back a sixpence on purpose, to force Trotter to count the amount a third time.

Even in modern commercial communities there is sometimes inconvenience created by a scarcity of specie, and in recent times great financial trouble has resulted in New York from this cause. It is therefore not surprising that Glasgow in its commercial infancy had to take steps to conserve the supply of hard cash. Of this matter "Senex" speaks as follows:—

"When I was a boy there was a great scarcity of silver coinage in Glasgow; and it was considered quite a favour on the part of a shop-keeper to give change for a bank-note even to his own customers. On the Saturday, bakers, butchers, and grocers hoarded up the smaller drawings for that day in order to oblige their customers the ensuing week by granting them silver in exchange for notes. As for the banks, one and all of them set their faces against giving silver for their own notes, if they possibly could avoid doing so; and they held out (at least so the public then said) threats of keeping in remembrance any at-

tempt of a mercantile house presuming to drain them of their silver by seeking change. In order to save giving silver in change, the Ship Bank at this time issued both guinea notes and twenty-shilling notes. Supposing, therefore, that a person was to have received £20, 18s., he received 18 guinea notes and two notes of twenty shillings each, but not a sixpence of silver. I remember, when a little boy, of being sent out by my mother to get change of a pound note, and having in vain tried to obtain it from our own baker and grocer, and also having made the like attempt at various shops without success, I found myself at the head of the Stockwell, opposite the Ship Bank, and it then occurred to me that I would try the bank, the note being a Ship Bank note. Accordingly in I stepped, and, presenting my note on the counter, asked for change. Upon doing so I was interrogated as follows: 'What's your name, sir?' I answered, 'My name is *Senex*.' 'Who is your master?' I replied, 'I have no master.' 'Who told you to come here, then?' I said, 'Nobody told me to come here; I just came of myself.' 'But who gave you the note to change?' I told them my mother gave it to me. The teller then, with a humph, gave me the proper change. At this time, when silver was demanded for a guinea note from any of our banks, it was often refused to be given and a gold guinea tendered instead thereof—the banks well knowing that gold was not wanted. In fact, our banks tried all shifts to stave off giving silver for their notes. The Royal Bank in Glasgow peremptorily refused to give silver for their notes, except by way of special favour to

customers of their own. A stranger then seeking change of a Royal Bank note at the branch in Glasgow was told in the most cavalier manner to go to Edinburgh, where the notes were made payable." *

Many memories linger round the Ship Bank, which is dear to Glasgow business men as the earliest financial prop of the commerce of the City. Naturally, most of these stories centre upon Mr. Carrick, who was conspicuous not only as the first bank manager in Glasgow, but also from his peculiarities of character. While he was eminently fitted for his post by reason of his shrewdness and caution, yet he appears to have been of a miserly disposition, and to have possessed few, if any, lovable traits of character. But his prominence as a banker in Glasgow justifies the inclusion of any available anecdotes regarding him.

One day when he was sitting in his private room at the bank a gentleman (said to have been Thomas Stewart of the Field), who was upon intimate terms with him, called to transact some trifling bank business. The matter being arranged, these gentlemen sat down to a sober two-handed crack, which Mr. Carrick enjoyed very much when he met an old acquaintance. All of a sudden Mr. Carrick rose up and proceeded to his iron safe, from which he extracted a piece of paper, carefully folded up, which, having spread out, he laid it before his visitor, saying, "Here is a bill made payable at the bank; will you be so good as to give me your opinion of it?" The gentleman, having examined the bill, returned it to Mr. Carrick, saying, "I am greatly surprised, Mr. Car-

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. ii. p. 220.

rick, at your having discounted that bill." "How so?" said Mr. Carrick. "Because," said the gentleman, with an emphasis, "it is a forgery!" At this Mr. Carrick merely gave a gentle smile, calmly folded up the bill, and on rising to restore it to his iron safe simply remarked with a nod, "It is a very good bill." In fact, Mr. Carrick had a shrewd guess that the bill was a forgery when he discounted it, but he also knew that it was sure to be regularly paid when due: he, however, was desirous of ascertaining from another person if his suspicions were well-founded.*

Upon one occasion Mr. Carrick was eyeing with suspicious vision a bill presented to him for discount. "You need not fear," said the palpitating customer. "One of the parties keeps his carriage." "Ay," rejoined the banker. "I shall be glad if he keeps his feet."

A countryman having applied in December to Mr. Carrick to discount a bill which had three months and seventeen days to run, the banker, after carefully looking at both sides of it, as was his invariable custom, said that "it was not usual to take bills of a longer date than three months"; upon which the applicant, scratching his head and looking slyly at Robin, said, "That may be the usual way, sir, but ye ken the days are unco short at this time o' the year!" The bill was discounted.†

The following anecdote of Mr. Carrick was told by a gentleman (now deceased) who himself transacted the business in question with Mr. Carrick. This gentleman for many years, when money was scarce, had kept

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. ii. p. 229.

† *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 252.

a large sum of cash in the Ship Bank; and when money became so plentiful that Mr. Carrick found difficulty in employing it to advantage, he sent a letter to this customer, saying that the bank was going to pay him up his deposit money. The customer, in consequence of this communication, waited on Mr. Carrick, and represented to him the hardship of thus suddenly being paid up his money, when it was so difficult to find a profitable investment for it; and he told Mr. Carrick that as he (Mr. C.) had had the benefit of the money for so long a period when money was scarce, that he ought now to keep the remembrance of former benefits. But Mr. Carrick was deaf to this argument, and answered that the partners of the bank could not find employment even for their own capital. The gentleman, seeing Mr. Carrick to be quite determined, then asked him, in what manner he (Mr. C.) proposed to pay him; to which Mr. Carrick replied that the amount would be paid in the ordinary way, with bank-notes; to which the gentleman answered, "Na, na, Mr. Carrick; if you won't accept of my money, I will not accept of yours. You must therefore pay me in gold." Mr. Carrick was quite taken aback by this demand, and after a few smooth speeches (for Mr. Carrick possessed very bland manners) he concluded by saying that it would be a pity if they should have any words about a settlement after having so long done business together, and therefore, however inconvenient it might be to the bank, that in the meantime the matter might lie over. After this the gentleman heard nothing more on the subject.*

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. ii. p. 308.

"It was," says "Senex," "the practice of Mr. John Marshall, the head book-keeper of the bank, to spend the hour between twelve and one in strolling round the Green of Glasgow; and if he happened to be fatigued with his walk, he sometimes indulged himself by taking a 'meridian.' Now it occurred one day, when John had been spending the said hour in his usual walk, that Mr. Carrick in his absence had taken a fancy to look into the bank books; and when John returned at two o'clock to his duty, Mr. Carrick was sitting at the desk upon John's stool quite intent upon examination of Mr. Marshall's ledger. Mr. Marshall, upon arrival, saw someone sitting at his desk, occupying his very stool, and busily engaged examining his entries in the bank ledger, but did not perceive that it was Mr. Carrick, and so in a playful mood he went quickly forward, and, giving the old gentleman a sound slap on the back, exclaimed, 'All right, all right, my cockie!' Mr. Carrick, in amazement, pushed up his spectacles to his brow, turned round and stared John in the face, who was in greater amazement than Robin himself. Mr. Marshall then made a thousand apologies to Mr. Carrick for the liberty he had used, saying that he had mistaken him for Archy Calder. Mr. Carrick never said a word in reply, but merely replacing his spectacles as before, proceeded with the examination of John's ledger, which he found quite satisfactory." *

Mr. Macalpine of the Ship Bank was better known amongst his acquaintances by the familiar name of "Sandy Macalpine." He was a shrewd, clever man,

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. ii. p. 234.

and sharp as a needle. One day, in the course of paying a farmer a small account, there happened to be a half-guinea among the change. The farmer did not like to receive gold in payment in case of its being of light weight, and therefore, carefully inspecting the half-guinea, he asked Mr. Macalpine if he was quite sure of its being good weight. Mr. Macalpine, taking the coin back from the farmer, placed it on the tip of his elbow, and then poised it as if he had been weighing it, after which he returned the piece to the farmer, saying, "Yes, yes, I'll warrant it to be good weight!" The farmer, however, was not satisfied with Mr. Macalpine's mode of weighing gold, and after again carefully examining the half-guinea on both sides, said, "I dinna ken, sir, but I think it looks unco bare!" "Bare, bare!" exclaimed Sandy. "Od's my life, man, would you have hair upon it?" The poor farmer was quite dumbfoundered at this sally, and so pocketed the half-guinea without uttering another word.*

Usually bankers are men of pacific demeanour, but there are exceptions to every rule, as the following story shows.

Towards the end of the eighteenth and early in the nineteenth century the Cross was the great business centre of the city. There the Exchange was situated, where the newspapers were read and the war news discussed by the Virginia Dons who strutted about in wigs and scarlet cloaks. Not far from the Cross, in Gibson's Wynd (now Princes Street, City), some 150 years ago, the Glasgow Post Office was situated. It consisted of three apartments: the front one measured

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. ii. p. 236.

twelve feet square, the other two were mere pigeon-holes, each ten feet by six, or thereby. The rent of the premises was £6 or £8 a year. The delivery hole or wicket was a hole broken through the wall of the close.

At this time the West Indian mail arrived only once a month, and upon the arrival of the mail the pressure that took place at the delivery of letters was quite overpowering. So anxious were merchants to get their letters that they attended personally, and were wont to push and scramble at the little wicket window in the close for first delivery of their expected remittances.

Upon one of these occasions a fracas took place between Henry Monteith, afterwards Lord Provost, and Robert Watson, banker. From high words they proceeded to downright fisticuffs, and had a regular set-to in Princes Street. So long as the contest was confined to words, the future Lord Provost and M.P. had the best of it; but when it came to blows, the banker showed himself the better man. Their friends, however, interfered and separated them, and they are said to have been afterwards fast friends.*

Naturally, the success of the Ship and the Glasgow Arms Bank tempted other institutions to endeavour to obtain a share in the growing commercial prosperity of the City.

The first which sent a branch to Glasgow was the Paisley Bank, or, as it was familiarly called, the "Old Paisley." This took place in 1784. At that period the population of Glasgow was about 47,000 and of Paisley about 21,000. The bank itself had been established

* *Anecdotage of Glasgow*, p. 204.

at Paisley only the year previous, having commenced there on 1st October 1783. Up till that time all the banking business of Paisley was transacted in Glasgow.*

The next private bank which placed a branch in Glasgow was Messrs. Dunlop, Houston, Gammell, & Co., bankers in Greenock, better known as the "Greenock Bank." They did so on Thursday, 28th July 1785. The bank commenced in Greenock on the previous Monday.

The Greenock Bank transacted a large business. Besides Glasgow, they had branches at Rothesay, Lochgilphead, etc., and an extensive and influential connection with the West Highlands. They had also a large circulation in Cumberland, Westmorland, and the Isle of Man, and for many years were the Government bank in Greenock, for receiving and remitting to London the customs and other branches of the public revenue.

On Sunday, 9th March 1828, the bank was robbed of £28,350 by English thieves. One of them, named Henry Sanders, was tried, but acquitted in September following. Most of the money stolen was, however, recovered afterwards.

The bank existed fifty-eight years—namely, from 1785 till 1843. At this latter date the partners were Messrs. John Scott, shipbuilder, Greenock; Charles C. Scott of Hawkhill, near Largs; Jas. Hunter of Hafton, Dunoon; Wm. Smith of Fullwood, merchant, Liverpool; Alexander Thomson and John Thomson, bankers, Greenock. In November 1843 these partners dis-

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. ii. p. 486.

posed of their whole interest in the bank to the Western Bank, for a large consideration. The Glasgow Branch was then closed, and the Greenock Bank ceased to exist as an independent establishment, although the old name was retained by the purchasers fourteen years longer as a branch of their own in Greenock. This was the last private bank in Scotland.*

The third bank which sent a branch to Glasgow was the Paisley Union. This bank was established at Paisley in May 1788.

In 1789 a branch was opened in Glasgow. The first office was in a flat up two stairs at No. 17 High Street. The first agent was Mr. James Elliot Henderson of Enoch Bank, one of the partners.

In 1802 Mr. Andrew Templeton became the agent, and continued so twenty-seven years. When Mr. Templeton joined the Paisley Union, the bank office was at 17 Glassford Street; but in 1805 it was removed to the low floor of the tenement at the north-east corner of Hutcheson and Ingram Streets, entering from the latter. There it remained till the last.

During Mr. Templeton's agency of the Paisley Union the office in Ingram Street was robbed by three noted London thieves. It made a great noise at the time. The robbery took place early in the morning of Sunday, 14th July 1811, and the amount stolen was £20,000. With this large sum the thieves got clear off to London in a post-chaise and four. The Bow Street officers recovered £12,000 shortly after through the medium of a London boxer, who acted as middleman between them and the robbers, but only a portion

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. i. p. 489.

of the remaining £8000 was ever recovered, and that under circumstances so singular as to be almost like a romance. It will be hardly credited that the principal robber, James Mackcoul, had the audacity to prosecute the Bank for arresting him a number of years after in Edinburgh, where he had been purchasing, from several of the banks, drafts on London, in name of a fictitious party, with the very notes he had stolen. The Paisley Union Bank was very nearly cast in that action, and only escaped through the remarkable sagacity and exertions of Mr. Donovan, originally of the Bow Street office, and afterwards Master of Police in Glasgow, who succeeded in identifying Mackcoul with the robbery, and turned the tables so completely against him that he was tried and sentenced to death, but died in prison in December 1820. The counsel for the Bank were Mr. Francis Jeffrey and Mr. Henry Cockburn.

On 30th June 1838 the Paisley Union, after having existed half a century, merged into the Glasgow Union Bank, now the Union Bank of Scotland.*

The fourth and last private bank branch opened in Glasgow was that of the Renfrewshire Bank. The social firm was William Napier & Co. Its head office was in Greenock, where it commenced business in 1802.

A branch was planted at Glasgow in 1803, under the agency of Messrs. Logan & Kennedy, wine merchants. The office was in Buchanan Street.

The bank had branches also at Rothesay, Inveraray, and Campbeltown.

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. i. p. 493.

The Renfrewshire Bank had at one time a pretty extensive business, but it gradually dwindled away. On 1st April 1842 the Bank was sequestrated. The Trustee was Mr. John Kerr, merchant, Greenock. The liabilities amounted to upwards of £324,000, and the dividend to the general creditors was small. Some of the note-holders and depositors, however, were paid in full by certain of the retired partners, where obligations were dated prior to 1840.*

One of the smaller Glasgow banks, Messrs. Thomsons', which was opened on 4th October 1785, was the sufferer by a remarkable robbery of notes which took place on Friday night, 29th October 1791. A mahogany box containing £1600 in guinea and twenty-shilling notes, of Messrs. Thomsons' issue, and twelve bills, which had been put in a small sack and sent on a carrier's cart by Mr. Gavin Stewart of Cumnock, addressed to the bank, was stolen off the cart in going along the streets. A reward of £200 was advertised, and "no questions asked." On the 17th November following the box was found by a country lad while clearing out a dunghill in Saltmarket, where it had been hid and never opened. The reward was promptly paid to the lucky finder.

The Ship Bank used to be closed from one till two o'clock daily; and it was part of the duty of the youngest apprentice to protect its treasure during the night, for which purpose he was armed with a gun, powder-horn, and a few charges of slugs, and locked in till morning, a "box-bed" being fitted up in the telling-room for his convenience. A bugle lay beside him to

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. i. p. 496.

sound an alarm. For this dangerous service he received a present at the annual balance of £1, 10s. 6d.

The year 1793 was one of extraordinary commercial depression in this country, and particularly in Glasgow, which suffered at the time from the loss of its colonial trade. Dr. Strang writes thus of this calamitous period:—

"In July 1793 a vast number of the private banks throughout England stopped payment, tending almost to a universal bankruptcy. In Glasgow the Arms Bank and Thomsons' Bank stopped, although ultimately both paid everyone. The Royal Bank even was in sad trepidation—so much so that Gilbert Innes and William Simpson were accustomed to meet with David Dale and Scott Moncrieff at the Half-way House to Edinburgh, to discuss the position of bank matters; and so terrified were they about the result that they shortly afterwards increased their capital by half a million. The misery, however, which was created during that year among all classes was widespread and severe, and may be easily conceived when it is mentioned that almost all kinds of goods fell nearly fifty per cent." *

This crisis was so momentous as to deserve further notice. Accordingly, the description by "Senex" is here inserted:—

"In the disastrous year 1793, three of our Glasgow banks failed, and the Royal Bank itself trembled at the pressure of the times. William Simpson and Gilbert Innes from Edinburgh, and David Dale and Scott Moncrieff from Glasgow, were then accustomed

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 203.

to meet weekly at half-way between the respective cities, and there to discuss the position of bank matters; indeed, those times gave the Royal Bank such a fright that it shortly afterwards increased its capital by adding to it half a million sterling, thereby making surety sure, as the saying goes.

"Amidst the general panic which took place in the above-mentioned year, the Ship Bank stood as firm as a granite rock. Mr. Carrick regarded not the effects of the storm upon the mercantile interest, except in so far as his pouch was concerned; and upon this pouch he now placed an additional button and guarded its contents. He was much blamed for want of liberality, and for narrowing his discounts almost to a point. But he secured the bank from all danger; and if it was true (as then reported) that there was nearly £600,000 sterling of deposits in the said bank in 1792, perhaps his caution was absolutely necessary, even for the sake of the public itself. As an instance of the state of mercantile matters at this critical period, I may mention that it was in the year 1793 that I commenced business, and the fall upon goods was then so great that I got 45 per cent discount for cash upon my first transaction. The gentleman from whom I purchased the above-mentioned goods is still alive (1854), and walks the boards of our Royal Exchange."*

Human nature being what it is, one need not be surprised that attempts were made to forge the notes of the various banks. From *Glasgow Past and Present* † one learns that on 5th June 1805 David Scott, engrav-

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. ii. p. 232.

† *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 229.

er, from Edinburgh, and Hugh Adamson, potter in Glasgow, were executed at the Cross for making and uttering notes in imitation of those of the Ship Banking Company. These young men were respectably connected, and their fate much lamented.

When the above-mentioned individuals were taken up and imprisoned, the partners of the Ship Bank were impressed with the idea that the said prisoners formed merely part of a gang of forgers, and that some person of a higher station in life was concerned along with them in the manufacture of Ship Bank notes. In order to discover if possible whether this was the case or not, Mr. Carrick visited the accused men in prison; and as no person knew the effect of the *suaviter in modo* better than the Ship Bank cashier, he spoke to the poor men with such affability and kindness, and seemed to take so deep an interest in their favour, that they unbosomed themselves to him without reservation, and told him everything regarding the forgery, and the mode of their accomplishing it—conceiving that they were speaking to a friend anxious to save them. Mr. Carrick, however, having now learned that the prisoners had no associates in the forgery of the Ship Bank notes, rested satisfied with his information, and used little or no exertion to save the lives of the unhappy culprits, but left them to their fate.

The following anecdote was communicated to "Senex" by James Brown, Esq. (the father of William Brown, Esq., late of Kilmardinny): Mr. Brown and his brother John happened one forenoon to be standing at the foot of Glassford Street, near their business premises, when they were surprised at observing a

number of ragged pieces of paper floating in the air above their heads, and being carried along the Trongate by the wind. One of these torn and dirty papers happened to fall on the pavement at their feet, when Mr. James Brown said to his brother, "John, look what that is!" Accordingly, John stooped down and took up a nasty rag of paper; but no sooner had he beheld on it the well-known figure of the Ship, and the great R. of Robert Carrick, than he hastily exclaimed, "By jingo, it is a shower of Robin's notes—let's after them!" Accordingly, the two gentlemen instantly scampered along the Trongate at their full speed in pursuit of the dirty pieces of paper, to the no small amusement of the passers-by, who could not understand what they wanted with these little ragged scraps. After having picked up about half a dozen of them, and seeing no appearance of any more floating about, they resolved to carry their prize into the Ship Bank for an explanation. Accordingly, on arrival there, they learned that Mr. Carrick was engaged in an adjoining room; but on their expressing a wish to see him, he made his appearance. The gentlemen then exhibited the dirty, ragged Ship notes, and stated the odd way of their finding them; upon which Mr. Carrick thanked them in the politest manner, and explained the mystery by saying that the bank clerks had been burning the worn-out notes of the firm; but that a puff of wind must have rushed in during the operation, when the room door happened to be opened, and by its sudden passage up the vent must have carried some of the notes fairly out of the chimney-top to the open air. Mr. Carrick, however, after again thanking them,

added that he would now stop the burning of the worn-out notes until he had got a safety wire screen placed on the vent of the room where the process was carried on.

The Ship Bank notes, from their extreme simplicity, were especial favourites with forgers. On one occasion the agent for the Bank at Kilmarnock had refused a note as being a forgery. The note was sent to Glasgow, when the two persons whose subscriptions were attached to the note declared that these were truly their signatures. The agent was censured, and threatened to be dismissed for bringing discredit on the Bank notes. He went to Glasgow, and with some difficulty convinced the two parties that their names were really forged. The perpetrator was a notorious forger, and was tried and suffered death at the old jail at the foot of High Street.*

A sanctimonious hypocrite was John Henry Greatrex, photographer and forger, who applied his talents to the making of spurious bank-notes, and then led the detectives a dance across the Atlantic.

He was a tall, good-looking man, and an impressive preacher, taking up his stand on the Green regularly.

In order to impress his customers with his piety, Greatrex had his studio hung round with Scripture texts. He found photographing faces much too slow a way of making money, and took to photographing bank-notes instead, and this brought about his ruin.†

The following extract gives a glimpse of Sauchiehall Street in the old days (about 1820) and a refer-

* *Rambling Recollections of Old Glasgow*, p. 10.
† *Reminiscences of Eighty Years*, p. 128.

ence to the advent of the Commercial Bank in Glasgow :—

"This was then a quiet, pleasant road, far removed from the noise and bustle of the City, having here and there a few rustic cottages placed by the roadside, where refreshments could be got. These houses were very much frequented at holiday and other times by families and youths from the City, who travelled out to enjoy the 'Curds and cream and fruits in their seasons,' which were to be had there. There was one of these cottages which had fallen into bad repute. It had at one time, like the others, its nice garden and very cosy bowers ; it was situated at the east end, in the vicinity of where a numerous body of tradesmen were employed in the formation and building of streets. It was called the 'Fish,' from having a long spire with a large fish on the top. It had been degraded into a common public-house, frequented chiefly by those of the workmen who chose to misspend their money in that way.

"Some years previous to this time (1820) it was the usual custom for genteel families residing in and around Stockwell Street to have their summer quarters out in this direction, in farm and other houses, about the termination of this road, and a little farther to the north, about the end of Dobbie's Loan ; and here, among others who came to spend a day with their friends in their summer residences, were the family of Mr. Wyld, a merchant who had a self-contained house and garden in Stockwell Street, nearly opposite the Goosedubs. He was the first to establish a branch of the Commercial Bank of Scotland in the City ; the bank offices were in his own place of business, and for

a time he used to carry the cash and books of the bank home with him to his own dwelling, bringing them out in the mornings." *

The year 1820 was a period of great political unrest; and rioting took place in Glasgow which necessitated the provision of protection for the Royal Bank, which then occupied the building afterwards converted into the Royal Exchange. Fears were entertained that the bank would be plundered by the mob, and a captain's guard of the Glasgow Sharpshooters was for more than a week quartered in the wings of the bank buildings, with triple sentries at the gates, while videttes moved briskly along Queen and Ingram Streets. A company of that regiment was on duty at the bank on the night the news came to Glasgow of the skirmish at Bonnymuir between the hussars and yeomanry and the misguided Radicals; and there was great excitement in the town lest the mills might be set on fire. Another company lay in St. George's Church; a third in the Trades Hall, Glassford Street; and a fourth in the Laigh Kirk session-house, all on the alert. The rest of the regiment was posted with the Colonel (Hunter) and Major (Alston) elsewhere.†

Mention of the Royal Bank and the Royal Exchange leads to the inclusion of the following anecdotes:—

There was a custom, although not quite general, of giving tradesmen an allowance for drinking at the erection of a dwelling-house or other premises. This was carried out to its fullest extent—and far beyond it—at the building of the Royal Exchange about 1829–

* *Quaint Old Glasgow*, by a Burgess of Glasgow, p. 6.

† *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. ii. p. 427.

30. The tradesmen had already received small sums during the progress of the work; and, when the interior of the building was getting near to completion, all the floors being laid down, a general invitation was sent to all the men who were still employed at the building to the effect that a dinner was to be given them on such a day, at two o'clock, and to come in their working clothes. The large new room had been fitted up with seats and tables formed of clean planks. The men came punctual to the hour—ready for dinner; and as every man took his seat he was supplied with a glass of spirits, and then a tumbler of porter. A most substantial dinner was set before them, and while partaking of it waiters were busy supplying them with spirits and porter, which the men took without thinking of the consequences. Immediately after dinner most of the building committee and some of the contractors, who were seated on a raised platform, began to give toasts, while busy waiters filled the men's glasses and tumblers to enable them to respond. The result was that by about four o'clock the whole of the men had risen from the tables, and were "stotterin'" about in a state of hilarious excitement, more or less, according to temperament. The whole affair had been a plot to bring this about, taking advantage of the men being invited to dinner. Some of the men felt indignant, others were ashamed; the majority were well satisfied, and collected next day round a barrel of porter to finish a quantity of liquor that still remained of the abundant supply provided for the occasion.

During the progress of the building a very peculiar case of theft took place, which might have been a very

serious matter for those concerned, at a time when punishment for crime was very severe. The front portion of the Exchange was built upon the foundations of the Royal Bank. From the south end on till beyond the main entrance the walls were not taken down, and it was while taking down the mason work of a safe, which stood in the way of the plans being carried out, that two of the men employed, while turning over a quantity of waste-paper in a corner of the safe, found a large parcel of one-pound bank-notes of the Royal Bank. The men had hitherto been considered respectable and honest, but here was a great temptation. They yielded to it, and took possession of the notes. They did not return to their work next day, and for two or three days after were going about, flush of money, drinking and treating their comrades, who were surprised to find them having so much silver money in hand. Suspicion arose, inquiries were made, and, from some hints the men gave during their drinking, the police got notice, and they were apprehended.

The two tradesmen were brought before the magistrates, to be examined on a charge of stealing a parcel of bank-notes of the Royal Bank from a safe in the bank. The whole charge against them somehow or other fell to the ground. The notes were not stolen from a safe in the Royal Bank, as it was then the Royal Exchange. The notes were not bank-notes, but only a parcel of forged ones, which had been thrown into a corner of the safe to be burned along with the waste-paper. The men were discharged, but with a very much blemished character; and the only parties who suffered loss were the publicans who so very kindly

provided the silver money, and for whom very little sympathy was felt.*

A very ingenious fraud and daring robbery was perpetrated on the Royal Bank a few years previous to its removal. About mid-day a splendid equipage came leisurely driving up the then quiet Queen Street, and halted at one of the gates of the bank, which had a parapet wall, with ornamental railings above, on the line of Queen Street, with a gate at each end. A circular stair from each of these gates led to a large landing-place, on which were the principal entrances to the bank. The equipage consisted of an open carriage, with postilion, in which was seated an aristocratic-looking personage, with one or two footmen in livery seated behind. The whole was distinctly seen from the windows of the bank, so that when the occupant of the carriage came into the bank with all the necessary credentials, and presented a draft or order for a very large amount from a bank either in Edinburgh or London—it is not known which—it was at once paid without the least suspicion. There was no telegraph or telephone then, postal communication was slow, and before either bank could be advised with, the robbers had got clear off with their booty.†

There have been fairly numerous failures of banks in Glasgow, but none of them even approached in magnitude and disastrous consequences the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank.

In October 1878 the Second City of the Empire was horrified, and the whole commercial world was

* *Quaint Old Glasgow*, p. 23.
† *Ibid.*

startled, by the intelligence that the City of Glasgow Bank had stopped. But the first shock was nothing to that which was sustained some days later, when late editions of the evening papers, distributed to the waiting crowds, conveyed the full import of the disaster. The whole country was prostrated. To repair the destruction of a handful of reckless gamesters, hundreds of men in easy, honourable circumstances saw themselves reduced to poverty, and hundreds of dependent families saw nothing but starvation before them. No time was lost in excavating and arranging the mass of ruin, and in probing to the quick the mass of woe. The direction of the work, of course, lay with outsiders, but from the midst of those overwhelmed by the wreck seven men were put forward to aid in the task. The seven remained for a time the directing "Committee of Solvent Shareholders," but as the exigencies of the situation demanded larger and larger applications of phlebotomy one by one dropped off, drained and exhausted. Not many months after the catastrophe only two of the famous seven had withstood the financial strain, and the loss of one of these two was something like £55,000.*

Banks are at times dictatorial in their methods, and inclined to say to their customers, "Thou shalt not." This course of action is no doubt sometimes judicious —but not always. In these days of banking competition a man of any means can always find a rival bank ready to lend a helping hand. One conspicuous instance of this occurred in which a leading shipbuilder was the prominent figure.

* *Clydeside Cameos*, p. 69.

He was a capital financier, inasmuch as he was a man with that kind of imperiousness which makes a banker a servant instead of a master, as he is often allowed to be. It was said that once a newly appointed director in the bank where this shipbuilder dealt—a man of a peculiarly inquisitive turn of mind—insisted upon turning upside down the shipbuilder's account. It was said that this director had his own ends to serve in so doing, and was, in fact, on the hunt for information which might be useful in his own business. Whatever the real reason, the ostensible one was the amount of discounts, which now and again ran tolerably high, even with the class of owners this customer built for. Hearing of the director's action, the customer sent down for a statement, lifted the bills on the circle, closed his account, and took it over to another bank, who received it with joy. If the tale be true, there was weeping and wailing at the board of the bank he left, for the profit on the account formed a considerable fraction in the dividend.*

In concluding this chapter of anecdotes relating to banking in Glasgow it is fitting to present with it the portrait of Mr. Robert Gourlay, LL.D., a gentleman who has been as well known in modern banking in Glasgow as Robin Carrick was in the early banking circles of the City. But while these two gentlemen were alike prominent in their profession they took widely different views of their duties towards the general well-being of the community. Mr. Carrick, as one has seen, stated that charities should be supported by those who needed them; which statement, while saving to his

* *Clydeside Cameos*, p. 31.

pocket, was somewhat of the nature of an Irish bull. Mr. Gourlay, on the other hand, has been prominent in connection with many of the charitable institutions of the City, and has been a liberal supporter of the U.P., and latterly of the U.F. Church.

His banking career has been in connection with the Bank of Scotland—an institution which originally had an unfavourable reception in Glasgow, but now holds an honourable place in the City. Mr. Gourlay's father, Bailie James Gourlay, was highly respected in commercial circles in Glasgow, and retired from business in 1853. Two years later he was offered, and accepted, the agency of the Bank of Scotland in Laurieston; and under his care the business developed in a manner which surprised the Directorate. He was succeeded by his son, who in 1879 was promoted to be Manager of the Head Office of the Bank in Glasgow; a position which he filled to universal satisfaction until his retirement in 1904.

Mr. Robert Gourlay was honoured by the Municipality in 1900, in which year he was chosen Lord Dean of Guild. He was also honoured by the University in 1901, when the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him. These distinctions are proofs of the respect and esteem in which he is held in his native city, in which he has done much good of which his fellow-citizens in general are aware, and possibly more of which they are not.

CHAPTER NINE

THE UNIVERSITY

CHAPTER NINE
THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

THAT GREATEST OF ENGLISH PHILOSOphers, Francis Bacon, declared in one of his essays that "Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man." One might almost suppose that this sage precept was the basis of the system of education pursued at the University of Glasgow. For the student must perforce study by reading at home. In class he confers with his Professor, sometimes sorely against his will. While his knowledge is tested, or his abysmal ignorance sounded, in writing, *i.e.* by written examination. Few Universities present more varied types of student humanity than that of Glasgow. There one may behold the sons of the wealthy merchants of Glasgow, and likewise the sons of the people. Raw Highlanders from Mull and Skye rub shoulders with medical students from London. The Jap, intent upon the acquirement of knowledge of shipbuilding and the various arts of destruction, may be seen in company with the West Indian man of colour, whose projects are usually peaceful. From the North and the South, from the East and the West, yea, from the uttermost parts of the earth, do men gather together at Gilmorehill. Thence in a few years they depart to spread the influence of their University throughout all the world.

It is no part of the object of this book to recount the actual history of Glasgow, or of its University, and therefore all matters relating to the foundation of the University, to its early struggles, its life in the Old College, and its ultimate transference to Gilmorehill,

are left to the legitimate historians of Glasgow. The present writer has only been concerned with the collection of interesting anecdotes regarding the personages, illustrious and otherwise, who have from time to time been connected with the University, either in a professorial capacity or as students.

The celebrated George Buchanan received a part of his early education in Glasgow University. He was one of the most distinguished reformers, political and religious, of the sixteenth century, and perhaps the best Latin poet of his time in Europe. He was born in the parish of Killearn, Stirlingshire, in February 1506, "of a family," to use his own words, "more ancient than wealthy." His father inherited the farm of Moss, on the western bank of the water of Blane, where the house, though it has been several times rebuilt, still preserves its original shape and dimensions, with a considerable portion of the original materials. At the age of fifteen Buchanan was sent by his maternal uncle, James Heriot, to complete his education in Paris. Here he studied with great diligence for a period of two years, when, in consequence of his uncle's death, he was cast upon his own resources, and exposed to all the miseries of poverty and bodily affliction. Returning to Scotland, he served as a private soldier in one campaign against the English. Shortly afterwards he studied logic in St. Andrews University, and in 1524 returned to Paris, where he became a student in the Scots' College, and attained the degree of M.A. in 1528. He imbibed the doctrines of the Reformation, and on account of his great learning was made tutor to the youthful King James VI., who,

it is said, owed to his tutor all the erudition of which in later life he was so vain.

As has been mentioned, Buchanan's connection with the University was during the sixteenth century, but in the early part of it. Seemingly the reputation of the College then stood high, and towards the end of that century it stood even higher. For we find one author writing as follows: "I daresay there was na place in Europe comparable to Glasgow for guid letters during those yeirs for a plentifull and guid chape mercat of all kynd of languages, artes, and sciences." Those words of olden times are true of the University at the present day. But apparently in the early days of the College some difficulty was experienced in staffing the Faculty of Divinity.

A quaint tradition of Glasgow College still lingers of a gentleman having been appointed to the feeless, studentless chair of Hebrew, and having been sent to Holland to learn the language that he might be able to teach it. Tradition (or legend) further tells that for long after, whenever a youth appeared at Leyden desiring to learn Hebrew, Chaldaic, or Syriac, he was asked, with Batavian humour, if he was a Scots Professor.*

Another burning and shining light of Glasgow College was the famous Adam Smith. He was born at Kirkcaldy on the 5th June 1723, and entered the University of Glasgow in 1737, in which University he afterwards became in 1751 Professor of Logic. In the following year he was removed to the chair of Moral Philosophy. In this situation he remained for thirteen

* *Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century*, p. 468.

years, which he used to consider the happiest in his life. In 1759 he published his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, a work which greatly contributed to extend his fame and reputation as an author. Towards the end of 1763 he was induced to leave the University chair of Glasgow, to accompany the young Duke of Buccleuch during his tour of the Continent. In 1766, Dr. Smith returned with his pupil to London, and soon after took up his residence with his mother at Kirkcaldy, where, with the exception of a few occasional visits to Edinburgh and London, he resided constantly during the next ten years, engaged habitually in intense study. In 1776 he published his *Inquiry into Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*; after which he resided for two years in London, where his society was courted by the most distinguished persons in the Metropolis. He was thereafter appointed, unsolicited, to a Commissionership of Customs in Scotland, and removed to Edinburgh, where he spent the remainder of his days. In 1787 he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. He died in 1790.*

On the occasion of Dr. Johnson's visit to Glasgow, Boswell says that, on their arrival at the Saracen's Head Inn, Dr. Johnson "put his leg upon each side of the grate, and said, with a mock solemnity, by way of soliloquy, but loud enough for me to hear it, 'Here am I, an *Englishman*, sitting by a *coal* fire!'" On the following day, some of the College Professors, consisting of Drs. Thomson, Reid, and Mr. Anderson, breakfasted with the great lexicographer; and although

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 32.

Boswell omits to tell that Johnson and Adam Smith met in Glasgow, it appears that they really did so, and in a manner not very creditable to either. Sir Walter Scott, on the authority of Professor John Millar, states that "Smith, leaving the party in which he had met Johnson, happened to come to another company where Millar was. Knowing that Smith had been in Johnson's society, they were anxious to know what had passed, and the more so as Dr. Smith's temper seemed much ruffled. At first, Smith would only answer, 'He's a brute—he's a brute!' but, on closer examination, it appeared that Johnson no sooner saw Smith than he attacked him for some point in his famous letter on the death of Hume. Smith vindicated the truth of his statement. 'What did Johnson say?' was the universal inquiry. 'Why, he said,' replied Smith, with the deepest expression of resentment, 'he said, "*You lie!*"' 'And what did you reply?' 'I said, "You are the son of a——!"' On such terms did these two great moralists meet and part, and such was the classical dialogue between two great teachers of philosophy!"*

One or two interesting glimpses of the life of a Glasgow student in the early part of the eighteenth century are obtainable from the Autobiography of the late Dr. Alexander Carlyle of Inveresk. He speaks as follows, of his lodgings: "I had my lodging this session in a college-room which I had furnished for the session at a moderate rent. I had never been without a cough in the former winter, when I lodged in a warm house in King Street, opposite to what was the butch-

**Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 161.

ers' market in those days; but such was the difference between the air of the College and the lower streets of Glasgow, that in my new apartment, though only bare walls, and twenty feet by seventeen, I never had cold or cough all the winter. John Donaldson, a college servant, lighted my fire and made my bed; and a maid from the landlady who furnished the room came once a fortnight with clean linens. There were two English students of theology who lived on the floor below, and nobody above me. I again attended the lectures of Professor Leechman and Hutcheson, with much satisfaction and improvement." *

The following extract shows something of University society in those days:—

"About the end of April, my sister, and my wife, and I paid a visit to our friends in Glasgow, where we were most cordially received by my old friends, Mr. Dreghorn and sundry other merchants, who were connected with Mr. Bell in Airdrie, particularly Robin Bogle and the Dunlops. Dr. Adam Smith and Dr. Black, as well as Dr. Wight, were now here, though the last had not yet got into his house. We had many agreeable meetings with them, as well as with our mercantile friends. It was there that I saw No. 45, when just published by Wilkes, of which Smith said, on hearing it read, 'Bravo! this fellow will either be hanged in six months, or he will get Lord Bute impeached.' Supping with him in a company of twenty-two, when a certain young peer was present, after a little while I whispered him that I wondered they had set up this man so high, as I thought him mighty foolish. 'We know that perfectly,'

* *Autobiography of Alexander Carlyle of Inveresk*, p. 108.

said he; 'but he is the only lord at our College.' To this day (1763) there were not above two or three gentlemen's chaises in Glasgow, nor hackney-coaches, nor men-servants to attend at table; but they were not the worse served.*

About this time another famous man was a student in Glasgow. This was Tobias Smollett the novelist, author of *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and other works of similar kind, and who also continued the *History of England* begun by David Hume. Born in the old family house of Dalquhurn, near the modern village of Renton, in Dumbartonshire, in 1721, Tobias was sent at an early age to study at Glasgow College, with a view to some learned profession. There he was led through his intimacy with some medical students to embrace the profession of physic, which he studied along with anatomy, at the same time serving an apprenticeship in town to a surgeon named Gordon, whom he is supposed to have afterwards caricatured in *Roderick Random* under the title of "Potion." He was rather a wild youth, addicted to satire and practical joking. One winter evening, when the streets were covered with snow, he was engaged in a snowball fight with some boys of his own age, among whom was the apprentice of a surgeon, whom he is supposed to have delineated under the name of "Crab" in his famous novel. The master of this apprentice having entered the shop while the youth was in the heat of the engagement, rebuked him very severely for having quitted the shop. The boy excused himself by saying that, while engaged in making up a prescription, a fellow

* *Autobiography of Alexander Carlyle of Inveresk*, p. 451.

had hit him with a snowball, and he had gone in pursuit of the delinquent. "A mighty probable story, truly," said the master in an ironical tone; "I wonder how long I should stand here before it would enter into any mortal's head to throw a snowball at me?" Just as he pronounced these words, Smollett, who had heard them at the door, gave him a most unexpected answer by throwing a snowball, which hit him a severe blow on the face, and extricated his companion.*

The eighteenth century was indeed a period of brilliance for Glasgow University, and it is to the credit of the Senate that during it they aided James Watt in his researches at a time when people were doing their best to throw obstacles in his path.

"James Watt, on attempting to set up as an instrument-maker in Glasgow, was prevented doing so by the then privileged Incorporation of Hammermen, as not being free of the craft. Attempts were next made to obtain their leave for a very small work wherein to make his experiments, but this was peremptorily refused. The University, however, in his difficulty came to his rescue, and granted him a room within the precincts of the College, which was free of the incubus of all guilds—and there he completed the model of his steam-engine, which model is still in the possession of the University, and looked upon as one of its greatest treasures. It was in 1764 that Watt was employed to repair a model of Newcomen's steam-engine, and it was when so engaged that the idea of a separate condenser occurred to him; and in 1766 it appears, from the College accounts, that he was paid £5, 11s.

**Popular Traditions of Glasgow*, p. 74.

for repairing the said steam-engine. Mr. Muirhead mentions in his *Life of Watt* that "the interesting model as altered by the hand of Watt, and preserved in all safety and honour within the precincts of its ancient birthplace, has been appropriately placed beside the noble statue of the engineer in the Hunterian Museum—a sacred relic worthy of such a shrine—and there visited by many a worshipping pilgrim." *

Among the most distinguished holders of the chair of Mathematics in Glasgow Dr. Simson (see also Chapter I.) holds a high place. He devoted his life to scientific pursuits, and he carried into private life that exactitude which characterised his mathematical calculations. His hours of study, of exercise and amusement, were all regulated with the most unerring precision. The very walks in the squares or gardens of the College were all measured by his steps, and he took his exercises by the hundred of paces according to his time or inclination. His disposition was by no means gloomy; when in company of friends his conversation was animated, enriched with much anecdote, and by a degree of natural humour. "Every Saturday for years he sallied forth from his comfortable bachelor-menage" (says a writer in the *North British Daily Mail*, November 1870) "in the University as the College clock struck one, and turned his face in the direction of Anderston. . . . One Saturday, while proceeding towards Anderston, counting his steps as he was wont, the Professor was accosted by a person who, we may suppose, was acquainted with his singular

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 67.

peculiarity. At this moment the worthy geometrician knew that he was just 573 paces from the College, towards the snug parlour, which was anon to prove the rallying-point of the Hen-Broth Amateurs; and when arrested in his career he kept repeating the mystic number at stated intervals, as the only species of mnemonics then known. 'I beg your pardon,' said the personage accosting the Professor, 'one word with you, if you please.' 'Most happy—573,' was the response. 'Nay,' rejoined the gentleman, 'merely *one* question!' 'Well?' added the Professor—'573.' 'You are really too polite,' interrupted the stranger, 'but from your acquaintance with the late Dr. B——, and for the purpose of deciding a bet, I have taken the liberty of inquiring whether I am right in saying that that individual left £500 to each of his nieces?' 'Precisely,' replied the Professor—'573.' 'And there were only four nieces, were there not?' rejoined the querist. 'Exactly,' said the Mathematician—'573.' The stranger, at the last repetition of the mystic sound, stared at the Professor as if he were mad, and muttering sarcastically '573,' made a hasty obeisance and passed on. The Professor, seeing the stranger's mistake, hastily advanced another step, and cried after him, 'No, sir; *four* to be sure—574!' The gentleman was still further convinced of the Mathematician's madness, and hurried forward, while the Professor paced on leisurely towards the west, and at length, happy in not being balked in his calculation, sat down delighted amid the circle of the Anderston Club."

Innumerable tales are told of the Professors of the University, and of their relations with their students.

The two stories which follow here show that some of the Professors had a pretty wit.

On a day when, either from the door being stiff on its hinges, or the weather being windy, or the students being late and in a hurry, the door of the Latin classroom was ever and anon left open, a raw Irishman who for the week filled the office of Censor, proud of his position, shouted "Claude ostium" (Shut the door) every time the door was left ajar. The Professor, annoyed at the interruption to his prelections by this frequent shout, at last chid the impetuosity of the official by saying to him, "Claude os tuum" (Shut thy mouth).*

Professor Jardine, who at one time held the chair of Logic, was looked up to as much as a father as a preceptor. The following story is illustrative of his complete command of temper and also of his wit. A student thoughtlessly persisted, by means of a small piece of glass, in casting the rays of the sun on the face of the respected Professor. For a time the good man calmly endured the annoyance; but at last, catching the culprit in the very act, he crushed him with the brief reproof, "Young man, the *reflection* is on *you*."

But the Glasgow student, especially in his first and second years, is a somewhat turbulent individual, and not slow to take advantage of any display of weakness on the part of his instructors.

At one time Professor Millar filled the chair of Mathematics. Well versed in exact science, like many others in that walk he was subject to mental abstraction, and had little command over his students. The

* *Rambling Recollections of Old Glasgow*, p. 36.

worthy Professor had a strange fashion when describing geometrical symbols on the blackboard of also portraying them by contortions of the face, which, it is needless to say, excited no little amusement among his pupils. When he turned his back to place demonstrations on the blackboard, a volley of peas was spouted from tin tubes, and rudely rattled on the wooden erection. On such occasions, when the pellets chanced to hit his head, he used mildly to remonstrate with the remark, "I like fun as well as any of you, lads, but this is somewhat sair." *

Among the students of twenty-five years ago the names of John and Edward Caird were held in reverence. The former, who was the Very Reverend Principal of the University, had no equal in Broad Scotland as a pulpit orator. The latter established a world-wide reputation as a teacher of Moral Philosophy. Both were serious men, and few stories are connected with their names. But one or two are on record about each.

Principal Caird's sermons were usually adorned with magnificent flights of oratory. One dark winter afternoon he was preaching in the University Chapel. As he proceeded, he became more and more under the influence of his text. Finally he burst out into a magnificent peroration ending with a wild crescendo shout of "Light, light, give us more light!" Whereupon the *bedellus* promptly turned up the gas.

Caird was minister of Errol before he was appointed Professor of Divinity in Glasgow. While there he discovered the acoustic properties of the church to be

* *Rambling Recollections of Old Glasgow*, p. 41.

by no means of the best; and his congregation being scanty, he suggested to the beadle that an improvement might be effected by boarding up one of the side aisles. "That may do very weel for you," replied the shrewd old Scotchman, "but what will we do for room if we should get a popular preacher to follow you?"*

Of Edward Caird the following tale is told:—

The Church of Scotland receives many recruits from the Highlands. Not all of these are suited to the sacred calling which they have chosen, and Edward Caird had once a student of this description to deal with. The man in question was absolutely hopeless from an intellectual point of view, and had in all probability been sent to college by his parents quite regardless of his qualifications, and solely with a view to getting on in the world. For a long time the Professor did his best to instil the principles of moral philosophy into the youth's mind; but it became obvious that the would-be minister's intelligence was of the most rudimentary nature, and that he was simply incapable of grasping the subject. Being satisfied as to this, the Professor requested the student to meet him in his private room, when the following colloquy took place: "Now, Mr. ——, I have asked you to meet me as I am inclined to think that you are really wasting your time in my class. The subject does not seem to appeal to you, and I think that your time could be more profitably employed elsewhere. May I ask what you intend to be?" "I am going in for the Church, sir," was the answer. "Oh!" said the Professor. "And may I inquire what led you to adopt the Church as a

* *Thistledown*, p. 120.

profession?" "Well, sir," answered the student, "it was a desire to do something to the glory of God." "What is your father's business?" asked the Professor. "He makes brooms." "Well, Mr. ——," was the Professor's reply, "while I do not wish to be unduly discouraging, I honestly think that it would be much more to the glory of God if you went home and made brooms with your father."

An old student tells, in the *Glasgow Herald*, the following story of his own experience of the Professor as a conversationalist: "He kindly took me a three hours' walk one Saturday from the old College round by the new University, then building on Gilmorehill. Anything slower (always excepting the batting of the late Scotton, of Notts) I have never seen. In my desperation I opened my mouth three times. My first remark, which was a distinctly good one, and my second, which was not quite up to my previous standard, produced twelve words in reply. My third was this: 'The next time the College has to remove, where will the new site be?' His answer was, 'Dumbarton Rock!'"

When Principal Caird was called to his fathers, he was succeeded by Dr. Story of Roseneath, who was a man of different type. For various reasons he did not possess the same appeal to the students that Caird had exercised, and, generally speaking, he was not popular. He was a man of fine personal appearance and considerable dignity. It is told of him that while he was minister of Roseneath he went once to call upon a lady parishioner whose daughter was in delicate health and being attended by a medical man.

The mother entertained Dr. Story with a full account of her woes, and finally wound up by saying : " And to crown a', the doctor's ordered Maggie a bath, an' there's no' a dish in the hoose big enough tae haud a wumman."

The number of stories in circulation about a Professor are some indication of his popularity, or at least of the interest which his students feel in him. Many are told about Professor Ramsay, who held the chair of Humanity for a lengthy period. He had been in his youth a great athlete, and upon one occasion when delivering prizes in the University gymnasium he took occasion to refer scathingly to the softness of the present generation. Being Professor of Humanity, he illustrated his remarks from ancient Roman times.

"Gentlemen," he cried, " you should do as the ancient Romans. The youths of Rome used to gather on the banks of the Tiber every morning and swim three times across the river."

Voice from a back bench : " Whit did they dae about their claes?"

Another story is told about the same Professor. Upon one occasion in his Humanity class he called upon a student to construe a portion of Virgil. The student in question was anything but a brilliant scholar, and made a sad mess of the passage. The Professor glanced at him scornfully for a while and then remarked—

"I fear, Mr. McGregor, that there is something far wronghere," tapping his forehead. The student gazed at the Professor with an air of deep regret. Then he

replied: "That may be so, sir; but"—tapping his own forehead—"there's nothing at all wrong here."

Ramsay on one occasion called upon a great stalwart Highlandman to construe. The man knew more about ewes and wethers, stirks and Gaelic, than Horace. He had evidently, however, tried to prepare his task, and in the broadest west-country brogue read out the first lines of Ode XXX. bk. iii. So far, with the exception of pronouncing "impŏtens" "impōtens," and "diruĕre" "diruēre" (Professor Ramsay detested nothing so much as a false quantity), Donald got on indifferently well. The translation was another matter. The first line runs, *Exegi Monumentum aere perennius* ("I have erected a monument more enduring than brass"), which the unfortunate student, led astray by confounding "exegi" with "edi," translated, "I have *eaten* a monument *more harder* than brass." This was too much for Ramsay, who in his indignation rasped out, "Then, sir, you may sit down and digest it." *

The late Professor Richard C. Jebb added lustre to the University during his tenure of the chair of Greek. His highly cultured English accent contrasted somewhat remarkably with the broad Scotch of some of his students. Upon one occasion, shortly after his appointment, he called upon a student to construe. "Mr. Jones," said Jebb, "will you kindly construe this passage?" Mr. Jones looked blankly at the Professor and remarked, "A'm no' fut" (fit). "I beg your pardon," said the Professor. "A'm no' fut." "Really, I hardly understand you," said the Professor. "I canna dae't;

* *Popular Traditions of Glasgow*, p. 64.

A'm no' fut." "Sit down, sir," said the Professor in despair, Glasgow Scotch not being among his accomplishments.

Another student being called upon to construe a passage was similarly unprepared, but did not desire to admit it. First he read the passage in Greek. "Now, sir," said the Professor, "kindly construe." The unhappy youth began. "The dawn," he remarked, "the dawn, the dawn——" "Yes, yes, go on," said Jebb. "The dawn was beginning to break. The dawn, the dawn was beginning to break." "Yes, sir," said Jebb; "go on." But the student knew no more, and he began again: "The dawn was beginning to break——" "Sir," remarked the Professor, "sit down until you see daylight."

It was a capital crime in Jebb's eyes for a student to come to the class unprepared for the day's work. If for any reason he was unable to study the task allotted for the day, it was his duty to hand in, at the beginning of the hour, a card giving the reason for his unpreparedness. Upon one occasion Jebb called up an unhappy wight who was unprepared and had not sent in an excuse. Disaster soon ensued, and Jebb regarded the culprit with the eye of wrath. Then he said, in his most refined Oxford accent—

"Ah, Mr. MacGregor, may I ask if it is your intention to present yourself for examination in April next?"

"Whit?" said the unhappy MacGregor.

"The purport of my question was this, sir: Do you intend to sit at the diet of examination to be held in the month of April next?"

"A dinna understand ye."

Jebb almost lost his temper, but tried once more.

"Kindly attend, Mr. MacGregor. My question was framed with a view to elicit whether you intended to take part in the Degree examination which will take place next April. Do you so intend?"

"Naw."

Immediately above Jebb's classroom was that of Professor Veitch, who held the chair of Logic. Upon one occasion while Jebb was conducting his class there was a sound of applause and a stamping of feet overhead, and a small piece of plaster fell from the ceiling on to Jebb's desk in full view of all the class. For an instant Jebb regarded it thoughtfully. Then, looking up, he remarked—

"Gentlemen, it would seem that Professor Veitch's conclusions do not agree with my premises."

As a piece of pure wit this is difficult to surpass.

At one time Jebb had an assistant who usually presided over the Junior Greek Class. It was understood that he was a "stickit-minister"; and if his commentaries upon the Gospel were not better inspired and more illuminating than those which he made upon Xenophon, it is easy to understand his want of success as a minister.

Upon one occasion the class were translating the *Anabasis*, and particularly a portion dealing with a Greek victory. After the victory the Greeks offered up a sacrifice of two wolves. The teacher, by way of illuminating the incident, remarked, "Gentlemen, please observe here the nature of the sacrifice. The animals offered up were wolves; and it is difficult to

understand how such animals could be obtained at a moment's notice."

A certain rivalry used to exist in Glasgow University between Professor Nichol, who held the chair of English Literature, and Professor Veitch, who gave instruction in Logic. Rumour said that Nichol considered that he should have been appointed to the chair of Logic at the time when Veitch was installed. A story used to be current in the University that Professor Veitch had written a book dealing with rivers of the Scottish Borders, and that Professor Nichol, when asked his opinion in regard to the work in question, remarked that the author should be prosecuted for pollution of rivers.

The late Professor Young, by way of encouraging his students in the study of Geology, one day announced that he would be prepared to classify any interesting specimens of stones or minerals which the students might choose to lay on his desk upon an appointed morning. Accordingly, the more zealous sought diligently for specimens, and placed them on the desk as desired. But among the specimens appeared a piece of brick, cunningly painted to deceive the professorial eye. When the Professor entered the classroom, he at once proceeded to deal with the specimens, and taking them up in order, classified them somewhat as follows :—

"This, gentlemen, is a specimen of gold-bearing quartz. Here again we have a very satisfactory sample of porphyry. Then here we have a sample of conglomerate such as is found in the Greater Cumbrae. And here," taking up the brick, and scrutinising it keenly,

"here we have a specimen of what damned fools come to my class."

A further story is told about the same Professor, who was one day examining his class orally in Zoology. The students were assembled outside the classroom, and were admitted one at a time. When the first student entered the Professor pointed to a small animal lying on the desk and said, "What's that, mister?" "A newt." "Quite right." And after a few more questions the student was allowed to go. The next student came in, and the same questions were put, with the same result. Meanwhile the information had leaked out to the students outside, and the next two or three who entered the classroom answered the questions with unfailing correctness. At length another student was called in. The Professor looked at him questioningly. "What's that, mister?" he said, pointing to the animal on the desk. With great promptness the student answered, "That's a newt, sir." Whereupon the Professor snapped out, "No, it's not, mister; it's a lizard. The newt's away now."

Yet one more story about Professor Young. Upon another occasion he was about to conduct an oral examination on Ornithology, and the first student entering the room was confronted by the skeleton of a large bird. "What's that, mister?" said the Professor. The student "hummed and hawed" and walked round the specimen. Suddenly his face brightened, and he said, "This is the skeleton of an emu, sir." "Quite right, quite right," said the Professor, and proceeded to ask a few general questions as to the structural nature of the emu. These questions the student answer-

ed to the Professor's satisfaction. "Very good, mister," said the latter, "very good. Your answers have been most satisfactory. I have just one more question before you go. How did you know that this was the skeleton of an emu?" At this the student got rather red in the face and exhibited some confusion, but finally said, with a burst of candour, "Well, sir, the label's on the back of it!"

The late Lord Kelvin was, during his Professorship, one of the most popular men in the University. Originally plain William Thomson, he became ere long Sir William Thomson, and was familiarly known to his students as "Sir Billy." But though the students had a profound admiration for his genius, they found that same genius rather trying, for its possessor used to get into a state of mathematical exaltation and soar to heights of pure mathematics where no ordinary mind could follow. In consequence, the class welcomed the teachings of the assistant, who bore the name of Day. When the Professor was summoned to London to receive the honour of knighthood, the assistant took the class, and the students profited accordingly. In consequence, on the day before Sir William's return the following inscription on the blackboard greeted the class when they entered the Natural Philosophy room: "Work ye while it is Day. For the Knight cometh when no man can work." Who was the author of this superscription is not known.

In the Natural Philosophy classroom there was a species of sink or water-trough used by the Professor for his experiments, and the students had developed a habit of laying their trenchers on the edge of this

trough. As these sometimes impeded the Professor, he issued a decree that no hats were to be placed on the edge; but as this decree was not obeyed, he stated that he would destroy the next hat which was deposited on the forbidden spot. Next day there were no hats. But on the following day one solitary trencher reposed beside the trough, and caught Sir William's eye as he came in. Instantly he marched across the room, seized the trencher, and took out his penknife.

"Gentlemen," he said, turning to the class, "I warned you what would happen. I shall now destroy this trencher."

Thereupon he solemnly cut the hat to pieces, while the class looked on with intense interest. When the destruction was complete, there was tremendous applause, blended with shrieks of laughter, for the ruined trencher was the Professor's own, which some waggish student had smuggled from the private room and placed upon the sacrificial altar.

After the departure of Mr. Day, the assistant above mentioned, Sir William had a much less capable and popular man as colleague. This gentleman never had any control over the class, and upon one occasion when disorder was rife he made the following beautiful anticlimax:—

"Gentlemen, this noise must cease. It is most ungentlemanly. It is most unchristian. In fact, it's not nice."

The following story appeared in the *Glasgow Evening News*:—

Sir William Ramsay, speaking at the dinner of the Glasgow and Lanarkshire Association of London on

Saturday evening, told a story of two astronomers—one of whom he suspected was Professor Grant of Glasgow—who were walking home arm in arm on the night of the famous meteoric shower in 1868. They had certainly dined, perhaps not too wisely, and certainly well; and on their way home neither spoke a word—each was afraid to mention that meteoric shower to the other.

Space does not permit of much further elaboration of tales of the University. Enough have been given to prove that the life of a student at Glasgow University is not devoid of humorous incidents. With one more from the Logic classroom this chapter may be appropriately wound up.

The Professor was explaining to his class how the identity of a thing might remain even with the loss of its parts. "Here," he said, "is this penknife. Now, suppose I lose this blade and replace it with a new one—you see it has two blades—is it still the same knife?"

"Yes, yes," cried the class.

"And suppose," he said, "I lose the second blade, and replace it with a new one—is it still the same knife?"

"Oh yes," said the class.

"Now," said the Professor triumphantly, "suppose I lose the handle and have a new one made—is it still the same knife?"

"Certainly," roared the class.

But here a youth arose—one of the clear-headed kind. "Professor," said he, "suppose I should find those two blades and that handle, and put them together again—what knife would that be?"

The Professor's answer is not recorded.

CHAPTER TEN

LAW IN GLASGOW

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A NUMBER OF YEARS AGO THE GLASGOW Juridical Society entertained the Hon. E. J. Phelps, United States Ambassador to Great Britain, and in return they were treated to an address which, among other items of information, contained the statement that "The American lawyer worked hard, lived well, and died poor." The Glasgow lawyer resembles his American brother inasmuch as he works hard—when he has any clients. Likewise he usually dies poor. But as to living well—that is another story. In these days of the overcrowding of the professions the legal profession has not escaped. Many are called to it, but few attain to wealth by it. Probably in none of the learned professions as carried on in Glasgow is there a greater struggle on the part of the majority of its members to maintain that show of prosperity which is necessary in a business where shabbiness carries with it a suggestion of the disreputable. Of late years the profession has produced a number of black sheep who, after browsing for years on the financial grass of their clients, have ultimately been obliged to accept a less nutritious diet at the country's expense! The reason has, in most cases, been that professional earnings have not been equal to supposedly needful expenditure. This is an aspect of the profession upon which it is painful to dwell. Therefore it is perhaps as well when looking for matters of interest connected with law in Glasgow to go back to the distant past and consider the Majesty of the Law as it was vindicated in the days of our forefathers.

In a work of this kind, which is intended for the

reading of the general public, it is of little use to reproduce ancient legal forms or charters, or to dwell upon old methods of procedure, however interesting these matters might prove to the man of technical training. Undoubtedly it is matter connected with the administration of criminal law which is of most interest to the general reader, and therefore this chapter will in large measure be made up of instances of the administration of justice in Glasgow from the middle of the eighteenth century down to fairly recent times.

Our forefathers were men of a stern type, and punished crime with a severity which nowadays would be regarded as altogether excessive. Public whippings were common. Men were hanged for offences which would now meet with only a short term of imprisonment.

Executions in Glasgow formerly took place at the Butts, which stretched to a considerable distance towards the east and north, and formed an extensive common on which the inhabitants of Glasgow pastured their cattle, driving them out in the morning, and bringing them home in the evening. At this period the Drygate was the leading street of Glasgow towards the east. After 1764 the place of execution was changed to Howgatehead, near the Monkland Canal Basin. The first criminal who was executed at the Howgatehead was Hugh Bilsland, a Glasgow carter, who suffered for street robbery. His execution took place on the 10th of July 1765. At this time, and down to the period of the execution of Walter M'Intosh, who was hanged at the Cross of Glasgow on the 22nd of October 1788, it was the practice on the day of execution for

the criminal to be attired in the prison dress, consisting of white or unbleached linen, and then brought into the town hall or court-house, where prayers were said, and a glass of wine offered to him; afterwards he was led out and placed upon an open cart along with the hangman. A carter took charge of the horse and cart, and received a fee of one guinea for his services. The procession proceeded slowly up the High Street to the place of execution, attended by the Magistrates and town officers, bearing their halberts. Having arrived there, the hangman performed his usual duty of fixing the rope round the criminal's neck and of drawing a cap over his face, when, upon the signal being given by the criminal, the carter gave his horse a sudden lash with his whip, and the cart slipped away from under the feet of the unhappy sufferer, thus leaving him suspended by the neck. This, in fact, was a death by strangulation, and the criminal sometimes appeared to suffer much.

In the *Glasgow Herald* of the 1st of February 1850 there was an interesting article regarding the public executions which had taken place in Glasgow since the year 1765, and particular mention was made of the execution of Andrew Marshall, who was hanged for murder at the Howgatehead on the 25th of October 1769. A most revolting scene took place at this man's execution.

On the 15th September 1769, the Circuit Court at Glasgow was opened by Lords Auchinleck and Pitfour, when Andrew Marshall, late in Blacklock, parish of Slamannan, a soldier in the 38th Regiment, was tried for the murder and robbery of Allan Robert, of the

before-mentioned parish, on the 31st of July 1769, near the house of Drumpeller. The jury unanimously found him guilty of both crimes, and the Court sentenced him to be fed on bread and water till the 25th of October, and on that day to be hanged, and his body hung in chains. Until the execution of Andrew Marshall, the Glasgow Magistrates were never troubled with overseeing the execution of any criminal sentence whatever; that duty, when the convictions were before the Circuit Court, being imposed on the sheriff of the county. Marshall's execution was the first occasion of the Magistrates of Glasgow having so disagreeable a charge forced upon them. Whether it arose from a feeling of humanity towards the criminal, or from inexperience in such matters on the part of the Magistrates, it so happened that the arms of Andrew Marshall had not been sufficiently pinioned on the day of execution, in consequence of which he had the free use of them. When the procession had arrived at the Howgatehead the hangman proceeded as usual to adjust the rope about the criminal's neck, and drew the cap over his face. The carter, waiting for the signal, had already raised his whip to give the fatal lash to the horse, when Andrew Marshall made a sudden spring upwards, and seized the projecting beam of the gallows with the grasp of death. The hangman laid hold of his legs and endeavoured to pull him down; but it was in vain. After fruitless attempts to make him quit his hold the hangman was obliged to procure a stick, with which he struck and belaboured the poor man's arms and hands until they became disabled, and no longer capable of supporting him, when he dropped

from the beam, and in this manner was executed. There was no wonder, therefore, that the Magistrates of Glasgow, after witnessing such an appalling exhibition, petitioned to be relieved in future from the irksome duty of overseeing the execution of criminal sentences. In terms of his sentence the body of Andrew Marshall was hung in chains at the Howgatehead. This is the only instance on record of a criminal executed in Glasgow being hung in chains, but so offensive was the sight to the inhabitants of the north quarter that the body was clandestinely removed.

In the year 1765 two rather remarkable trials took place in Glasgow. On the 19th September 1765, Alexander Provan, in Paisley, was found guilty of murdering his wife in a most cruel manner, and was sentenced to lie in Glasgow prison till the 1st November, that day to be carried thence to Paisley, and on the 7th to be carried to the place of execution, there to have his right hand struck off, then to be hanged till dead, and his body given to the surgeons for dissection. This sentence is notable as being the only instance met with in Glasgow annals of a criminal being sentenced to lose his right hand previous to being executed.*

In the good old days His Majesty's Customs were seemingly no more popular than they are now, but attempts to evade them were possibly more general. A trial in a case of this kind took place on the 19th of March 1765, on which day Humphrey Ewing and Matthew Jack were tried before the High Court of Justiciary for abstracting the King's weights in the scale of weighing tobaccos for exportation, thereby

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. i. p. 334.

defrauding the revenue in the debenture to be granted on exportation. A unanimous verdict was returned finding them guilty, and they were adjudged to stand, attended by the town-drummer and the hangman, at the Market Cross of Glasgow, for half an hour at midday, with their hands tied behind their backs, and a label on their breasts with these words: "*Convict of withdrawing his Majesties' weights and substituting false weights in place thereof*"; and to receive fifteen stripes from the hangman on their naked backs, thereafter to be carried to Greenock, and on a market-day, at the place where tobaccos are commonly weighed for exportation and importation, to receive the same punishment, and then set at liberty.*

A very remarkable trial and execution took place in Glasgow in May 1784. The trial was that of Archibald Jarvies and James Jack, stocking-weaver, lately recruits with the 1st Regiment of Foot, who were accused of robbing William Barclay, schoolmaster, at Calderkirk. Jarvies was fugitated for non-compearance. The jury upon Jack returned a verdict unanimously finding him guilty, art and part, of the robbery libelled; but on account of his ingenuous confession before the Magistrates they *unanimously* recommended him as a proper object of mercy. Upon returning the verdict the counsel for the panel moved an arrest of judgment, on the ground that there was a person of the name of Roberton who made one of the jury enclosed upon the trial, his name in the list of jurors served upon him being Robertson. The Court repelled the objection, and sentenced the panel to be hang-

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. i. p. 336.

ed at Glasgow in July following. Accordingly on Wednesday, the 7th of July 1784, James Jack, aged 24 years, condemned in May previous, was hanged in the castle-yard, the place of execution in former times, now the termination of Monkland Canal. The morning of the day of his execution he attempted to destroy himself with a knife, but was prevented, though not till he had wounded himself in various places. He was put in a cart *with fetters on*, and in that condition was carried to the place of execution, and after the usual time spent in prayer by the Rev. Mr. Lothian, to which the poor man paid little attention, he was *hoisted up by a pulley* from the cart and hung the usual time.

Another interesting trial took place at this period. On Wednesday, 19th May 1784, John M'Ivor and Archibald M'Callum, merchants in Greenock, were tried in Edinburgh, they being accused of wilfully and feloniously sinking of ships, or advising and directing others to do so, in order to defraud the underwriters. The trial proceeded, and the next day the jury returned their verdict, all in one voice, finding the panels guilty as far as regards the brigantine *Endeavour*. The judge then pronounced their sentence, which was that they should stand in the pillory at Glasgow on the 28th of July 1784 for the space of one hour, with the rope about each of their necks, and bareheaded, with the following label affixed to their breasts: 'Here stand John M'Ivor and Archibald M'Callum, infamous persons, who did wickedly procure holes to be bored in the ship *Endeavour* in order to sink the same, and thereby to defraud the underwriters." They were also banished Scotland for life. When pillor-

ied, the culprits were placed on the top of the great stair at Glasgow Cross, which then led into the town hall, with their heads leaning towards the Saltmarket. A board with the above inscription was hung from their necks, and lay loose, dangling about the iron railings of the stair. Neither M'Ivor nor M'Callum looked up during the whole time that they stood in the pillory, but kept their faces continually bent downwards towards the ground. Their hands were placed in holes in the board of the pillory, upon the same level with the holes through which their heads were placed. It was a humiliating and degrading punishment. The mob pelted them most unmercifully with rotten eggs, turnips, potatoes, and even stones. Whenever a rotten egg hit them, and bespattered their heads with its yellow yoke, there was a loud huzza from the crowd and a shout of laughter; but when a stone was thrown there was a universal expression of indignation given, as not being fair play. Although the sentence was that they should stand in the pillory bareheaded, nevertheless it was understood that they wore wigs lined with copper to defend their heads from stones. The pillory was certainly an improper punishment, for it left to the caprice of a mob the extent of punishment which a culprit might suffer, in place of having the exact amount of punishment legally defined.*

About 1810 three men were placed for an hour in the pillory at the Cross. Each quarter of an hour the machine was moved round, so as to face the four quarters of the compass and the four streets. Rotten eggs

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. i. p. 303.

and all sorts of missiles were thrown at the men, whose names and crimes were set forth on large placards under their heads. One of the three, who seemed to receive the greatest share of vulgar attention, when facing the High Street drew himself out of the wooden frame and vehemently addressed the mob, but without effect, and had to restore himself to his state of bondage. The last victim of the pillory in Glasgow not only received the oblations of the crowd, but when relieved from the crib was violently assailed, tossed and torn about, and at length was cast headlong into the police manure waggon.*

A case which excited great attention in the year 1796 was that of James M'Kean, who murdered the Lanark carrier. A *Life* of this miscreant was written, which ran through numerous editions. It was published by a bookseller named Reid, who took a great interest in the crime and the criminal.

Mr. Reid always spoke with horror of the manner, as given by M'Kean, in which the murder was perpetrated. His friends alleged that M'Kean, in answer to Reid's inquiries as to the mode in which he murdered Buchanan, seized the head of Reid, and after drawing it back with one hand quickly drew the other hand across his throat, and that Reid fainted! "I almost," says one writer, "believe the story, for Reid always looked so sad when he referred to the murderer's statements, that I durst not inquire into the truth of his friend's story, even in joke. Reid told me that he visited M'Kean daily betwixt his conviction and execution; that he read portions of his *Life* to him as he

* *Rambling Recollections of Old Glasgow*, p. 97.

wrote them; that M'Kean altered many statements, qualifying some and expunging portions of others; and that, on the whole, the wretched murderer seemed to be most at his ease when confessing his sins and expressing strong hopes of forgiveness." In a memorandum written by the late Mr. Robert Chapman, printer, the author, speaking of Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, says: "A long paragraph is inserted respecting a wretched cobbler, Jas. M'Kean, who murdered Buchanan, the Lanark carrier, in 1796. M'Kean then lived in Castlepen's Land, High Street. This M'Kean I saw two or three times in the Tolbooth after his condemnation, in company with the late Mr. Wm. Reid, who was on terms with M'Kean for the history of his life, which he ultimately procured, and I think printed three or four editions of it, the sale being so great. It turned out a good *spec* at that time. The description of M'Kean by Sir Walter Scott is, so far as I can recollect, perfectly correct. I saw the miserable man executed. The crowd was immense. As I am of small stature, being five feet two inches, I remember a tall acquaintance holding me up in his arms, so that I might get a good view of him, knowing that it would probably be the last sight I should ever have of the religious hypocritical villain who disgraced humanity."*

The office of hangman in Glasgow was at one time held by a man of the name of Sutherland, commonly called Jock Sutherland, a poor, silly creature, pitted with the smallpox, and with a countenance of the most cadaverous cast, but, what was worse of all, timid and nervous to the last degree. At an execution he trem-

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 490.

bled from head to foot, and was in such a state of agitation that he could scarcely perform his duty. A very singular instance of this kind took place in 1798, when a man of the name of M'Millan was hanged at the Cross. At the execution the Magistrates and members of the Town Council were congregated on the stair-head of the town-house, and the scaffold was erected immediately adjacent to it towards the east, both being upon the same level. Sutherland with difficulty had adjusted the rope about the criminal's neck and had drawn the cap over his face, when, having descended from the platform on which the criminal stood in order to wait the signal for withdrawing the bolt, the fatal signal was given and the handkerchief dropped sooner than expected. Here the hangman's nerves failed him; in a state of great agitation he continued fumbling at the bolt and attempting in vain to draw it, while the poor criminal was kept standing in a dreadful state of suspense, waiting the result of the fatal signal. The crowd now began to murmur, on observing which, ex-Lord Provost John Dunlop suddenly rushed out from among the magistracy, and, pushing Sutherland aside, in a moment withdrew the bolt and the unhappy man was no more. Mr. Dunlop received great credit for his active humanity on this occasion.

The duty of a Glasgow hangman in former times was greater than at present, for, besides officiating in capital cases, he was obliged to flog lesser criminals publicly through the streets when they were sentenced to undergo that punishment. In suffering such minor infliction the criminal walked behind a cart, naked to the middle, having his hands tied in front and his

person attached to the cart by a loose rope. The floggings took place generally at the intersections of some of the most public streets, such as the Cross, Candleriggs, Stockwell, Jamaica Street, and so on. People used to allege that Sutherland was such a poor, silly body that he was not able to inflict a sore flogging. But doubtless the floggings were severe enough, though there can be no question but that the severity or leniency of this punishment depended upon the hangman, and possibly he could be bribed to stay his hand.

The punishment of flogging was never publicly inflicted on boys, but it was sometimes very improperly inflicted on women. When females were flogged through our streets their bosoms were not exposed, but only their backs, and the latter only at the time of receiving the lashes. On the 25th of September 1793, Mary Douglas, found guilty of breaking into the house of Alexander M'Pherson, Bridgeton, and stealing several articles from it, was whipped through the streets of Glasgow and banished Scotland for life. This was the last instance of a woman being publicly whipped through the streets. The Magistrates did not attend on occasions of public whippings, but left the overseeing of them to the town's officers.*

The Magistrates of Glasgow of those days seem to have been ill-satisfied with Jock Sutherland, as may be inferred from the following advertisement from the number of the *Glasgow Courier* dated 16th April 1803:—

"EXECUTIONER

"Wanted for the City of Glasgow, an Executioner. The bad character of the person who last held the office having brought

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. i. pp. 337–9.

upon it a degree of discredit, which it by no means deserves, the Magistrates are determined to accept of none but a sober, well-behaved man. The emoluments are considerable.

"Applications will be received by the Lord Provost or either of the Town Clerks.

"Council Chambers,
Glasgow, 13*th April* 1803."

If the ideas of Glasgow be changed, as they certainly have long been changed, with respect to political amelioration, they have also been most happily altered respecting the punishment of crime since the period when Lord Braxfield wore the scarlet toga of the Justiciary Court. In those days there was scarcely a Glasgow Ayre which closed its sittings without two or three unhappy persons being left for public execution, and frequently for crimes which nowadays would be visited with a few months' imprisonment; while the bailies of the day, under the advice of their learned assessor, Mr. John Orr of Barrowfield, were ordering many to be drummed out of the city, sentencing others to the pillory, and, what was worse, condemning not a few to the torture and degradation of a public whipping through the town, and for misdemeanours, too, almost as trivial as those which our police functionaries of the present day are punishing by a fine or a few days' confinement in Barlinnie. As to the justice of such punishments, however, it is only fair to state that there were very few indeed of the whole community who did not think them fitting and necessary. The fact is, it was the punishment, not the cure, of the criminal which was then dreamed of. Of the general cruelty of the law the people had no great horror; the age, in short, was far more

sanguinary than it now is. The executioner of the law, Jock Sutherland, though a poor, silly creature, did not in those bloody days hold a sinecure office; for, whether from his frequent attendance at the public pillory, the wielding of the cat-o'-nine-tails through the streets, or the more fearful duties connected with the scaffold—which, for the execution of criminals, was then erected at the Cross, whither the unhappy victims were brought from the adjoining Tolbooth, or prison, arrayed in a garb of white, to be launched into eternity between the hours of two and four o'clock, amid the gaze of gaping thousands that came far and near to witness the revolting and debasing spectacle—the cadaverous and pock-pitted functionary had enough to employ him. In those days all carts for hire stood in the Trongate, at the south end of Candleriggs; and it was generally at the tail of one of these waiters for a job that the poor culprit condemned to be flogged was attached. It was, in fact, the cart belonging to a well-known character called Tam M'Cluckie that was generally chosen for this duty; and well, indeed, was the selection made, for it would have been difficult to say whether the driver or dragged was the worse in appearance. Tam was a wicked, drunken wretch, and his horse was so ill attended to that it fully realised the line in the old song of Tam o' the Linn's grey mare, that "all her banes they did rattle within." It was quite plain that if its owner had spent less money on whisky and more on oats, the one would have exhibited fewer carbuncles on his countenance and the other far more flesh on his carcass. The disgusting punishment of a

public whipping was in those days but a too frequent accompaniment of the market-day. On such occasions the effects of the cat were first tried at the Cross, whence, after a few strokes were applied to the back of the criminal, the procession, preceded by the town officers with staves, moved down the Saltmarket, along Bridgegate, up Stockwell, and back by the Trongate to the Cross, and occasionally even up and down the High Street, the hangman being called to do duty at every crossing of a street, at which point Tam M'Cluckie halted his horse and Jock Sutherland brandished his whip. The windows of the houses lining the streets through which the sad procession moved were filled with curious spectators, while a crowd of noisy urchins and blackguard women followed, hooting and hallooing in the wake of the disgusting cavalcade, which, happily for the honour and the feelings of the community, has been for many years discontinued, never, it is hoped, to be revived.*

"Senex," that notable authority on all that relates to old Glasgow, gives the following interesting description of a sitting of the Circuit Court about the beginning of the nineteenth century :—

"In April 1805 I, having paid a shilling to the officers at the door, was admitted, and for the first time saw the 'Lords' on the judgment-seats in their robes, and before them many members of the bar dressed in all the trappings of office, 'in solemn silence all,' till a prisoner was placed at the bar to be tried for a capital crime, said to have been perpetrated in Airdrie. That morning Adamson and Scott had been sentenced to

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 207.

death for having forged and uttered notes of the Ship Bank, and the trial now to be noticed occupied the court fourteen hours—from ten o'clock a.m. until midnight. Then, as now, the public were excluded from court during similar trials, according to the evidence to be given; but in this case all were allowed to remain in court during the whole trial, which, though not reported in the public papers, was both amusing and instructive. Many witnesses were examined, and the advocate for the Crown made a speech, which took two hours to deliver, against the prisoner, and his counsel addressed the jury in an eloquent harangue equally long. Then the judge summed up all on both sides in a discourse which lasted three hours, after which the jury acquitted the prisoner, who, in the opinion of some who heard the case, should not have been brought to trial. The Lords Craig and Armadale were the judges, but that day the whole work of the bench was directed by Armadale (Sir William Honyman).

"At five p.m. the advocate and the jury were served with soup, etc., *ad libitum*, for a potful was brought and set down in the court-room. Their lordships had only wine and fruit placed before them on the bench; but the Lord Armadale took only an orange, and not a drop of strong drink during the whole trial, and left the bench once only for a few minutes during fifteen hours. His lordship, while charging the jury, referred at length to ancient history, both sacred and profane; noticed the rape of Jacob's daughter, and the terrible revenge which was inflicted by her brothers; the violation of the Princess Helen and the woeful results, ending in the destruction of Troy; also, the cal-

amities which overtook Italy consequent on the rape of the Sabine women by the Romans, etc., after which illustrations, and adverting to the evidence, he advised the jury to acquit the prisoner, which was done."*

From another Glasgow authority, "Nestor," one may get much interesting information regarding old Glasgow and its ways. He also gives some description of the Circuit Courts about the beginning of the nineteenth century, and writes as follows :—

"Before 1826, the verdicts of a jury were in writing, and, from mistakes in the writs, frequently the criminal escaped from sentence. To secure accuracy, a writer or law agent was uniformly selected as one of their number. The envelope was sealed, and if the verdict was one of guilty, the seal was in black, otherwise in red wax. So the culprit and audience thus learned the result before the seal was broken. The period between the sentence of death and its execution was generally a month or six weeks. During that interval, prayers were always offered in the churches in accordance with a request read by the precentor : 'A man or woman under sentence of death.' Generally great exertions were made to obtain a respite or commutation of the sentence. Frequently a respite of fourteen days was the prelude to a commutation of the sentence to one of transportation for life. In the early portion of the century, a young lad, Grindlay by name, whose father was a respectable baker, was condemned to death for housebreaking and theft. The lad had been educated in the Grammar School, and great excitement prevailed among those who had been his school

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. i. p. 263.

companions. Vast exertions were made to save his life, and, after much hesitation and difficulty, these were crowned with success. It is worthy of notice that the last death sentence inflicted by a sheriff and carried into execution was at Glasgow, on 8th December 1788, on a man William Scott, for the crime of housebreaking and theft."*

There were only two circuits, spring and autumn, and only one court-room for the two judges who took the trials in rotation. The accommodation for the public was so circumscribed in the new court-house as to render it necessary to admit by ticket. This was made a great theme of grievance in the public papers. A score of passports were daily sent to the Dean of Faculty, then Mr. John Lang, for distribution among the law apprentices. So great was the pressure that the outer gates were kept by military guards. On one morning, whilst the soldiery were keeping back the crowd, a bayonet slipped from its musket and hit a stranger, one Mr. Smith from Alyth. The weapon wounded and bled him on the head, and the crowd, conceiving that the injury was intentional, raised a very considerable riot. The judge in those days used tediously to read over to the jury his whole notes of evidence, and it was not uncommon for a juror to correct the judge in some of the details. The newspapers usually stated the charge as being impartial, but, in fact, it was more a second address for conviction. In a trial for assault occurring in a village in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, there was a question of identity raised by Mr. Erl. Monteith, the counsel for theaccus-

* *Rambling Recollections of Old Glasgow*, "Nestor," p. 78.

ed. The affair took place after sunset. But the judge in his charge remarked that there might have been moonlight. The counsel interrupted by saying that he had proved that there was no moonlight that night. The judge still continued that there might have been gaslight. The counsel again checked the judge by bringing to his recollection that he had proved there was no gas in the village. Still the judge, nowise disconcerted, calmly remarked "that there might be starlight, and other circumstances," and the accused was convicted. The jury were not balloted, but were picked out by the presiding judge from the list which was prepared by the sheriff clerks of the three counties. The jury were kept standing while the judge read over to them his notes of evidence. Lord Cockburn was the first who abolished this servile position of juries. At a Glasgow Circuit he addressed the jury: "Gentlemen, you will just stand or sit, as you find it most convenient for yourselves." A paper which he wrote in the *Edinburgh Review* whilst at the bar led to much of the improvement in criminal trials. Lord Cockburn disliked all pedantry. A medical witness, in a trial for assault, said in his report that the injury resulted "in a facial abrasion of the cuticle." His lordship remarked, "I suppose, in plain language, you mean a 'scart on the face.'" It was usual, especially with one judge, when the verdicts were not in accordance with the views of the bench, to receive it with the implied censure: "Gentlemen, the verdict is *yours*, not *ours*." A Glasgow merchant at last did away with this by indignantly retorting, "My Lord, the jury do not require to be told that the verdict is

theirs." The jury were supplied with paper for note-taking, which was not always used. On one occasion a juryman left his paper in the box, and on examination it was found written in large text from top to bottom, with one uniform line, "*John struck James furst.*"

At the circuit in 1817 there was a trial noted for three young counsel appearing in defence of the prisoners. Three men were arraigned for a highway robbery on the road to Tollcross. The amount of money was small, but the panels were notorious characters, and one at least was designed for the gallows. Each culprit had his separate counsel, much against the remonstrances of the judges. Every advocate took a separate line of defence. The first who spoke was William Menzies, who afterwards became judge of the Cape of Good Hope; the second was E. D. Sandford, who afterwards became sheriff of a southern county; the last who spoke was Duncan M'Neill, who became sheriff of Perth, Lord-Advocate, Lord Colonsay of the Court of Session, and latterly of the House of Lords. His line of defence was that the robbery had not been proved. No money was found on the culprits on their apprehension, and he argued that there was no evidence that the complainers, who were drunk, had any money to lose. He calculated their progress through many public-houses, and showed that they had spent much more than they recollected. The issue was that the young advocate succeeded in getting a verdict only of assault but not of robbery. Thus the capital sentence was avoided.

About this time a celebrated trial took place. A

regiment in the barracks had frequently got into discord with the citizens. One night, in the Trongate, opposite the Tron Church, a serious conflict ensued. A young officer in passing drew his sword and called on the soldiers "to *fall in*," with the intent to lead them back to the barracks in the Gallowgate. A Mr. Scott, foreman to Mr. Wm. Buchanan, house painter, whose premises were in Hutcheson Street, on the site now occupied by the City Chambers, happened to pass. Thinking that the officer was about to take part with his men against the townsmen, he sprang out, and seized and broke the officer's sword. He was brought to the bar of the Circuit Court. The judge (Lord Hermand), in charging the jury, became almost frantic at the daring act of the painter. "Gentlemen," he bawled, "the sword was given to this officer by His Majesty, and none dared to take it from him except him who gave it. Had it been I that had the sword, and the painter had sought to have deprived me of my weapon, I would —I would—I do not know what the consequences would have been." His lordship at this stage almost lost the power of speech, and his colleague (Lord Justice-Clerk Boyle) brought to him a tumbler of water from the closet behind. The man was acquitted, and the audience applauded, on which the judge ordered the court to be cleared, which was done by a party of soldiery with fixed bayonets.

At this period it was usual for the judges, in inflicting sentences of any kind, to address the convicted at very great length, and the sentences were read by the clerk in certain adjusted forms, especially in sentences of transportation, which were generally for seven,

fourteen, and twenty-one years, with the express certification that if they returned they would suffer death. Their lordships indulged at great length on the rigid nature of the law in the penal colony. In one of those long addresses a young girl got tired, and interrupted his lordship with the exclamation, "Never mind, my Lord, I'll get a black man there." His lordship, nowise disconcerted, merely interjected, "Then deeply sympathising, as I certainly do, with the black man, I was going on to say before you interrupted me, that if you ever again be found swerving from the paths of honesty you will find a severer law in that region than you have found in this." *

Two persons were once on trial before the Circuit Court for theft, aggravated by housebreaking. A smart fellow was put into the witness-box to give evidence as a King's witness, or approver, as it is termed in English law. A young advocate, a native of Glasgow, who afterwards became a sheriff, had newly been called to the Bar, but on circuit at that time neither wig nor gown was worn. The advocate was connected with a well-known and highly respected family in Glasgow, and in time of circuit took up his residence with a relative in Carlton Place. This juvenile counsel at the trial appeared for the accused parties, and put the following question to the young *gamin*: "At what place was it that you and the prisoners first concocted the plan for the robbery?" The witness, with a seeming desire to give very accurate and particular information on the question, remained silent for a few seconds, meanwhile scratching his unkempt head, and then, in-

* *Rambling Recollections of Old Glasgow*, p. 83.

stead of answering the question, *more Scotice* became the interrogator. "Do you ken the High Street?" "Quite well," was the ready response of counsel. "Then you maybe ken Bell Street?" "Yes," was the prompt reply. "Then it is not unlikely you will ken the big wall (well) which stands just fornent Bell Street?" "Yes," was then again gladly repeated, as the point seemed coming the closer. "Then you may at your leisure gang and pump that well, and you will get plenty and guid water frae it; but me ye'll never pump." Judge, jury, and audience could scarcely keep their wonted and becoming gravity.

Two young men, who were great friends, went together to the theatre in Glasgow, supped at the lodgings of one of them, and passed a whole summer night over their punch. In the morning a kindly wrangle broke out about their separating, or not separating, in the course of which, by some rashness, one of them was stabbed, not violently, but in so vital a part that he died on the spot. The survivor was tried, and was convicted of culpable homicide. The legal guilt was greater than the moral, and, very properly, he was sentenced to only a short term of imprisonment.

Lord Hermand, who was renowned as a boon companion, felt that discredit had been brought on the cause of drinking, then so common and fashionable, even in the best society, and he had no sympathy with the tenderness of his temperate brethren on the judicial bench, but was vehement for transportation.

"We are told, my laards," said he, "that there was no malice, and that the prisoner must have been in liquor. In liquor! Why, he was drunk! and yet he

murdered the very man who had been drinking with him! They had been carousing the whole night, and yet he stabbed him! after drinking a whole bottle of rum with him! My laards! if he will do this when he is drunk, what will he not do when he's sober?" *

Lord Eskgrove, at the Glasgow Circuit Court, had to condemn two prisoners to death for breaking into the house of Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, assaulting him, and robbing him of a large sum of money. He first, as was his constant practice, explained the nature of the various crimes—assault, robbery, and hamesucken, of which last he gave the explanation—namely, the crime of beating or assaulting a person within his own house. He next reminded them that they had attacked the house and the persons within it, and robbed them; and then he came to this climax—

"All this you did, and, God preserve us! just when they were sitten down to their denner!" †

The public of Scotland is indebted to Mr. Robert M'Nair, merchant in Glasgow, for obtaining the abolition of a shameful custom, which in olden times existed in our Exchequer Court. It was the practice, in all Exchequer trials, for the Crown, when successful, to pay each juryman one guinea, and to give the whole of them their supper. It happened that Mr. M'Nair had got into some scrape with the Excise, and an action was raised against him in the Exchequer Court at Edinburgh. When the case came to be called, the Crown Advocate, after narrating all the facts and commenting on them, concluded his address to the jury

* *The Anecdotage of Glasgow*, p. 285.
† *Ibid.* p. 247.

by reminding them that if they brought in a verdict they would receive a guinea each and their supper. Upon hearing which Mr. M'Nair rose up, and asked the judges if he might be allowed the liberty of speaking one word to the jury. To which request the judges readily assented. Mr. M'Nair then turned round to the jury and thus addressed them: "Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard what the learned Advocate for the Crown has said, namely, 'that he will give you a guinea each, and your supper, if you bring in a verdict in favour of the Crown.' Now, here am I, Robert M'Nair, merchant in Glasgow, standing before you, and I promise you two guineas each, and your dinner to boot, with as much wine as you can drink, if you bring in a verdict in my favour;" and here Mr. M'Nair sat down. The trial went on, and Mr. M'Nair obtained a verdict in his favour. After this trial the Crown never made any attempt at influencing the jury by this species of bribery.*

The late John Clerk (afterwards Lord Eldin), when at the bar, was counsel in a case before Lord Hermand, and having finished his address sat down to receive judgment. The judge took up the case strongly, and dwelt longer than usual on its various aspects. Becoming somewhat excited, the saliva from his lips was projected on to the face of the sarcastic advocate, who remarked, "I hae often heard o' the dew of Hermon, but never felt it afore this nicht."

Perhaps enough has been said about the administration of justice in old Glasgow, and no doubt modern cases of notoriety, such as the Madeleine Smith, Prit-

* *Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. i. p. 295.

chard, City of Glasgow Bank Directors, and other recent cases, are familiar to the reading public. It may therefore be as well to turn from the criminal side of law and record a few matters of interest on the civil side.

The following is a summons which may throw some light on the small strifes which long ago often deluged the Courts of Justice: The summons sets forth "that James Fergus, leather currier in Glasgow (the complainer), about six weeks ago, at least within the last six months, had a pair of fine canarie birds: That the hen of this pair laid four fine eggs, and after laying of them the hen turned sicklie: That the complainer communicated this circumstance to John Macindoe, tinsmith (the defender), who at this time had a pair of canarie birds, and his hen had three eggs: That the defender bargained and agreed with the complainer to take his four eggs and lay them below his (the defender's) hen, and she would bring out the whole *seven* eggs, and whatever young ones were produced from the whole *seven* eggs, the complainer was to have the *half thereof*: That *five* birds were brought out from the seven eggs, but one of them died, and there also remains four birds, said to be fine cocks, in perfect good health, and able to pick seed for their own preservation: That the said defender now refuses to give the complainer any of the said four birds: Therefore, the said defender should be decerned either to deliver to the complainer the one just and equal half of the said four birds after drawing cuts for the first choice, or to make payment to him of £1, 1s. sterling as the value thereof, or the value of his four eggs, together with

fifteen shillings of expenses of process, or such other sum as shall be modified at sentence." The summons is dated the 21st July 1768. It will be observed how providential it was that the whole of the seven eggs did not come to their full time, as two miscarried and again how one of the *five* coming into existence died. Had there been an odd number the judgment of Solomon could scarcely have obviated the legal difficulty.

The gentlemen of the law in Glasgow are not now looked upon as fire-eaters, but time was when duelling was not unknown among them. In fact one of the fraternity figured in the last attempt at duelling known to have taken place in Glasgow. The attempt ended in simple fiasco. A duel was arranged, some time in the 'thirties, between Mr. William Weir, the original editor of the *Glasgow Argus*—a paper which became extinct many years ago—and Mr. John Douglas of Barloch, a local lawyer, politician, and wit. The latter was physically a large and dignified personage, and it was wickedly suggested that either he himself, or some of his trusty confrères, had got the public authorities informed quietly and timeously of what was about to take place. The consequence was, that as he sat in his parlour, with his pistols displayed on the table before him, waiting for the appointed hour and eager for the fray, the minions of the law broke in upon his heroic meditations, and, *nolens volens*, bound him over to keep the peace.*

Mr. James Galloway, writer in Glasgow, was a fine old man, and at one time was Professor of Conveyanc-

* *Backward Glances*, p. 116.

ing. He was, however, a little pompous in expounding the doctrines of law to his students. He delighted in expatiating to them on the antiquity of deeds of conveyance, and consequently of lawyers as their framers; and he used to bring forward, neck and shoulders, the purchase by Abraham, from Ephron the Hittite, of the field and cave of Machpelah, which, in the worthy lecturer's opinion, created "a strong inferential case" that at that remote time Sarah's grave, with the field and trees, must have formed the subject of consultation between her Chaldean husband and a Canaanitish lawyer, resulting in a formal deed of sale, probably as simple in style as the Scotch disposition!—in fact, that as the sacred record expressly states the transaction "was made sure," Mr. Galloway could not for the life of him see how that could be done effectually without a deed, though very likely wanting a registration clause!*

Generally speaking, humour is not much in evidence in law offices. The present writer spent ten years in legal chambers—three of them in the largest office in Scotland—and little of a humorous nature came under his notice. Beyond the vagaries of one religious enthusiast who left a will in favour of his sister, whom failing, of his mother, whom failing, "then to Jesus Christ only," the only really funny incident which occurred was in connection with the completion of one of the most important deeds ever executed in Scotland. It was an assignation of good will and trade-marks. The consideration was something like two millions, and the stamp duty was over eleven thousand pounds. It happened that at that time there was a "catch word" much

**Glasgow Past and Present*, vol. ii. p. 418.

in vogue among the youths of Glasgow. They referred to everything as "a common or garden" so and so. The assignation already mentioned had been duly signed by the Directors and sealed by the Company. It was then returned to the solicitor's office in order that the testing clause, the most vital portion of the deed, giving particulars of its execution, might be completed.

The deed was entrusted to an experienced clerk, who proceeded to inscribe as follows:—

"In Witness Whereof these presents are subscribed by —— and ——, two of the Directors of the said John Jones Limited, and are sealed with the common *or garden* seal of the said Company, etc. etc."

The feelings of the Company's solicitor when he discovered the mistake can only be properly realised by brother solicitors.

An amusing story is told of the late Colin Dunlop Donald, who, for some reason or another, received his legal training in Edinburgh, chiefly in the office of James Dundas, Clerk to the Signet, founder of the great firm of Dundas & Wilson. It was a convivial place and a convivial time. Mr. Donald used to tell how one night, dining with Mr. Dundas, need for some wine arose. The steps to the cellar were awkward, the sederunt had been long, and no one but Mr. Dundas knew where the wine wanted lay. At last the difficulty was solved. The apprentice took the master on his back down to the cellar. The latter pointed out the wine to be taken up, and then the modern pious Æneas returned with his double burden.*

* *One Hundred Glasgow Men*, vol. i. p. 107.

A certain Glasgow writer, desiring to proceed to Holland by the Harwich route, sent a telegram saying, "Please reserve a sleeping-berth for Forbes."

The gentleman in question was a bachelor, and upon mentioning his intended trip to his friends, and also mentioning his telegram, they chaffingly told him that he would probably find himself among the ladies. Whereupon in great trepidation he sent off another telegram as follows: "Forbes is a man."

The average Scot is considered a saving individual, and one who looks askance at reckless expenditure. Of this type must surely have been a prominent Glasgow lawyer who used to send his clerk down to the Central Station on the first day of each month to ascertain if there were any changes in the trains, and if so to correct his penny diary. Thus are fortunes made.

Some of the legal fraternity are given to the use of strong language. A dispute once sprang up between a lawyer who fancied that he was of ancient lineage, and another whose father had made a fortune in the manufacture of chemical manure. The interview was concluded by a statement from the former gentleman to the effect that he would not submit to insolence from any b——y son of a d——d dung merchant. From which it will be seen that the manners of Vere de Vere are not greatly in vogue in Glasgow, even in professional circles. But perhaps in saying this one does injustice to the metropolis of the West. The gentleman who made the remark no longer honours the City with his presence.

A good story is told of a well-known lawyer who

was deeply engaged dictating an important deed to his clerk. The door of his private room had a large pane in it of frosted glass, and against this pane there suddenly loomed the shadow of a woman. The lawyer saw, was annoyed, and, turning to his clerk, said savagely—

"Here's this d——d b——ch coming to interrupt me."

Then hastening to the door he flung it open, and holding out both hands remarked sweetly—

"Come away in, madam, come away in. We were just talking about you."

The following three stories of legal instructors may fittingly be included in this chapter.

A professor in the Faculty of Law had occasion in his lectures to mention the name of Lord Stair, a famous Scottish lawyer. The professor—a highly respected man—was rather fond of showing how excellent were his social connections. Therefore when he first mentioned the name of Lord Stair he paused, with a beatific smile on his countenance, and said to the class—

"And, gentlemen, this mention of Lord Stair reminds me that only the other evening I myself had the honour of taking the Countess of Stair in to dinner." Whereat, of course, loud applause. But tradition says that the statement was made each winter session for many years.

The same professor had a praiseworthy desire to make all his students understand clearly any particular point which he was striving to elucidate. To attain this end he would take infinite pains. But if

during his explanations he observed any student paying insufficient heed, that unhappy youth was promptly held up to scorn and derision. For the professor proceeded as follows:—

"Now, gentlemen, I have laboured this point at some length, as I wished to make it clear to all of you. The question is not a difficult one, but it is my desire that no student in this class should be able to say that a point has been insufficiently explained. Therefore I have treated the subject with the greatest simplicity. I have made it intelligible to all ordinary minds. Nay, more, I have made this point obvious to the very meanest intelligence in the class. Mr. Brown in bench 4, will you kindly stand up and explain this point which I have just elucidated?"

Of course Mr. Brown was the inattentive student, and probably came to ignominious grief in his attempted explanation. Whereupon the professor would proceed—

"Gentlemen, I thought I had explained this matter with absolute clearness. I thought I had made it obvious to the very meanest capacity in my class. But it appears that there is at least one intelligence which I have not been able to reach. Sit down, Mr. Brown."

Another University tale runs as follows: There was a somewhat irascible Professor of Conveyancing, whom we shall call Smiley. But it was a source of great grief to him that occasionally ignorant people addressed him as Professor Smellie. On such occasions, the Professor was an angry man. In the course of time he was gathered to his fathers; and a story went round the University as to his reception at the

Gates of Heaven, when he went to learn his fate from St. Peter.

"Who are you?" asked the Saint.

"I am Professor Smiley," was the answer.

The Saint produced his Register and began to run over the names therein.

"Smail," he murmured, running his finger down the column, "Small, Smart,—Ah! here we are—Smellie. Andrew Smellie, Alexander Smellie, Alfred Smellie——"

The professorial wrath blazed forth.

"No, no, mister! Not Smellie, Smiley!"

"My mistake," said the Saint. "Here we are. Smiley,—Andrew, Alexander, Bertram, Charles, Duncan, Edward, Frederick, George, Harry, Ignatius, John——"

"Yes, yes, mister, John Smiley."

"John Smiley, LL.D., Professor of Conveyancing in the University of Glasgow?" said the Saint interrogatively.

"Yes, yes, mister. That's me."

"Humph! Damned. Second door to the left, and mind the step."

The legal profession in Glasgow is not divided into societies to the extent which prevails in Edinburgh. In Glasgow the W.S. and the S.S.C. are practically unknown; but the majority of the members of the profession of good standing are members of the Faculty of Procurators—a Corporation laying claim to a direct historical connection with the Chapter of the Bishopric of Glasgow in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The office of Dean of the Faculty is at

present held by Mr. James Mackenzie, LL.D., who is one of the leading authorities in Glasgow upon Shipping Law. Like many other outstanding Glasgow men he was educated at the High School; among his classmates being the Very Rev. Pearson McAdam Muir, D.D., whose portrait also appears in this volume; and that distinguished educationalist Sir Henry Craik. Upon leaving the High School Dr. Mackenzie studied at Glasgow University, and since 1869 he has been engaged in the legal profession. In 1911 the University of Glasgow conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.,—partly, no doubt, because of his having served the University as Lecturer on Mercantile Law from 1894 till 1899, but also, to some extent, because of the interest which he has always taken in the Royal Technical College, Glasgow, of which institution Dr Mackenzie is at present the Vice-Chairman.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

CHAPTER ELEVEN
OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

TIME WAS WHEN THE CITIZEN OF GLASgow cared little and knew less about Medicine. His Pharmacopœia was akin to that which is said still to prevail in remote parts of the Western Highlands—tar for the sheep and whisky for the people. Life in those distant times was common and cheap. Money was scarce, and valuable. The canny Glasgow man did not relish parting with hard-earned siller of ascertainable value for medical advice of dubious quality. Therefore if he received a "clour on the heid" from some quarrelsome fellow-citizen, the Glasgow man, prior to the sixteenth century, did not rush to the local professors of the healing art, but laved his injured cranium in the waters of the classic Molendinar. Of ordinary ailments he took all the risks. If he recovered, good and well. If he died, it was the Lord's will. In consequence of this delightful blend of parsimony and fatalism the medical profession was long in establishing any satisfactory footing in Glasgow. In some measure this may have been due to indiscretions on the part of the doctors themselves. An old proverb says "It's an ill bird that fouls its own nest," and yet one finds that on the 3rd of June 1589, Thomas Myln, a salaried surgeon, was brought up before the Council for speaking "sclanderouslie of the town, calling it the hungry town of Glasgow." But "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and no doubt the erring Thomas Myln considered that his experiences justified his criticism. Nevertheless he should have put a bridle on his tongue, for the Magistrates of the City

were jealous of its good fame. Therefore they seized the incautious Thomas, and, having considered his case, ordained him to appear at the Cross, confess his fault, and forfeit his pension for one year, or longer if the magistrates thought fit. No doubt this sentence would put a check upon further audible criticisms by the sufferer; but it is difficult to see how the forfeiture of his pension for a year was to convince him that Glasgow was not a hungry town.

The Magistrates even a century later than the foregoing occurrence still exercised a fatherly care over the profession and its patients, for it is recorded that in August 1685 the Council decreed as follows:—"The said day ordains the Thesaurer to pay John Hall, younger, Chirurgian, the soum of fourty pounds Scots for cureing of James Hamilton, son to vmqll James Hamilton, Wryter, of ane whyte scabbed head, being ordained to be cured be the provost."

But fifty years prior to the distressing case of James Hamilton the medical profession in Glasgow had received Royal recognition, and the Royal Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons had been founded in virtue of a Charter granted by the King on 14th August 1635. The actual founder appears to have been Dr. Peter Lowe, who was a man born ahead of his time. In other words, he was a man of discernment, judgment, and breadth of mind; which qualities, and especially the last mentioned, were bound to cause him to come into collision with the narrow-minded and sour Presbyterians of his time. Peter Lowe pursued his studies in Paris; and this circumstance also tended to make conflict inevitable with the clerical element in Glas-

gow. An entertaining account of his troubles is given by Dr. Alexander Duncan in his *Memorials of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow*, in which one may read as follows:—

"The state of his surroundings generally, the rudeness of manners, society everywhere dominated by a stern ecclesiastical despotism, must have struck him as strange. He had just returned from France. Curiously enough, it was with the high and mighty power of the Kirk that he appears to have come early into collision. The following is a minute of the Presbytery of 8th August 1598: 'the Presbeteri orderis Mr. Peter Lowe, Doctor of Chirurgerie, to be convenit before ye Sessioun, thair to āsser for his ētrie on ye Pillar (a species of cutty stool placed outside the church on which the penitent had to stand frequently in sackcloth), not having satisfyed ye Thesaurer of ye Kirk, and wtout his instructions, and not behaving him on ye pillar as becumes; and furder to mak as yet two Sondayes his repētance on ye Pillar, and first to satisfie ye Thesaurer, as ye said Sessioun hes ordenit him to do.' What the original offence was which rendered him liable to ecclesiastical discipline we are not told. It must have been trifling in its nature, otherwise the penalty would have been different.

"But in the present instance, whatever the original peccadillo, we gather from the minute that the Doctor had been condemned to the pillar, and further mulcted in a compulsory contribution to the Kirk funds. Of the first part of the punishment he had apparently made fun, and the fine remained unpaid. Whether he ever 'made his repentance, as ordanit,' and, if he did,

whether on the second occasion the merry Doctor 'behaved him as becumes,' and even whether, as a preliminary step, he contrived 'to satisfie ye Thesaurer,' are questions on which the defective records throw no light. Doubtless long residence on the Continent, with so many of these years passed in camps, had impressed on his manners a freedom which would ill accord with rigid Presbyterian notions of decorum." *

Doctor Peter Lowe survived the censure of the Church for twelve years, and his tombstone stands against the south wall of the High Churchyard, near the entry gate to the Cathedral. History is silent as to when it was erected, or by whom. It is the property of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, having come into their possession in 1834 by purchase from Rev. John Hamilton Gray of Chesterfield, the eminent genealogist, whose family had acquired it in consequence of some of their descendants being also descendants of Dr. Lowe. The quaint inscription is still legible, though the stone shows too evident signs of the corroding hand of time.

1612.†

M

P L

John Lowe James Lowe

DOCTOR PETER LOWE

The founder of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons

STAY . PASSENGER . AND . VIOW . THIS . STONE
FOR . UNDER . IT . LYIS . SUCH . A . ONE

* *Memorials of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow*, Alex. Duncan, LL.D., p. 26.

† It has now been ascertained that Dr. Peter Lowe died on 15th August 1610.

WHO . CUIRED . MANY . WHILL . HE . LIEVED
SOE . GRACIOUS . HE . NOE . MAN . GRIEVED
YEA . WHEN . HIS . PHISICKS . FORCE . OFT . FAILED
HIS . PLESANT . PURPOSE . THEN . PREVAILED
FOR . OF . HIS . GOD . HE . GOT . THE . GRACE
TO . LIVE . IN . MIRTH . AND . DIE . IN . PEACE
HEAVIN . HES . HIS . SOUL . HIS . CORPS . THIS . STONE
SIGH . PASSENGER . AND . SO . BE . GONE.

AH ME I GRAVELL AM AND DUST
AND TO THE GRAVE DESHEND I MOST
O PAINTED PEICE OF LIVEING CLAY
MAN BE NOT PROUD OF THY SHORT DAY.

"In view of the fact that this tombstone was rapidly decaying, the Faculty, in 1892, resolved to erect a bronze memorial tablet to Dr. Lowe within the nave of the Cathedral. An appropriate design was made by Mr. Pittendreigh Macgillivray the eminent sculptor, then of Glasgow, afterwards of Edinburgh; and the epitaph on the tombstone is reproduced under the figured part of the tablet, which stands on the north wall of the nave almost opposite the south door. This memorial tablet was unveiled by Dr. Bruce Goff, President of the Faculty, in presence of a number of the Fellows and Glasgow citizens, on the 5th April 1895." *

About this period it would seem that the knowledge of the classic tongues was not general, for we find that the pharmacist's formula entitled him "to sell drogues, and mak up recepies according to the Doctor's directions." But in one case, that of a Paisley apothecary, this rider is added, "which he is to receive from ye

* *Memorials of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow*, p. 30.

Doctor in ye Scots language, because he has no other language." *

Unhappily the Faculty was not without troubles caused by its own members, as witness the case, in 1667 on 24th September, of William Cliddesdaill. In regard to this case one finds it recorded that "a complaint is givene in by the sd Arch. Bogle (the Visitor for the year) and Wm. Currie, makand mentione that q^t Wm. Cliddesdaill upon the 19th day of the sd monethe in presence of the haill bretherne upon reciding of the sd Wm. Currie" (a new entrant examined at the previous meeting) "his supplicaone anent his admissione to exerce such points of chirurgie or apothecarie as he sould be fund qualified unto. Trew it is the sd Wm. did in ane most uncivill maner, w^tout any offence given, upbraid the sd visitour by uttering ane number of vyll expressions, as particularlie yt he was ane mere fool and ane ass not worthie to carry office in his place, and did call the sd Wm Currie ane warlock and runniegait going fra door to door, as the sd complaint more fully comportes." The accused admitted the offence so far as Currie was concerned, but denied it as respected the Visitor. Thereupon the charge was put to proof, the evidence of the Visitor and other members present being taken, with the result that the accused was found guilty as libelled. "Thereupon the said facultie all in one voyce did fyne the sd Wm. Cliddesdail in Twenty merks moneye for the use of the poor and yt the sd Wm. sould never carrie office nor have a vott in all tyme coming, except

* *Memorials of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow*, p 52.

the Visitour present and to com and the facultie see his good behaviour in the futur." Cliddesdaill was afterwards rehabilitated on his own application, and his fine remitted. But he appears to have had a knack of getting into scrapes. In 1669 the widow of one John Risk laid a complaint against him before the faculty for "malpraxis," which she alleged had resulted in the death of her husband. The complaint is set down with a quaint minuteness which almost borders on the ludicrous; how "that the sd umquhill John Risk having ane paine in his briest" consulted Cliddesdaill, paying him a fee in advance, whereupon the latter gave to the "defunct in two cockell shells ane potione of antimonie," with instructions as to the taking of it. The result is thus stated: "The sd defunct made use yrof upon the morrow, being a Sabbath day . . . that it did no wayes in the least work with the sd defunct until Monday at aight, at which time that it wroght the defunct to death." Cliddesdaill denied the charge *in toto*: but his admission that he had administered to the patient "some oyles and some pills" was enough to seal his fate. He had treated a medical case, which was "altogether contrair to his act of admission." He was therefore heavily fined, and a representation of the facts was ordered to be made to the Town Council, with what object does not appear.*

The surgeon of the seventeenth century combined the duties of barber with those of surgeon, a blend of occupation which to modern ideas appears peculiar. This humbler side of the profession appears to have

* *Memorials of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow*, p. 67.

been a stumbling-block to some of its members, and to have endangered their salvation. But of Sunday shaving the Faculty had a pious horror. Again and again they had to put down the foot on impious barbers, who were inclined to please their patrons by indulging in the proscribed practice. Here is a minute of January 1676: "The sd day, upon informaone given to the facultie that severall barbors, who were members yrof within the burgh, are prophaners of the Sabath by barborizing of persons yt day. They taking it to ther consideraone, and finding the same to be so gross a sin, and violaone and breach of the Sabath day, contrair to the word of God, and to all lawes both humane and divyne. That any should take upon them who are members of the Incorporaone, and does sitt and vott w^t^ them to comitt the same, being in itself most scandelous, as it is a hiely provoking sin, They all w^t^ on consent doe heirby enact that qtever person, ether a pñt incorporat wt them, or who sall heireft be admitted as a member of the facultie, sall presume to barborize any person qtsever upon ane Sabboth day, and he be convict yrof in presence of the facultie, sall for each of the first and second faultes, pay in to the Collector of the upsett ffourtie punds Scots, and upon refusal to pay the same, to be declarit no member of the facultie, and his act of admissione cancellit and delet. Lykeas if any sall happen to be so gross as be convict a third tyme, of the foresd sin, they do heirby declare him no member of ye sd facultie fra yt tyme furth as if he had never been admittit, and incapable at any tyme yreft to be readmittit, and his act of admission cancellit, scorit, and expungit

furth of ther records as a prson unworthie of being incorporat in any societie, and much less to be a member of the facultie." This last sentence reveals a depth and virulence of detestation of unsanctified shaving to which the Faculty Clerk of the day was fortunately able to give adequately pungent expression.*

In a work of general appeal, such as the present book, it is not appropriate to follow a learned profession through all its development. Whatever may have been the case in bygone times the medical profession now has an honoured place in Glasgow, and numbers among its members scores of men whose labours and skill are likely to enhance the reputation of the Glasgow medical practitioners. But the slow growth and development of the Faculty, however interesting, cannot be fully traced here. Those of an inquiring turn of mind will find the whole history of the Glasgow Faculty admirably detailed in Dr. Duncan's able and exhaustive work. Since the days of Dr. Peter Lowe, the President's chair of the Royal Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons has been filled by a long succession of able and eminent men in the past, and is now fittingly occupied by Dr. James A. Adams, a distinguished son of Glasgow University, and a man who commands the confidence of the profession. Dr. Adams is full of vigour and activity, and his energies find outlet in various directions—all of them useful to his fellow-men. He holds the position of Surgeon in the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow. He is also Lecturer Examiner in Surgery in the University of Glasgow.

* *Memorials of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow*, p. 72

He further held the rank of Surg. Lieut.-Colonel, V.D., in the 1st Lanark Rifles. From his occupancy of this position one would gather that, like Dr. Peter Lowe, Dr. Adams is a man who will maintain the rights and privileges of the Royal Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons against all dangers.

Not so very long ago all Scotland was excited over the doings of Burke and Hare, and other murderers and resurrectionists; and therefore some reference to the question of the supply of anatomical subjects for dissection will not be out of place. Dr. Duncan writes as follows on this subject: "To another matter we must also briefly refer in this place, as it equally concerned the University School of which we have spoken and the extra-mural schools of which we are about to speak. The question of the mode in which the necessities of a large anatomical school, such as existed in Glasgow for a quarter of a century before the passing of the Anatomy Act, were supplied, is inevitably suggested by the statistics given above (showing the number of students), and those to be stated in connection with the outside schools. The number of students studying anatomy in Glasgow about the year 1814 has been estimated as about 800. For the use of such a number almost the only legalized means of obtaining subjects was by voluntary contract with relatives, from which source there would probably be almost no supply; and by claiming the victims of the gallows, the supply from which source was, as need not be said, wholly inadequate. This raises the question whether there is any evidence that there existed a lack of *matériel* for the

supply of the Glasgow dissecting rooms in the first third of the century. At a meeting of the medical profession held in London in 1826, in reference to a reform of the College of Surgeons, Mr. (afterwards Sir) William Lawrence said: 'But, Gentlemen, I have a more material objection to state, and it is to the catalogue of the schools of instruction to which the privilege of recognition has been conceded—Aberdeen, Glasgow! We know, gentlemen, that at least anatomy cannot be studied in these places with any hope of success. We are all, I believe, aware, and no one is more ready than myself to acknowledge the great talents and acquirements of the gentlemen at the head of the anatomical schools, in these places; but we are also aware that they are destitute of *subjects*.' This statement so definitely made at once provoked denial from persons in Glasgow who had evidently an intimate knowledge of the facts. It was averred that so far from Mr. Lawrence's assertion being true, the supply in Glasgow was better and very much cheaper than in Edinburgh, and even London itself. One correspondent of the *Lancet*, taking a retrospect within his own experience, stated that in 1814 though the total number studying anatomy was not less than 800, he never knew a student obliged to wait for longer than three or four days before he could be provided for dissection, whereas in London it was a common experience to wait a month. He also stated from his knowledge that in 1816 and 1817 Dr. Barclay's dissecting room in Edinburgh was supplied in great measure from that of Mr. Granville Sharp Pattison in Glasgow. These statements remained unchallenged,

and we may therefore assume that even at that period when the dissecting rooms were most crowded, there existed in Glasgow no lack of anatomical material. There is no doubt that a varying amount of this supply was afforded by an irregular traffic with Ireland, ghastly glimpses into which, through misadventure or inadvertence, occasionally shocked the public.

"The remaining source of supply was the illegitimate one of clandestine exhumation. It is very difficult now to form any proper estimate of the extent of 'resurrectionism' in Glasgow and the surrounding district. Most, if not all, of those who, as students, profited by, or took part in it, have departed, and few of them knew much beyond the doings of their own coteries." *

Many stories are told of the doings of the resurrectionists, but space forbids the quotation of more than one or two.

A great sensation was one winter excited by two medical students being found dead in bed in a lodging in Anderston Walk. Their death was announced as the result of suffocation, from the damper having fallen over the fireplace. But as a skirmish had the previous night taken place in the High Churchyard, and shots had been exchanged, their sudden deaths were attributed to a more sudden and violent cause. One startling event attracted much attention. In 1814 there was a private anatomy class on the north side of College Street. The lecturers were Dr. Andrew Russell and Dr. Granville Sharp Pattison. The former had

* *Memorials of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow*, p. 176.

his dwelling in Garthland Street, the latter in Carlton Place. One night the grave, in the Ramshorn Yard, of the wife of a respectable haberdasher in Hutcheson Street had been disturbed, and her body removed. It was afterwards understood that the wrong grave had been opened instead of an adjacent one, where a corpse of a humbler citizen had been deposited. The body of the lady was, on a search warrant, found in the dissecting room in College Street, identified by some curious marks. The two lecturers were tried before the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh, but acquitted because the identification did not completely satisfy the jury, nor were the lecturers proved to have been parties to the opening of the grave.*

During resurrection times, in addition to watchers of graves and churchyards, trap-guns were set to scare the violators of the so-called last resting-places of the dead; but in spite of all such precautions the outrages were numerous. One instance is recorded of a student in Glasgow being killed by stumbling over one of these guns. He and two companions were in search of a body in the Blackfriars churchyard at the time of the fatal mishap. When he dropped dead, his fellow-students were horrified; but the fear of discovery forced them to adopt an extraordinary method of taking away the body of their unfortunate friend.

They carried it to the outside of the churchyard, and placed it on its feet against the wall; then they each tied a leg to one of theirs, and taking the corpse by the arms, they passed slowly along the street towards their lodgings, shouting and singing as if they were three

* *Rambling Recollections of Old Glasgow*, p. 161.

roisterers returning from a carouse. Once safely home, the dead man was put to bed, and next morning the story was circulated that during the night he had committed suicide.*

In these up-to-date times electricity figures largely in medical practice, but at the beginning of the nineteenth century its uses were little understood, and men of science were still at a loss to comprehend fully either its generation or its application. The following story of an experiment with a galvanic battery is of interest in this connection.

At the Glasgow Circuit Court in October 1819 a collier of the name of Matthew Clydesdale was condemned to death for murder. The judge, in passing sentence, ordered, as was the custom, that after the execution the body should be given to Dr. James Jeffrey, the lecturer on anatomy in the University, "to be publicly dissected and anatomised." The execution took place on the 4th of November following, and immediately thereafter the body of the murderer was taken to the College dissecting theatre, where a large number of students and many of the general public were gathered to witness an experiment it was proposed to make upon it.

The intention was that a newly invented galvanic battery should be tried upon the body, and the greatest interest had accordingly been excited. The corpse of the murderer was placed in a sitting posture in a chair, and the handles of the instrument put into the hands. Hardly had the battery been set working than the auditory observed the chest of the dead man heave,

* *The Anecdotage of Glasgow*, p. 263.

and he rose to his feet. Some of them swooned for fear; others cheered at what was deemed a triumph of science. But the Professor, alarmed at the aspect of affairs, put his lancet in the throat of the murderer, and he dropped into his seat. For a long time the community discussed the question whether or not the man was really dead when the battery was applied. Most probably he was not. For in those days death on the scaffold was slow—there was no *long drop* to break the spinal cord; it was simply a case of strangulation.*

While the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons is the predominant medical society in Glasgow, there is nevertheless a very flourishing kindred society on the south side of the river. It is known as the Glasgow Southern Medical Society, and had its origin more in a desire for social meetings of its members than in any notion of the advancement of medical science. No doubt the members benefit by the interchange of thought and opinion; but from the start the Society included genial souls, and many such are still numbered among its members. An interesting sketch of the Glasgow Southern Medical Society was written some time ago by Dr. John Dougall, and from it one gathers the impression that the ordinary meetings of the Society were intellectual feasts; while the annual picnic raised the members to realms of pure delight.

The Society included men of varying attainments, and among the number Doctor Campbell, who possessed an inventive turn of mind. One of the fruits of his genius was a gastroscope—an instrument intended

* *The Anecdotage of Glasgow*, p. 226.

to aid the examination of the human stomach. Unfortunately, the inventor could not find any living subject willing to submit to the insertion of the gastroscope into his alimentary canal. Even the brethren of the Southern Medical Society shrank from the ordeal. It happened, however, that "the shows" were then at the foot of Saltmarket, it being Glasgow Fair, and amongst the various wonderful feats there performed was the swallowing of a sword by one of the performers. Dr. Campbell hearing of this, naturally concluded that when the man could swallow a sharp, rigid, flat sword, he would have no difficulty in getting him to swallow his smooth, flexible, round gastroscope. Accordingly, he called at the sword-swallower's booth, and producing his gastroscope, tackled him by explaining its intended use, and requesting liberty to experiment on him with it. The showman looked askance at the gastroscope and shook his head in a mild, negative way. Dr. Campbell urged that from the construction of his instrument the experiment was perfectly incapable of doing the least injury; and said further that if the showman could swallow a sword without danger he could surely swallow the comparatively harmless gastroscope. But the showman was inflexible, and put a damper on Dr. Campbell's ardent hopes about the future of his gastroscope by abruptly exclaiming, "I know I can swallow a sword, but I'll be —— if I can swallow a trumpet." *

But if the members of the Society shrank from assisting their inventive brother they at least stood by one

* *Historical Sketch of the Glasgow Southern Medical Society*, John Dougall, M.D., p. 14.

another in the matter of professional charges. Thus one finds it minuted that "Dr. Scott mentioned a case at the cavalry barracks (then in Eglinton Street) which he attended, but the officer would only pay 2s. out of the 5s. which were charged." This was a situation full of pathos from the medical man's point of view. But he appears to have been a person of determination and perseverance, for at the next meeting he read letters from the Board of Ordnance, to whom he had appealed, sending him his full fee.

The question of fees seems to have been much before the Society about this time (1850), for the Society agreed "to keep a 'Black Book' of those patients who have failed or refused to pay their accounts." One gathers, however, from the Minute Book, that this plan was not a conspicuous success.

Mention has already been made of the annual picnic of the Society. On 21st June 1877 the Society held its picnic at Tillietudlem, and the joys of the occasion inspired one of the members, Dr. T. F. Gilmour, to write the following commemorative verses :—

"Forty doctors, bent on play,
Pitch'd upon the longest day,
And travelled forty miles away,
To dine at Tillietudlem.

The Faculty sent their right hand ;
Th' Infirmaries were a robust band ;
The Schools sent both their teachers and
Their taught to Tillietudlem.

Of all the band did one M.D.
Care not one —— for what might be
His hapless patients' lot while he
Was doing Tillietudlem.

With sundry fluids, white and red,
Kept going round they typified
The circulation of the blood,
While seeking Tillietudlem.

With song and story, jest and prank,
They reached the Castle, dined and drank,
Got photographed in triple rank ;
The background Tillietudlem.

The Dougal Cratur led the lot,
He evidently knew the spot,
The fossils, strata, and what not
That's found at Tillietudlem.

Then some sought fossils in the glen,
And peered through audits at the men
Who win the coals out of the den
That pierces Tillietudlem.

And some had beetles on the brain,
And searched for grubs among the grain;
Some wiser (?), only sought champagne
And beer at Tillietudlem.

How sweet the multitudinous hum
From birds and burns and branches come
Upon the tickled tympanum,
Unused to Tillietudlem.

And grudge them not the time they spent—
The city deaths fell four per cent
That day the forty doctors went
To dine at Tillietudlem."*

The following three anecdotes relating to Glasgow doctors will perhaps afford some amusement:—

A wealthy citizen of Glasgow, who had the misfortune to require the frequent services of his medical

* In view of the interesting effect of the picnic upon the vital statistics of the city, mentioned in the last verse, the Glasgow Public would not grudge its doctors an annual outing.

man, was in the habit of having the gold always ready in his hand wherewith to reward the doctor when he felt his pulse.

One day, on the doctor making his stated visit, the servant, with a rueful countenance, said to him mournfully, "All is over!"

"Over?" re-echoed the doctor, with sad surprise, as the vision of his accustomed fee flashed before his mind's eye; and then he added—

"Impossible! Let me see him. Surely he cannot be dead yet; some trance or heavy sleep, perhaps."

Accordingly the doctor was ushered into the sable apartment, lifted the hand of the corpse, applied the finger to that artery which once ebbed and flowed with life, gave a sorrowful shake of his head, while with dexterous legerdemain he relieved from the grasp of death two guineas, *the last fee*, which in truth had been destined for him. Then, turning to those present, he said: "Ay, ay, good folks, he is dead. There is a destiny in all things."

And, full of shrewd professional sagacity, he turned on his heel.*

A pious Glasgow man was fast losing his hearing. For weeks he had prayed that the Lord would spare him from this affliction. But his hearing did not improve, so he decided to go to a medical man, and learn what was wrong with his ears. The doctor understood the trouble, and after using a small instrument for a few minutes, the man recovered his hearing. He immediately proceeded to thank God. Whereupon the doctor told him that there was no use expecting the Lord to

* *The Anecdotage of Glasgow*, p. 357.

clean his ears for him. He expected us to do some things for ourselves.

At a Glasgow dinner everyone had contributed to the entertainment but a Dr. Macdonald. "Come, come, doctor," said the chairman; but the doctor protested. "My voice," he said, "resembles the sound caused by the act of rubbing a brick along the panels of a door." The company attributed this to the doctor's modesty. "Very well," said he finally; "if you can stand it, I am willing," and he proceeded to murder a song. There was a painful silence when he concluded, broken at length by the voice of a country practitioner at the end of the table. "Man," he exclaimed, "your singing's not up to much, but your veracity's fine. Ye're richt aboot that brick."

We now live in days of fresh-air fiends and sanatoria; and most people are convinced that a liberal supply of ozone is beneficial to their frames. Generally speaking, the educated classes are alive to the importance of fresh air and open windows, but medical men have still a hard fight in many country and city districts to overcome popular prejudice. An admirable skit on this state of affairs appeared in the *Glasgow Herald* of 28th November 1908, from the pen of Mr. Alexander Welsh. It is here reproduced by permission.

The New Doctor

Kirsty Grey came out of her cottage and closed the window with a bang.

"Ay," she said, "a body's back's never turned but some o' they folk open the window. Gie a body their death o' cauld!"

"They will that," Mrs. Stout said, shaking her head. "Eh, ay, whow me! There was nane o' thae new-fangled ways in my young days."

"I met that young doctor," Kirsty said vindictively, "gaun smilin' doon the road, an' folk wi' their death o' —achoo!—death o' cauld wi' his nonsense!"

"Him an' his microbes an' his tubercul—tuber-culo—osis!" said Mrs. Stout. "There was nae microbes when the auld doctor was here. He gied ye a poother, an' away to your work in the mornin'. Ay, yon was the man that kent aboot a body's inside. There was nae open windows in my young days. Gie folk their death o' cauld!"

"They hae ta'en her away!" Kirsty said, looking up the road and nodding in the direction of a little cottage. "Eh, ay; puir cratur! Yon was an awfu' life, Leeb woman! I'm thankfu' nane o' us were like yon. Sleepit nicht an' day wi' the windows open, an' the sna' sometimes blawin' on her bed! Eh, puir cratur! An' Mrs. Kemp was here near greetin', for she says the windows hae been up sae lang she canna get them shut. Gie a body their death o' cauld!"

"Their death o' cauld!" Mrs. Stout said, conducting the conversation according to the most approved models in her style. "There was nae nonsense in my young days. Never a window open in my mither's hoose. We were weel brocht up. If a body took consumption, the doctor didna speak aboot microbes an' fresh air. Na, na, Kirsty; thae things are just sent!"

"Ay, puir cratur!" Mrs. Grey answered, sneezing violently. "But I'm thinkin' she had hersel' to blame. If her mind hadna been sae muckle set on the lads she

wadna hae ta'en a dwinin'. It wasna microbes that did yon!"

"Ay," Mrs. Stout said fervently. "Her mind was owre muckle set on Jamie Dick. Eh, she was never the same since he gied her the by-gae! An' a weel-faur'd lad!"

"Eh, yon wasna mensfu'," Kirsty answered. "Her black een gaun dancin' like yon when he looked at her. Eh, yon wasna like an unmarried lassie!"

"A thing I never did," said Mrs. Stout, "never. An' here am I, a married wife wi' eight bairns, an' five o' them dead, an' ane a sodjer!

"As I was sayin', she sleepit wi' the windows open. Yon couldna be guid for a body!"

"It could not," said Mrs. Grey. "I was brocht up in a box bed, an' my father wore a red nightcap, an' we drew the shutters roond us as soon as we got in. An' there was nae fresh air in my hoose. Gie a body —achoo!—the cauld! He disna need to tell me; me that has had seven bairns—ay, an' buried them a' but Maggie there. I ken something aboot consumption!"

"Thae young doctors," said Leeb, "ken naething! Wants us to take baths; wants to take away a body's tea. Him an' his dijestion; says folk should drink some wishy-washy China stuff that has nae mair taste than a pickle hay—an' me a fair martyr to indijestion!"

"In my mother's hoose," said Kirsty, with the conservatism of her sex, "the teapot was aye there, an' there it'll be in mine! Wants to take away a body's tea, an' that the only comfort a woman has. But come

in an' hae a drap ; the teapot's been at the fire this twa hours, an' it's weel drawn ! "

" I see, Kirsty," said Leeb, hastily accepting this handsome offer to add to the source of her indigestion, " ye hae a touch o' the cauld ! "

" I kenna whaur I got it," said Kirsty, looking hastily round for a draught. " There's never a window open in my house, an'—achoo !—I keep the chimneys stuffed up wi' rags ! "

The foregoing sketch simply hits off to the life the old-fashioned prejudice against fresh air and in favour of stewed tea. This chapter may fittingly conclude with another amusing sketch, dealing with the question of doctors' fees, which appeared in the *Glasgow Herald* on 31st July 1909. It also is a masterpiece in its way. The author is Dr. A. Leitch, and permission has again been kindly granted by the Editor of the *Glasgow Herald* to reproduce the article.

A Benefactor to Medicine

The flow of their conversation was interrupted by the car-conductor, who asked for their fares ; but, having contributed their pence to the Corporation revenue, the voluble lady resumed her discourse to her companion.

" ' Weel,' says I, ' Mrs. M'Inally,' says I, ' if you think I'm gaun to wash oot the close on ma ain week as weel as yours,' I says, ' while you are gaun aboot daein' the leddy,' says I, ' ye never were mair mistaken since ye were born,' I says, lookin' her straicht atween the een. An' then I thocht I wad just gie her

a piece o' ma mind, an' says I, 'There are some folk gaun aboot wi' false teeth that hasna peyed for them,' says I."

"An' whit did she say to that?"

"Oh, *her*? She juist glowered as if somebody had drawn the back o' their haun' across her mooth. An' then she up and she says she didna owe a penny tae a livin' sowl, and that there wis no tax on teeth people wis born with; an' then, says she, quite nebby like, tossin' her heid as much as to say, 'That's yin in the eye tae you,' she says, 'There are some folk that me and you kens that shifts their doctors without peyin' them aff,' says she. 'Ye impident trash,' says I; an' wi' that I juist slammed the door in her face. I was that mad it was a' I could dae tae keep my fingers aff her. That was a slap at me, ye ken, for sendin' for young Dr. M'Gilp to see oor wee Geordie when he wis no' weel. Dr. Thomson had seen him and said it was naething but a strain o' the muscles he got wi' playin' fitba'. That Dr. Thomson body disna pit himsel' aboot, an' he juist looks at ye as if ye were dirt, an' ye had nae bisness tae sen' for him. An' there wis wee Geordie lyin' there greetin' wi' pain. I says tae Dr. Thomson, says I, 'I ken Geordie's system better nor you. Him wi' muscles!' says I; 'he's faur ower young tae hae muscles. He'll no' be seeven till next Febberwary.' 'He'll be a' richt in a day or two,' says he, lofty like. 'Weel,' says I, 'thenk ye for your veesit, an' we'll no' need ye ony mair.' An' wi' that he demanded hauf a croon. 'Whit for?' says I. Says he, 'For ma advice.' 'I hae nae intention o' takin' your advice,' says I, 'an' I never pey for onything I dinna tak'.' Him a doctor?

A potty doctor! So I juist sent for Dr. M'Gilp, my guid-brither's wife's doctor. An' he cam' an' saw wee Geordie, an' soondit him a' ower, an' gied him a bottle. He's a nice, ceevil-spoken sort o' a man, wi' nae airs aboot him, an' that kind an' affable. Wee Geordie juist took to him at wance."

"Whit wis the matter wi' the laddie?"

"Weel, Dr. M'Gilp said, as shune as he clapped eyes on him, that it wis spine in the back, an' I says that wis juist whit I thocht mysel', an' Dr. M'Gilp said he wad juist catch it in time before it went tae his lungs. An' I declare, efter wan spoonfu' o' the medicine Geordie wis like himsel'. Aw, he's a nice man, a cliver, cliver doctor."

"Whit does he chairge a veesit?"

"Chairge a veesit? I canna richtly tell ye. Ye see ma man wisna constant workin' then, an' it wis close on the rent time, an' I hae juist keepit him hangin' on wi' wan thing an' anither, wi' John when he had a touch o' the liver, an' masel' when I wis doon wi' the broonkatics. Aw, but he's a nice, ceevil man, an' it's no' in him tae demand his money. They tell me that he had a gey sair fecht tae get through the college, an' he kens what it is himsel'. I daur say we'll be needin' him again shune for something: poor folks are aye in trouble. 'Deed, ay! I wad juist sen' for him in a meenit whenever ony o' us are no' weel. It's best tae grup thae things in time."

"But ye'll be rinnin' up an awfu' expense."

"Aw, weel, that's true. But Dr. M'Gilp is a nice young man, an' he's keen on gettin' experience, ye ken; an' I'm aye wullin' tae help thae young fellahs that

want tae get on. Forbye, ma man is tryin' tae get work doon at Greenock, whaur his auld brither is, an' maybe we'll be shiftin' there at the term. Glesca never agreed wi' me."

CHAPTER TWELVE

THE CHURCH

CHAPTER TWELVE: THE CHURCH

FROM ITS EARLIEST DAYS GLASGOW has been a place in which the Church figured prominently. Under the shadow of its ancient Cathedral the City has flourished, many to this day believe, "by the preaching of the Word," as its ancient motto has it. Certainly the Word has been abundantly preached, and still is. Indeed to the modern mind it might almost appear as if the preaching had at times been a trifle overdone, and the life of the people darkened unnecessarily by doctrines of wrath and destruction, and counsels of gloom and austerity. Things are somewhat changed now; and a breadth of view prevails in religious matters which is calculated to give pain to the Shades of Zachary Boyd, and other zealous professors of olden times. But even yet intolerance exists in the community, and quite recently the kirk-session of St. Mary's U.F. Church, Govan, decided to admit none but total abstainers to the eldership. Those who know Govan will admit most readily that the Burgh is not exactly a home of teetotalism, and that a propagation of the doctrines of abstinence will do more good than harm. Still the absolute exclusion from the eldership of any man who may take a modest glass of claret savours of intolerance. Indeed, as pointed out by the *Glasgow Herald,* this decision erects a barrier which would have excluded John Knox from the eldership. In his account of the Reformer's last illness Richard Bannatyne asserts that on "Setterday, John Durie and Archibald Stewart came in about 12 hours, not knowing how sick he (Knox) was; and for their cause he came to the table, which was the last time that

ever he sat at ony thereafter; for he caused pierce one hogshead of wine which was in the cellar, and willed the said Archibald send for the same so long as it lasted, for he would never tarry until it were drunken." From this one must conclude that Knox was not an ardent teetotaler; but of course he did not know Govan, and the Govanite.

Perhaps the earliest Glasgow Presbyterian divine of distinction was the well-known Zachary Boyd, who was rector of the University during the years 1634–45. Zachary was born in Carrick, Ayrshire, in 1585. He was descended from the Boyds of Pinkell in that district, and was cousin to Andrew Boyd, Bishop of Argyle, and to the Rev. Robert Boyd of Trochrig, another eminent divine in the seventeenth century, and a native of Glasgow.

He relates the following anecdote in one of his sermons, which shows his strong opposition to the Papacy, and at the same time his bold outspoken manner. "In the time of the French persecution," he says, "I came by the sea to Flanders; and as I was sailing from Flanders to Scotland, a fearful tempest arose which made our mariners reel to and fro, and stagger like drunken men. In the meantime there was a Scots Papist who lay near mee, while the ship gave a great shake; I observed the man; and after the Lord had sent a calm, I said to him, "Sir, now yee see the weakness of your religion; as long as yee are in prosperitie yee cry to this sainct and that sainct; in your great danger I heard yee cry often, Lord! Lord! but not a word yee spake of our Lady!"

In 1623 Boyd was appointed minister of the Barony

Parish, for which the crypts beneath the Cathedral Church then served as a place of worship—a scene well fitted by its sepulchral gloom to add to the impressiveness of his Calvinistic eloquence.

As an illustration of his fearlessness as a pulpit orator, one may recall that when he preached before the great Protector, Oliver Cromwell, on one of the latter's two visits to Glasgow, he did not mince his words. The incident is thus related by Bailie: "Cromwell, with the whole body of his army, comes peacefully to Glasgow. The magistrates and ministers all fled away; I got to the Isle of Cumray with my Lady Montgomery; but left all my family and goods to Cromwell's courtesy, which, indeed, was great, for he took such measures with the soldiers that they did less displeasure at Glasgow than if they had been at London, *though Mr. Zachary Boyd railed on them all to their very face in the High Church.*"

Besides being a fearless and eloquent preacher, Mr. Boyd was a voluminous author; and his writings display, even more fully, his quaint, vigorous, and original habit of mind. His language was often more vigorous than elegant. He wrote a metrical version of the Psalms, and tried hard to get it adopted by the Presbyteries and Assembly, but in this he was disappointed, as on 23rd November 1649 Rous's version, revised and improved, was sanctioned by the Commission, with authority of the General Assembly, and any other discharged from being used in the churches, or in their families. Boyd also wrote two volumes of poetry, under the title of *Zion's Flowers, or Christian Poems for Spiritual Edification.* The following ex-

tract from these *Flowers of Zion* is a specimen of his rough, coarse, unconscious humour, although he generally wrote in a finer strain :—

JONAH IN THE WHALE'S BELLY

"Here apprehended, I in prison ly ;
What goods will ransom my captivity?
What house is this, where's neither coal nor candle,
Where I nothing but guts of fishes handle?
I and my table are both here within,
Where day neere dawned, where sunne did never shine ;
The like of this on earth man never saw,
A living man within a monster's maw—
Buried under mountains which are high and steep,
Plunged under waters hundreth fathoms deep.
Not so was Noah in his house of tree,
For through a window he the light did see ;
He sailed above the highest waves—a wonder,
I and my boat are all the waters under ;
He in his ark might go and also come,
But I sit still in such a straitened roome
As is most uncouth, head and feet together,
Among such grease as would a thousand smother.
I find no way now for my shrinking hence,
But here to lye and die for mine offence.
Eight prisoners were in Noah's hulk together,
Comfortable they were, each one to another ;
In all the earth like unto me is none,
Far from all living, I heere lye alone,
This grieves me most, that I *for grievous sinne*
Incarcer'd lye within this floating inn."*

Boyd was an avowed Nonconformist, and published a poem on the defeat of the Royal army at Newburn. The following lines will illustrate its singular style and peculiar sentiments :—

* *Popular Traditions of Glasgow*, p. 45.

"In this conflict, which was both sowre and surily,
Bones, blood, and brains went in a hurly-burly;
All was made Hodge-podge, some began to croole,
Who fights for prelats is a beastly foole."

The subject of Jonah appears to have possessed an especial fascination for the reverend poet, and the following extract from his metrical version of the Bible may cause some Paisley poets to writhe with envy:—

"That said: they Jonah took at last,
Both by the feet and head,
And overboard they did him cast,
Into the sea with speed.

But God in mercy did perceive
That he, who by the lot
Appointed was to die, should have
A whale to be his boat.

Therefore he made the whale quicklie,
His mouth to open wide,
Him to receive, as soon as hee
Came down from the ship's side.

That was the fish to Jonah made
A house and als a prison;
Where three days and three nights he had
Of trembling fears great reason.

Then were his prayers his repast,
Wherein he did excell,
While in that prison he lay fast
The belly ev'n of Hell.

Here was his chamber and his hall,
His pantry and his palace,
'Mongst rolling fishes great and small,
As herrings, mullets, crefish.

A miracle how in that hall
He still remained raw,
And was not even digested all,
Within that monster's mawe.

The whale him carried still about,
Among the weedes and sand,
And did at last him vomit out
All safe upon the land."

After consideration of the Reverend Zachary's voluminous writings both in prose and verse, one is disposed to agree with the assertion which he makes regarding himself in the following verse :—

"There was a man called Job
Dwelt in the land of Uz.
He had a guid gift of the gob,
The same thing happens us."

The religious feelings of the people of Glasgow, during the first half of the last century, are well illustrated in many diaries which were kept by certain of the citizens, and the following extract from the diary of Mr. George Brown, merchant in Glasgow, gives a picture of the manner in which a Sunday was spent in Glasgow in those days.

"Sabbath-day, Nov. 10, 1745.—Rose about seven in the morning—called on the Lord by prayer—read the 9th chapter of Job—then attended to family worship, and again prayed to the Lord for his gracious presence to be with me through the whole of the day, and went to church at ten of the clock—joined in the public prayers and praises in the assembly of the saints—heard the 17th chapter of Revelations lectured upon, and sermon from the 81st Psalm, 13th and 14th verses. In the interval of public service I thought on what I had heard, and wrote down some of the heads of it; went again to the house of the Lord, and heard sermon from the same text—came home and retired, and thought on the sermon. About five at night joined

in family worship and afterwards supped—then retired again and wrote down some things I had been hearing—then read the 9th chapter of Romans, and prayed; after this I joined in social worship a second time, and went to keep the public guard of the City at ten o'clock at night."

Thus it appears that, besides his private devotions, this worthy merchant heard two sermons and a lecture, and attended family worship three times! A second extract gives a curious insight into the character of his religion:—

"For these two or three days," says he, "I have been in much perplexity concerning my duty with respect to the rebellion; whether I was called to rise up in arms in defence of my religion and liberty, and go on my own charge to Stirling or elsewhere as a volunteer for that end or not. The reasons that sometimes inclined me to one side, and at other times to the contrary, I design to write down in full, if the Lord will, afterwards."

This "afterwards," like most "convenient seasons," seems never to have arrived, at least there is no trace of it in the MSS. Mr. Brown, however, did go to Falkirk, but in the matter of *arms*, the only thing he took to, like the rest of his party, was "his heels!" *

"All ecclesiastical life had vastly altered when the eighteenth century closed. There was as much transformation in the feelings, opinions, and habits of life as in the habits of dress—in the change from grey homespun clothing and coloured cravats of ministers, who strode the Trongate in 1700, to the brown wigs or powdered hair, the cocked hat, black single-breasted

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 284.

coat, frills and ruffles, knee-breeches, and silver-buckled shoes of the City ministers who walked the pavement of Glasgow Cross in 1800. The characteristic institution the 'Scotch Sabbath' had been modified in its observance from the rigid days. It was not uncommon for clergymen in Edinburgh and Glasgow to have their friends at their genial suppers on Sundays, or after family worship at home to pass through the dimly-lighted streets to bright gatherings of gentlemen in the flats. It is true that stricter persons mourned over such degenerate city ways. It was noted with sadness that the streets were not silent and deserted on the Sunday as of old, that barbers trimmed and carried home, on the Lord's Day, the gentlemen's wigs; that the churches were not full as once they were, and it became as fashionable for gentry to stay away from worship as it had formerly been for them to attend it. Indifference to religious forms, with more laxity of talk, faith, and morals, was lamented as the prevailing mark of these latter days." *

Prominent about this time among Glasgow manufacturers was Mr. James Monteith, who has always been considered the first manufacturer who worked a muslin web; muslins of cotton yarn from the mule jenny having been first made in Anderston in 1785. Of this gentleman, to whom Glasgow is so deeply indebted for the first step he took in the cotton manufacture, and who was the father of so many sons who emulated their parent's talents, many curious anecdotes have been told. Among these it may be mentioned, that it was to Mr. Monteith's declining to

* *Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century*, p. 364.

stand Church censure that the Anderston Relief Church owes its establishment. The attempt to censure him arose from the circumstance of himself and his wife, when one day proceeding to their usual place of worship (the Dissenting church in Duke Street), having turned aside into the Tron Church of the Establishment, on account of being overtaken in a very heavy shower. For this grievous offence both he and his lady were ordered to stand a sessional rebuke, which Mr. Monteith would not submit to; and a paper war having ensued, the result was the establishment of the Relief Church, of which Mr. Monteith continued to be a manager till within a few years of his death. Although of late we have seen much sectarian bitterness, it was at least equalled, during the last century, betwixt Dissenting bodies now happily united. This may be well illustrated by the following occurrence, which took place in the Anderston Relief Church. Mr. Stewart, the clergyman, who was said to be a son of the Pretender, after preaching the action sermon, and serving the first table, took his staff in hand and walked into the churchyard to hear the tent preaching, where he encountered two boys riding on one of the gravestones; and having lifted his stick and pursued one of them, the other cried out, "Weel done—thrash him weel—his father's an Antiburger—he has nae richt to be here!" As a further instance of the prevalence of this antagonistic feeling, it may be stated, that when the Antiburger Church was undergoing some repairs, accommodation was given betwixt the usual diets in the Anderston Relief Church; but the sermons there delivered, although by their own clergy-

man, were not relished, but described as "grand sermons, but out of a foul dish!" *

Dr. Strang gives a vivid account of a bold attempt which was made by Dr. Ritchie, of St. Andrew's Church, in 1806, backed by the whole of his fashionable and intelligent congregation, to obtain the use of an organ, as an accompaniment to the Church psalmody. "The proposal was brought in regular form before the Heritors, by a memorial addressed to the Magistrates and Council, who, knowing full well the intolerant spirit that has too frequently characterised the West of Scotland, and rendered it ever a prey to over-zealous churchmen—refused to give any deliverance thereon, until a guiding report could be obtained on the matter from their then new and able legal adviser, Mr. Reddie. Before, however, the opinion of the cautious Assessor could be got, some bigoted and gossiping councillor noised abroad the sacrilegious project, which immediately roused the intolerant spirit of the Glasgow Presbytery, who at once saw, in this reform, the most insidious and fatal of all engines to destroy the venerable Kirk of Scotland. The 'Church in danger' was now the clerical cry, and the cry was made loud enough to excite not only a commotion throughout the whole Presbyterian district, but an angry discussion at every tea and dinner table in the City. Every old tabby in the town was heard lamenting the deep degeneracy of modern times, and whistling through her false teeth anathemas against the emulators of '*whistling* kirks'; while good religious men, who knew much better, were un-

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 462.

happily seen pandering to the vulgar prejudices of the moment.

"At length the first Town Clerk laid his long and well-concocted opinion on the Council table, in which he stated, while he personally had no possible objections to, nay, rather approved of, the introduction of the organ into church worship, he, at the same time, as the legal adviser of the Corporation, must counsel the Magistrates neither to interfere in nor consider the matter in question, ay, and until the sanction of the Ecclesiastical Court be obtained for such an innovation in the public worship of the Kirk of Scotland. It may be easily supposed that the advice given was most greedily adopted, by a Council who had each totally distinct views on the subject, and the consequence was that Dr. Ritchie's memorial lay on the table without any official answer. In the course of time, however, the lovers of harmony showed that they were not to be baulked by the abettors of discord; and, without further leave being asked from either Council or Presbytery, an organ was placed in St. Andrew's Church, and the congregation, as fearless of the taunts of heterodoxy as of clerical threats and denunciations, joined the full-toned diapason in the Old Hundredth Psalm, on the last Sunday of August 1807.

"On hearing that this overt and unpardonable act had been committed, the Presbytery were aroused to madness, while Provost M'Kenzie, equally inflamed, summoned the Council to action. The lengthy correspondence which had taken place between the chief magistrate and the minister of St. Andrew's Church, relative to playing the organ on the Sunday in ques-

tion, was read and considered; and, while the Provost loudly protested against so great and grievous an offence, committed by this refractory portion of the Kirk, the Town Council, at the same time, merely agreed not to withdraw the formal intimation which had been made of the fact to the Presbytery. Matters continued in this rather unsatisfactory state till the 8th January 1808, when Dr. Ritchie received an appointment to the High Church of Edinburgh; and, having no doubt been already sufficiently disgusted with the conduct of certain of the co-presbyters, he at once accepted the call to the capital, and left posterity to fight at some more favourable epoch, for that which he had so manfully but unsuccessfully advocated."*

Glasgow Cathedral is one of the few ecclesiastical edifices of note which escaped the destroying zeal of the Reformers. But it only escaped narrowly. As Denholm puts it: "This stately edifice was preserved from destruction by the townsmen at the Reformation, who, though zealous Reformers, listened to the judicious remonstrance of their chief magistrate, 'I am for pulling down the High Church, but not till we have built a new one!'" That "new one," fortunately, never was built; and the ancient Cathedral remains to this day, at once a reminder of ancient times, and a stimulus to the present generation.

But the Cathedral, though erected to spread a gospel of peace and goodwill, has witnessed scenes of strife and hatred. It may suffice to mention one incident. About the end of the sixteenth century the Rev. Mr.

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 550.

Montgomerie of Stirling was presented to the Cathedral as Bishop. The Provost and several of the leading burgesses proceeded to the church to have him inducted, and found the pulpit already occupied by Mr. Howie of Cambuslang, who declined to vacate in favour of the Bishop. A scuffle ensued in church, where some blood was shed. The reverend gentleman was dragged from the pulpit and shamefully maltreated; his beard being torn, and several of his teeth knocked out. From this incident it would appear that "methods of peaceful persuasion" are not so modern as one has supposed.

That witty Frenchman Max O'Rell once visited the Cathedral. He wrote of his visit as follows:—

"Religion is still sterner in Scotland than in England. It is arid, like the soil of the country; angular, like the bodies of the inhabitants; thorny, like the National Emblem of Scotland. One Sunday I went to Church in Glasgow. The preacher chose for his text the passage from St. Matthew's Gospel, commencing with 'No man can serve two masters,' and ending 'Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.' About three thousand worshippers, careworn and devoured by the thirst for lucre, listened unmoved to the diatribes of the worthy pastor, and were preparing by a day of rest, for the headlong race after wealth that they were going to resume on the morrow. What a never-ending theme is the contempt for riches! What sermons in the desert, preached by Bishops with princely pay, or poor curates who treat Fortune as Master Reynard treated certain grapes that hung out of his reach! I was never more edified than on that

Sunday in Glasgow, especially when the assembly struck up

'O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see him near.'"

One can readily understand that a Scots Presbyterian service would not appeal to a Frenchman. But the text was undeniably appropriate in addressing a Glasgow congregation. It is doubtless true, in the words of the text, that we cannot serve God and Mammon. But some people in Glasgow try very hard to do both. So far as Mammon is concerned their worship is quite genuine.

The old bell of the Cathedral has, like its church, seen vicissitudes. Denholm gives the following account of it.

In the winter of 1789 this bell having been accidentally cracked by some person who had got admission to the steeple, it was taken down and sent to London, where in the following year it was refounded by *Mears*. On the outside is the following inscription:—

In the year of Grace
1594,
MARCUS KNOX,
A Merchant in Glasgow,
Zealous for the interest of the Reformed Religion,
Caused me to be fabricated in Holland
For the use of his fellow-citizens of Glasgow,
and placed me with solemnity
In the Tower of their Cathedral.
My function
Was announced by the impress on my bosom,

Me audito venius Doctrinam Sanctam ut Discas,
And
I was taught to proclaim the hours of unheeded time.
195 years had I sounded these awful warnings,
When I was broken
By the hands of inconsiderate and unskilful men.
In the year 1790,
I was cast into a furnace,
Refounded at London,
And returned to my sacred vocation.*

No chapter upon the subject of the Church in Glasgow could be more suitably illustrated than by the portrait of the present minister of Glasgow Cathedral, the Very Rev. Pearson McAdam Muir, D.D., Chaplain in Ordinary to the King. Dr. McAdam Muir comes of clerical stock, being the youngest son of the Rev. John Muir, minister of Kirkmabreck, Galloway. Dr. McAdam Muir is an old Glasgow High School boy, and was also a student of Glasgow University, which he entered in 1861. He was duly licensed by the Presbytery of Glasgow, and acted first as assistant to the Rev. Dr. Lawrie of Monkton, and afterwards to the Rev. Jas. Cruikshank of Stevenston. On 22nd September 1870 he was ordained at Catrine, Ayrshire; but apparently his gifts were such that he was not destined to remain long in any one parish, for in 1872 he was translated to Polmont, Stirlingshire. From there, in 1880, he was translated to Morningside Parish, Edinburgh; and finally, in 1896, he was appointed to Glasgow Cathedral. The highest honour of the Church was bestowed upon him in 1910, in which year he became Moderator of the General Assembly, and also

* Denholm's *History of Glasgow*, p. 153.

Chaplain in Ordinary to H.M. the King. Dr. McAdam Muir has also been active out of the pulpit, as he has lectured on Pastoral Theology in all four Scottish Universities. He has further quite a number of published works to his credit, including *The Church of Scotland, a Sketch of its History*; *Religious Writers of England*; *Modern Substitutes for Christianity*, etc. etc. In his hands the reputation of the Cathedral pulpit is worthily upheld.

The churches of Glasgow are numerous, but few of them are in any sense historical. In any case, stories of men are generally of greater human interest than stories of buildings. Accordingly the following tales of Glasgow ministers may be read with interest.

The Act of Union was bitterly opposed in Scotland, though one might have expected that a nation with a reputation for commercial shrewdness would have been alive to the advantages that would follow that measure. Glasgow grew to greatness because of the Union. But so little was this foreseen that the Commission of the General Assembly appointed a fast to be held on Thursday, 7th Nov. 1705, to implore the Divine protection from what was considered an impending calamity. On this occasion Mr. James Clark, the minister of the Tron Church, Glasgow, preached from these words in Ezra viii. 21: "Then I proclaimed a fast there, at the river Ahava, that we might afflict ourselves before our God, to seek of him a right way for us, and for our little ones, and for all our substance." After the discourse was finished, the preacher said, "Wherefore, up, and be gallant for the city of God!" The people instantly rose, and, being joined

by those from other towns, armed themselves, and burned the proposed Articles of Union. They then resolved to take their way to Edinburgh and dissolve the Parliament. Meantime the Privy Council had issued a proclamation against riots, and ordered the guard to fire on the discontented. Soon after this the ministry, in consequence of the defection of a number of the nobility and gentry who had formerly favoured the popular feeling against the Union, succeeded in obtaining a majority, and the articles were passed by the Scottish Parliament on the 3rd October 1706, on which occasion the Duke of Queensberry, who was a great supporter of the Union, dissolved that ancient assembly, and Scotland from that time ceased to be a separate and independent kingdom.*

The following quaint discourse is said to have been delivered, on Glasgow Green, by the Rev. John Aitken :—

"Well, my dear friends, many editions of the following able discourse on the Life of Man may be found scattered here and there; But I select and give you this as one of the best in my round of duty and labour of love. Please take the text, as near as may be, from Job, chap. v. ver. 6, and attend to these words—Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward; and also Job, chap. i. ver. 21. In discoursing, my beloved hearers, from these words, I shall carefully observe the following things:—

Firstly, Man's ingress into the world.

* *History of the Incorporation of Cordiners in Glasgow*, W. Campbell, p. 236.

Secondly, His progress through the world.
Thirdly, His egress out of the world.

"To explain, my brethren—

1st. Man's ingress into the world
Is naked and bare:
2nd. His progress through the world
Is trouble and care:
3rd. His egress out of the world
Is nobody knows where.

"To conclude—

We shall all do well there, if we but do well here;
I could tell you no more, did I preach a whole year."*

That eccentric radical divine, the Rev. Neil Douglas of Glasgow, while engaged, one sultry day, denouncing in hot and fiery terms Lord Sidmouth and the Tory ministry of the time, during his discourse was very much tormented with flies, which kept buzzing round him. At length he wound up a grand outpouring of invective and prophecy of evil to come, with the exclamation—

"Yes, assuredly, they will all perish and go to perdition, just as surely as I catch this fly!"

And, so saying, he made an adroit effort to catch one of the buzzers with his hand; but on carefully opening it to look, he ejaculated—

"Fegs, I've missed; there is a chance for them yet."†

In the course of a sermon which he preached before the Associate Synod at Glasgow, the witty and learned Rev. James Robertson, who was for nearly half a century minister of the Secession Church in Kilmarnock,

* *The Anecdotage of Glasgow*, p. 195.
† *Ibid.* p. 223.

introduced the possibility of a French invasion as a punishment for national sin; and while admitting the immoral character of the infliction, he assured his hearers that—

"Providence was not always nice in the choice of instruments for punishing the wickedness of men. Tak'," he continued, "an example frae among yoursel's. Your magistrates dinna ask certificates o' character for their public executioners. They generally select sic clamjamphrie as hae rubbit shouthers wi' the gallows themsel's. And as for this Bonaparte," he added, "I've tell'd ye, my freens, what was the beginning o' that man, and I'll tell ye what will be the end o' him. He'll come doon like a pockfu' o' goats' horns at the Broomielaw!"*

Regarding the ministers of Glasgow one may find many interesting and amusing stories.

In 1785 Dr. Rankin became minister of the North West Parish of Glasgow, in which charge he continued till his death, which took place 23rd February 1827. He was the author of several works, among others the *History of France* and the *Institutes of Theology*. Although he was a most laborious compiler, he wanted sufficient genius to be a historian. His *History of France* is a correct but very ponderous production, and, as such, fell still-born from the press. Like most authors, however, the Doctor loved his most rickety progeny the most, and being anxious to discover what the world thought of his work, he imagined he could best do so by applying to the librarian of Stirling's Library. With this view he entered Hutcheson's Hos-

* *The Anecdotage of Glasgow*, p 205.

pital, where the Rev. Mr. Peat sat as librarian,—a man of rather a harsh and sarcastic disposition,—and, in order better to conceal his connection with a work of which he was eager to get an opinion, he on entering merely put the following query: "Pray, Mr. Peat, is Dr. Rankin's *History of France* in?" To which the caustic librarian curtly replied, "It never was out!"*

The Rev. Dr. Love was a strict Sabbatarian. His house was in Robertson Street, then partially built on the east side, with a pasture-field on the opposite side. In going to and from his church he admonished all stragglers whom he suspected to be desecrating the Sabbath. In the year 1819, during the so-called "Radical Rebellion," on a Sabbath, a great concourse surrounded and were reading a large seditious placard posted on a tavern at the foot of York Street. The Doctor solemnly moved into the midst of the crowd, put on his spectacles, and earnestly began to read the poster, when he suddenly exclaimed, "You, like me, are all wrong. This is not, as we had thought, a Bible lesson, but something very different." It is needless to add that the people speedily skedaddled. On another Sabbath he met with a little boy amusing himself on the water-side grass, where now the harbour exists. The Doctor inquiringly asked, "Laddie, can you tell me where all the boys go who play on the Sabbath?" The smart boy archly replied, "Maist o' them go to the Green; but as for me, I like better the water-side."

A Glasgow minister connected with the Secession Church was riding along the road one day, and had on

* *Glasgow and its Clubs*, p. 194.

a cloak of rather an extraordinary make and pattern, cape upon cape like the outworks of a regular fortification; so that when the rain had got possession of one fold it had a fresh one to encounter. The winds were trying their full power to turn this tailor's barricade into ridicule, and were blowing the capes in all directions, when an English gentlemen came up mounted on a very spirited horse, which, never having been trained to such sights, took alarm and almost threw his rider.

"Why, man," said John Bull, "that cloak o' yours would frighten the Devil." "Weel," replied the minister, "that's just my trade."*

A Glasgow gentleman, Mr. R., when in London at one time, went with two intimate friends, Dr. Jerment, of the United Secession Church, London, and Mr. Thomas Hart, of Glasgow, to see the modern Jewish mode of worship, as conducted in the London Synagogue. Mr. R., an excellent Hebraist, lent his ears with the most marked attention visible in his countenance, to hear whether the high priest, who was actually presiding, read according to the received meaning. Mr. Hart observed to Dr. Jerment, "I fear, Doctor, from Mr. R.'s manner, that he is about to speak." "Oh, surely not, replied the Doctor. Immediately afterwards, Mr. R. addressed the high priest, and challenged the correctness of his reading. The descendant of Levi asked whether the person who had interrupted him could read Hebrew, when Dr. Jerment replied in the affirmative. The Hebrew Scriptures were immediately handed over to Mr. R., who received

* *Laird o' Logan*, p. 197.

the sacred volume, and turning up the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, read a portion with much propriety, and even elegance, to which the high priest paid great attention, and appeared to be much surprised. Mr. R. then improving this opportunity, commenced exposition, when the priest interrupted him and told him that he could not be permitted to offer any comment. Mr. R. then returned the volume, and taking his leave, shook hands with the priest, remarking, "The day is coming when Jew and Gentile will be of one mind in the interpretation of this passage of the prophet." *

The Secession Church at one time encouraged their students to attend the medical classes and to qualify themselves to take degrees in medicine as well as in theology. Those located in rural districts found the qualifications very useful. Several of their ministers who were recognised as doctors were not D.D., but M.D. The profane used to style them, not Doctors of *Divinity*, but Doctors of *Drugs*. Dr. Beattie, when he applied for his diploma, was told plainly, but seemingly in earnest, as in kindness by one of the Medical College, that it was resolved to be as severe with the ecclesiastical aspirants to degrees as with those who intended to prosecute the medical profession, as hitherto the former had been too much favoured. His friend advised Mr. Beattie to read well up, which he accordingly did for many nights. When the solemn day of examination arrived, one of the examiners, with grave visage, put to the young minister some such questions as the following: "Suppose you are in some remote district, and a man is

* *Laird o' Logan*, p. 12.

brought to the manse who was found lying on the highway in a state of almost unconsciousness. You find that his symptoms have been of long duration. His chief symptom, when brought to you, was excessive bulemia. But the cutaneous surface is cool, there is no polydepsia, and he has lapsed into a somewhat apathetic condition on account of the attenuated state of the liquor sanguinis transuding the capillaries of the cerebral hemispheres." The examiner continued to describe the pathology in still more involved terms, and then suddenly asked what treatment Mr. Beattie would, as a medical man, propose for instant relief. Mr. Beattie, after pondering the question proposed, but still perplexed and perspiring, in a state of bewilderment, suggested bleeding and powerful purging. The examiners in one voice exclaimed, in apparent indignation, "Oh, young man, your patient would die in your hands!" Mr. Beattie begged that the question should be repeated, which was done, but in still more involved and technical terms. At length he perceived the joke, and at once replied, "I rather think, gentlemen, that the symptoms are those of extreme hunger and consequent exhaustion, and the best mode of treatment should be to replace the *vacuum* with the *plenum*, and I would therefore prescribe a good dinner." The examiners at once exclaimed the answer was most satisfactory, and that they would greatly enjoy the remedy. The dinner had already been prepared, in the Buck's Head Inn, and only waited the result of the examination, and was therefore partaken of with much enjoyment, not lessened because of the practical joke which had been

perpetrated on the young doctor, who well earned his diploma.*

The Rev. Peter Henderson, who was at one time a minister in Pollokshaws, was on intimate terms with "Hawkie," the well-known street wit. They met in the poorhouse, where Mr. Henderson was in the habit of visiting before he was licensed to preach. After being licensed he was to start on a travelling mission to some out-of-the-way district which would take him away for six months. He paid a visit to the poorhouse to give the matron the news, and found "Hawkie" sitting by the fire and reading to her from Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd.*

The matron expressed regret that Mr. Henderson was about to leave them, but pleasure at his advancement; adding, "But, dear me, you are a young man to be entrusted with such a sacred mission." Mr. Henderson was rather flattered by this remark, and, as "Hawkie" was surveying him very steadfastly, he expected that the mendicant shared these sentiments. But lifting up his book, "Hawkie" observed, "Ou ay; he'll do weel enough. The man will no' be sax weeks at it till he be fleyin' the puir creatures wi' hell the same as if he had been born in't and brocht up in't a' his days." †

The late Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, when a young man, was fair to look upon; and, like the early fathers of the Congregational denomination, he now and again went on a tour through the country to preach the gospel. In the summer of 1811 the young preacher visit-

* *Rambling Recollections of Old Glasgow*, p. 135.
† *Reminiscences of Eighty Years*, p. 54.

ed Banff on a tour through the North of Scotland, and was by no means strictly clerical in his costume, but wore topped boots and other articles of dress corresponding to the necessities of a journey on horseback. This circumstance, added to the remarkably elegant appearance of the preacher, rather stumbled the faith of a lady, one of the old school. She looked aghast as she saw the young minister ascend the pulpit stairs; but as he entered on his subject she was seen to become most grave and attentive. When he had finished his discourse she looked round to another lady—a person of an exceedingly different cast of mind—and exclaimed—

"Oh, woman! was na that a great sermon for sic a young man? But oh, he's o'er braw and bonny!"

"O'er braw!" replied the lady addressed; "fat signifies a man's claes, if there be plenty o' furniture in's mind? And to find fault wi' the dear young man because he's bonny is something like a reflection on the Creator Himsel'"—a rebuke both reverent and sensible.*

Some little time ago a pair of lovers, seemingly anxious to become united in the bands of wedlock, made their appearance before one of the city clergymen in Glasgow, who finding the requisite certificates all right, proceeded with the ceremony till he came to that part of it where the question is put to the bridegroom, if he "is willing to take this woman to be his wife?" To this necessary query the man, after a considerable hesitation, answered, "No." "No!" said the minister, with a look of surprise; "for what reason?"

* *The Anecdotage of Glasgow*, p. 214.

"Just," said the poor embarrassed simpleton, looking round for the door, "because I've ta'en a scunner at her." On this, the ceremony, to the evident mortification of the fair one, was broken off, and the parties retired. A few days after, however, they again presented themselves before his reverence; and the fastidious bridegroom having declared that he had got over his objection, the ceremony was again commenced, and proceeded without interruption, till a question similar to the above was put to the bride, when she in her turn replied by a negative. "What is the meaning of all this?" said the clergyman, evidently displeased at the foolish trifling of the parties. "Oh, naething ava'," said the blushing damsel, tossing her head with an air of resentment. "Only I've just ta'en a scunner at him!" The two again retired to their lonely pillows; and lonely it would seem they had found them, for the reverend gentleman on coming out of his house the following morning, met the foolish couple once more on their way to solicit his services. "It's a' made up noo," said the smiling fair one. "Oh yes," said her intended; "it's a' settled noo, and we want you to marry us as soon as possible." "I will do no such thing," was the grave and startling reply to the impatient request. "What for?" cried the fickle pair, speaking together in a tone of mingled surprise and disappointment. "Oh, naething ava'," said his reverence, passing on his way; "but I've just ta'en a scunner at ye baith."

Very sharp and stinging was the wit and satire of the well-known Rev. Mr. Thom of Govan. One day when he was preaching before the magistrates, he is reported to have suddenly halted and said, "Dinna

snore sae loud, Bailie Broon, ye'll wauken the Proovst." On another occasion, the circumstances of which were very similar, he suddenly stopped in his discourse, took out his snuff-box, tapped it on the lid, and took a pinch of snuff with the greatest deliberation. By this time the whole congregation was agog with eager curiosity to know what was wrong. Mr. Thom, after a little, gravely proceeded to say, "My friends, I've had a snuff, and the Provost has had a sleep; and, if ye like, we'll just begin again." *

A country laird, near Govan, who had lately been elevated to the position of a county magistrate, meeting Mr. Thom one day on horseback attempted jocularity by remarking that he was more ambitious than his Master, who was content to ride upon an ass. "They canna be gotten noo," replied Thom; "they're a' made Justices o' the Peace." †

Dr. Anderson of John Street was a man of very fine musical taste, and one Sabbath in his church after the first Psalm had been sung, and sung badly, he addressed the congregation thus: "Are ye not ashamed of yourselves for offering up to God such abominable sounds? If you had to offer up a service of praise before Queen Victoria, then you would have met every night, if necessary, for weeks on end; but as God is unseen you evidently think anything is good enough for Him. I am ashamed of you." Then, taking a pinch of snuff out of his waistcoat pocket, he said solemnly, "Let us pray." ‡

He was one of the first preachers who began to

* *Thistledown*, R. Ford, p. 59. † *Ibid.* p. 60.
‡ *Ibid.* p. 67.

speak of common things from the pulpit plainly and in work-day language. In dealing with the sins of the great city and of the religious world—especially with the master-sins of money-loving and uncharitable judging—he used great plainness of speech. His raciest sayings and best illustrative stories often came in when he was giving a running comment on the passages of Scripture he read. His late colleague, Dr. Macleod, has told us that in reading the 15th Psalm he would pause at the words, "He putteth not out his money to usury," and say, "There was once in this church a poor widow, and she wanted £20 to begin a small shop. Having no friends, she came to me, her minister. And I happened to know a man, not of the church, who could advance the money to the poor widow. So we went to this man, the widow and I, and the man said he would be happy to help the widow. And he drew out a bill for £20, and the widow signed it, and I signed it too. Then he put the signed paper in his desk, and took out the money and gave it to the widow. But the widow counting it said, 'Sir, there is only £15 here.' 'It is all right,' said the man; 'that is the interest I charge.' And as we had no redress we came away. But the widow prospered. And she brought the £20 to me, and I took it myself to the office of the man who had lent it, and said to him, 'Sir, there is the £20 from the widow.' And he said, 'Here is the paper you signed, and if you know any other poor widow I will be happy to help her in the same way.' I said to him, '*You* help the widow! Sir, you have robbed this widow, and you will be damned!'"*

* *One Hundred Glasgow Men*, vol. i. p. 11.

When the Rev. Mr. (afterwards the esteemed Dr.) Macgregor, of Edinburgh, settled in Glasgow as minister of the Tron Kirk, he had occasion, a few weeks after, to visit a family in one of the poorer districts, where he was as yet unknown to the eyes of his flock, although their ears had heard his name and his personal appearance had become in some vague way familiar to their minds. He inquired of the goodwife whether the head of the house was at home, and being informed that he was not, was kindly invited to await his arrival. This not occurring as soon as the goodwife had expected, she suggested to her visitor, who had not acquainted her with his name or station, that he should "gang oot an' see the pigs," the mother-pig having brought into the world a fine litter a few days before. This, of course, Mr. Macgregor cheerfully consented to do. The inmates of the sty having been duly inspected, and the virtues of the mother-pig extolled till the old woman's vocabulary refused to supply another adjective, she informed her visitor that "the young piggies had a' been named aifter different fouk," according as their personal appearances seemed to offer points of resemblance. And she indicated this and that one, as the bearer of some well-known name, honoured or otherwise, until she came to the last one, a rather diminutive but active specimen of the porcine breed. "An' this ane," said she to her unknown and attentive listener, "this wee black deev'luck, we ca' *Wee Macgregor o' the Tron!*" *

When the Rev. Mr. Mitchell had been translated from a country parish to a church in Glasgow, a friend

* *Thistledown*, p. 86.

of his, visiting the old parish, asked the beadle how he liked the new minister. "Oh," said the beadle, "he's a very good man, but I would raither hae Mr. Mitchell."

"Indeed," said the visitor. "I suppose the former was a better preacher?"

"No, we've a good enough preacher now."

"Was it the prayer of Mr. Mitchell, or his reading, or what was it you preferred him for?"

"Weel, sir," said the beadle, "if you maun ken the reason, Mr. Mitchell's auld claes fitted me best." *

Perhaps the three brightest lights in the Glasgow clerical firmament in modern days have been Dr. Chalmers, Edward Irving, and Dr. Norman Macleod. The following story of Irving is worth preserving. He had been lecturing at Dumfries, and a man who passed as a wag in the locality had been to hear him. He met Watty Dunlop, another Dumfries man, the following day, who said—

"Weel, Willie man, an' what do you think o' Mr. Irving?"

"Oh," said Willie contemptuously, "the man's crackit."

"Ah, Willie," rejoined Dunlop, patting the man quietly on the shoulder, "but ye'll aften see a bright licht shinin' through a crack." No rejoinder was ever more pat.†

Of Dr. Chalmers many stories are told. A country woman, whilst on a visit to Glasgow, went to hear him. On her return she was asked her opinion of "the Star of the West," as he is often called. "Oh," she said, "he's a wonderfu' preacher—a great preacher." "Well,

* *Thistledown*, p. 117. † *Ibid.* p. 54.

well, that's all true," said the other, "but what do you think of his views of doctrinal points and his powers of expounding the Scriptures?" "Oh," said the worthy critic, "I dinna ken; but he's jist a wonderfu' man." "But what did he say?" "Oh, he jist gaed on, and gaed on, and chappit on his Bible, and raised his twa hands abune his head, and then gaed on again, and gaed on again, and then he swat and rubbit his brow, and when he stoppit, he looked as if he could have said mair than when he began—oh, he's a wonderfu' grand preacher!"

Another story of Dr. Chalmers runs as follows:—Going the round of his visitations, he called upon a poor cobbler, who was industriously engaged with awl and ends, fastening sole and upper. The cobbler kept fast hold of the shoe between his knees, perforating the stubborn bend, and passing through the bristled lines right and left, scarcely noticing the clerical intruder; but one glance that he gave showed evident recognition; then rosining the fibrous lines, he made them whisk out on either side with increased energy, showing a disinclination to hold any parley. "I am," said the Doctor, "visiting my parishioners at present, and am to have a meeting of those resident in this locality in the vestry of St. John's on——, when I shall be happy to have your presence along with your neighbours." Old Lapstone kept his spine at the sutor's angle, and making the thread rasp with the force of the pull, coolly remarked, "Ay, step your weys ben to the wife and the weans; as for me, I'm a wee bit in the Deistical line, Doctor."

Dr. Chalmers figured in the great fight over the

appointment of Principal Macfarlane to the offices of Principal of the University and Incumbent of the Cathedral.

The Principal of the University until 1824 was Dr. Taylor, minister of the High Church. He was succeeded in Church and College by Principal Macfarlane, translated from Drymen, in Dumbartonshire. This last movement excited great interest and opposition on the objection to pluralities. The Presbytery of Glasgow, on 1st July 1823, refused to induct Dr. Macfarlane as minister of the High Church by a majority of 18 to 9. The case was appealed to the Synod, which met in the Tron Church in November 1823, with a crowded audience. Patrick Robertson (afterwards Lord Robertson), then a young advocate, was counsel for the presentee, and the Rev. John Muir, of St. James', followed in a most brilliant speech by Dr. Chalmers, was heard in opposition. The Synod affirmed the judgment of the Presbytery, but the General Assembly in 1824 reversed the decision of the Presbytery and Synod, and ordered the induction.*

The following two interesting paragraphs regarding Chalmers are taken from recent numbers of the *Glasgow Herald*:—

In an article dealing with the social and moral conditions of Glasgow, which appeared lately, it is suggested that matters are no worse than they were a hundred years ago, when Dr. Chalmers lamented that a large number of the City's inhabitants were "alienated from God." Uncharitable as this judgment may seem, it is noteworthy that the great divine's attitude

* *Rambling Recollections of Old Glasgow*, p. 30.

towards many problems was much more tolerant than that of the average minister of to-day. Thus in one of his Glasgow Letters he writes: "What think you of my putting my name to two applications for licences to sell spirits in the course of yesterday?" In his account of a Sunday spent in London Chalmers strikes a still more up-to-date note: "Took a boat to Kew, when we passed Isleworth, and had a charming sail down the river. From Kew we coached to the town, and reached Walworth by eleven in the evening."

The following story of the later life of Dr. Chalmers was related by an eye-witness. He was walking near Fairlie with a party, and they came to a notice against trespass which barred their road. A lady of the party said to Dr. Chalmers, "You know Lord Kelburne; you can take us through the grounds." He replied, emphasising the words by striking his stick on the ground, "Not a step, madam; not a step. 'He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.'"

For all Chalmers' brilliant genius and devotion to duty it is questionable if he ever held in the hearts of the people of Glasgow the place occupied by Dr. Norman Macleod. Chalmers was a great orator, and a great Churchman. Norman Macleod had an intense humanity which secured for him the love as well as the admiration of his people. In proof of this there is the following story which the great Norman himself told with much gusto. A Dissenting minister in the district had been asked to come to a house in the High Street and pray with a man who was thought to be at the point of death. He knew by the name and address given that the people were not connected with his

congregation. Still, he went off at once as desired. When he had read and prayed—having previously noted how tidy everything looked about the room, and being puzzled by the thought of a family of such respectable appearance having no church connection—he turned to the wife and mother of the household, and asked if they were not connected with any Christian body in the City?

"Ou ay," she replied. "We're members o' the Barony."

"You are members of the Barony! Then why didn't you call in Dr. Macleod to pray with your husband, instead of sending for me?"

"Ca' in the great Dr. Norman Macleod?" skirled the matron, with uplifted hands. "The man's surely daft. Dinna ye ken it's a dangerous case of *typhus*?"*

When Norman, not yet great, began his ministry in the Ayrshire parish of Loudoun, among his parishioners were some rather notable freethinkers, whose views the young divine, with the energy and earnestness characteristic of him, thought it proper to assail and denounce. Naturally this caused a good deal of commotion and excitement in what had hitherto been rather a sleepy parish. One of his elders, who thought his minister's zeal outran his discretion, one day thus addressed him: "Mr. Macleod, hoo is it that we ne'er heard o' unbelievers hereaboot till ye cam' among us?" "John," said the ready minister, "saw ye ever a wasp's bike?" "Hoot ay, aften." "Weel, lat them be, and they'll lat you be; but put your stick through the heart of it, and it'll be anither story."†

* *Thistledown*, p. 65 † *Ibid.* p. 64.

The reverend brother and biographer of the late minister of the Barony Parish Church states that "Although at one period he, Norman Macleod, occasionally wrote his sermon seven times before he preached it, there were years during which he seldom wrote any discourse fully out, but preached from notes in which the sequence of ideas was clearly marked. These notes, though often jotted down on Saturday afternoon, were the result of constant cogitation during the week."

It is told that Norman Macleod was once preaching in a district in Ayrshire, where the reading of a sermon was regarded as the greatest fault of which a minister could be guilty. When the congregation dispersed, an old woman, overflowing with enthusiasm, addressed her neighbour—

"Did ye ever hear onything sae gran'? Wasna *that* a sermon?"

But all her expressions of admiration being met with a stolid silence, she shouted—

"Speak, woman! wasna *that* a sermon?"

"Ou ay," replied her friend sulkily; "but he read it."

"Read it!" cried the other, with indignant emphasis. "I wadna hae cared if he had *whustled* it!"*

Dr. Macleod and the late Rev. Dr. Watson of Dundee were once travelling in the north-west on some special mission, and had to cross an arm of the sea from one island to another. During the passage the weather became so stormy and the sea so rough that there was the greatest danger of the boat being

* *The Anecdotage of Glasgow*, p. 339.

swamped. In these perilous circumstances, Dr. Watson suggested that one of them should engage in prayer to the Great Ruler of the elements. One of the two boatmen, who had been toiling at the oars till they were almost worn out, looked over at Dr. Watson, who was a man of small stature, and said—

"You may pray if you like, sir, but this ane"—pointing to Dr. Macleod—"maun tak' an oar."

Anyone who knew the worthy Dr. Norman Macleod, or who knows of him, can imagine what a hearty laugh he would take to himself at this practical remark, so much in harmony was it with his own ideas of praying and working.*

"Of Dr. Macleod's high animal spirits, the following," says Dr. Hedderwick, "is a happy instance. The Marquis of Lorne, shortly before his marriage with the Princess Louise, consented to take the chair at the annual dinner in Glasgow of the Argyleshire Benevolent Society. On the right he was supported by the genial Doctor, and I had the good fortune to be one of the company. The Marquis, with his youthful complexion and soft golden hair, looked like a picture; and at such a crisis in his life nothing could be more natural than that the forthcoming event should have been uppermost in all minds.

"Prominent among the toasts was, of course, the health of the Princess. It was neatly proposed by Mr. Archibald Orr Ewing, and followed by such honours as only Highlanders know how to bestow. The outburst of loyalty, considering the selectness of the company, could hardly have been exceeded. After the

* *The Anecdotage of Glasgow*, p. 337.

noble chairman had modestly and gracefully replied, it became Dr. Norman's turn to speak. He was in what is called great form. 'Mr. Ewing,' he said (for he was not Sir Archibald then), 'has spoken of the delicacy he feels in alluding to Her Royal Highness in presence of our happy chairman. Now, for myself, I feel no delicacy at all, for I know that a young man delights in nothing so much as to hear people talk about his sweetheart' (laughter). Then after much loyal fun, which gave rise, of course, to further merriment, he exclaimed, 'I have had the honour and the happiness of meeting with Her Royal Highness, and I can only say that if I had been the Marquis of Lorne instead of the minister of the Barony Kirk, I would have gone in for her myself!'"*

It is told of Dr. Macleod that when walking down Buchanan Street, Glasgow, arm in arm with a merchant friend of the West one day, the two were passed, first by the Most Reverend Bishop Irvine, of Argyll, then by the Bishop's valet, following a few steps behind him; the one short and slim, and the other long and thin, but both dressed clerically, and seemingly much alike. They each saluted the popular minister of the Barony as they passed, whereupon his merchant friend turned to him and inquired, "Who was the man with the choker on, walking behind the Bishop, who saluted you just now, Doctor?"

"Oh," said Norman, "that's the *valet* of the shadow of death."†

Norman Macleod, Anthony Trollope the novelist,

* *Backward Glances*, p. 216.
† *Thistledown*, p. 64.

and John Burns of Castle Wemyss were great friends, and went together once on a tour in the Highlands. On arriving at an inn late at night, they had supper, and then told stories and laughed without stint half the night through. In the morning an old gentleman, who slept in a bedroom above them, complained to the landlord that he had not been able to sleep on account of the noise from the party below, and added that he regretted that such men should "take more than was good for them."

"Well," replied the landlord, "I am bound to say there was a good deal of loud talking and laughing, but they had nothing stronger than *tea and herrings*."

"Bless me," rejoined the old gentleman, "if that is so, what would Dr. Macleod and Mr. Burns be *after dinner!*" *

When Dr. Macleod was called to his rest his funeral was a day of mourning in the City he had loved so well. The Magistrates of Glasgow, the Sheriffs, the Representatives of Royalty, and the Senate of the University, from the various churches in which services had been conducted by ministers of the three great Presbyterian denominations, accompanied the remains to the outskirts of the City, on their way to the churchyard of Campsie, where he lies beside his father. But more striking than all was the long line of mourners, uncalled, and of all classes in the community, numbering nearly three thousand, who followed in silent array, and the vast multitude through which they passed along—mostly of working men and the poor—who came to pay honour to his memory.

* *Thistledown*, p. 66.

"There goes Norman Macleod," a brawny working man was heard saying as the dark column moved past. "If he had done no more than what he did for my soul, he should shine as the stars for ever." *

By way of wind-up to purely clerical anecdotes, it may be appropriate here to give one more example of Glasgow clerical wit:—

One day a young elder, making his first appearance in the Glasgow Presbytery, modestly sat down on the very end of a bench near the door. By and by the minister who had been sitting at the other end rose. The form tipped up, and the young elder was just falling off when the door opened and Dr. Gillan of Inchinnan entered, who, catching him in his arms, with his usual readiness exclaimed, "Sir, when you come to this place, you must try and stick to the *forms* of the Church." †

After so many stories of the clergy, one or two regarding the laity may not be out of place.

The Cameronians have always been famed for religious zeal, and members of that sect used often to make great sacrifices in order to attend the preaching of the Word. A good example of this characteristic was exhibited by two humble but honest and devout Cameronians who were in the habit of leaving D——, their native village, and travelling to Glasgow, a distance of more than twenty miles, for the purpose of hearing a minister of their own persuasion. In the evening they travelled back half-way, but were obliged to sleep in a moorland cot until the succeeding morning would fit them for their journey. On one

* *One Hundred Glasgow Men*, vol. ii. 211.

† *Thistledown*, p. 63.

occasion, being more than usually fatigued, one of them, waking about the middle of the night, thus addressed his friend: "John, I'll tell you ae thing, and that's no' twa—if thae kirk folk get to heaven at last, they'll get there a hantle easier than we do."

In a community such as Glasgow, dominated in bygone times by a narrow Presbyterianism, there were of necessity specimens of religious intolerance to be found. In this connection the following extract from the records of Shuttle Street Secession Church is illuminating :—

"The Session, understanding by the Moderator and some members of the Session that they had conversed privately with Andrew Hunter, mason, a member of this congregation who had engaged to build the Episcopal meeting-house in this place, and having been at great pains in convincing him of the great sin and scandal of such a practice; and the Session understanding that notwithstanding thereof he has actually begun the work, they therefore appoint him to be cited to the Session at their meeting on Thursday after sermon."

But Andrew's "sin" sat lightly on his conscience. He declined to put on sackcloth and ashes, and weep and wail in the outer courts of the sanctuary. So the fathers and brethren at once cast him forth from the circle of the elect—in other words, he was solemnly excommunicated.*

Another manifestation of the same spirit is to be seen in the following story :—

During the erection of a Unitarian chapel in Glas-

* *Centenary Souvenir of St. Andrew's Church*, p. 17.

gow, one of the tradesmen engaged ran short of nails, and proceeded to an ironmonger's to procure a fresh supply. The shopkeeper, surprised at the large quantity ordered, said—

"That's nails eneuch to big a city kirk."

"'Deed," said the customer, "that's just what they're for, although it's no' for a town's kirk."

"It's maybe for a meeting-house?" queried the ironmonger.

"Na," answered the other. "They're just for the woodwork of the new Unitarian chapel."

"Say ye that!" exclaimed the indignant seller of nails; "and had ye the daring impudence, since I maun say sae, to try and get them frae me? Tak' back yer siller, and gie me my nails. I'll ne'er hae't said that I sell't a pin to prop up a pillar o' Satan's." *

James Morton, who acquired an unpleasant notoriety in connection with the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank, was an elder of his particular kirk, and was commonly reported to rule it with a rod of iron.

Once an acquaintance met him in Cornhill on a Saturday afternoon. Knowing him to be an elder of his church, he asked him if he was not bound for the North, to be in time to attend to his duties. "I cannot get back without travelling on the Sunday," was the reply, "and I will not do that. But I'm just wiring the tunes and hymns they are to sing." †

Some might say that the next story is illustrative of Scots independence, but the cynic would no doubt observe that it exemplified Scots "nearness."

* *The Anecdotage of Glasgow*, p. 303.
Clydeside Cameos, p. 277.

"Weel, Mr. Wilson," said a collector, "I hae just ca'ed on you to see if you'll add your name to the list o' subscribers for a new pulpit Bible for our minister, an' I hope you'll put down something handsome." "I'll dae naething o' the kind, Mrs. Brown," was the sturdy reply. "It's a poor trade that canna afford to buy its ain tools."

In the following anecdote the mean man got more than he gave:—

A collection for foreign missions was being taken in a wealthy church. The collector approached a well-known millionaire with the plate, when the latter shook his head with vigour and whispered, "I never give to missions!" "Then take some out, sir," said the collector suavely. "The money is for the heathen!"

Occasionally the clergy and the laity forgather with comical results.

A tipsy man one day got into a tramway car in Glasgow, and became very troublesome to the other passengers, who were so much annoyed that it was proposed to eject him. However, a kind-hearted divine, who was also a passenger, interposed for him, and soothed him into good behaviour for the rest of the journey. Before leaving, however, he looked around with a scowl of contempt upon and muttered some angry words with regard to the other passengers, but shook hands warmly with the reverend Doctor, remarking with fervour—

"Good day, ma frien'; I see you ken what it is to be drunk!" *

Another story of humorous turn is the following:—

* *The Anecdotage of Glasgow*, p. 344.

A minister was once watching a boy pushing a heavy hand-cart up the hill in Buchanan Street. The hill was steep, and the boy was small; but he bent strenuously to his work. The minister was interested, and thinking to help the boy, called out—

"Push it up zigzag, and you will find it go much easier."

To which the boy replied—

"Not so much o' yer bloomin' advice! Come an' gie's a shove."

History does not state if this invitation was accepted.

In the course of pastoral visitation the unexpected answer is occasionally met with. Such was the case in the next story.

One day a minister was calling upon a dear old lady, one of the "pillars" of the church to which they both belonged. As he thought of her long and useful life, and looked upon her sweet, placid countenance, bearing but few tokens of her ninety-two years of earthly pilgrimage, he was moved to ask her: "My dear Mrs. S., what has been the chief source of your strength and sustenance during all these years? What has appealed to you as the real basis of your unusual vigour of mind and body, and has been to you an unfailing comfort through joy and sorrow? Tell me, that I may pass the secret to others, and, if possible, profit by it myself." The old lady thought a moment, then, lifting her eyes, dim with age, yet kindly with sweet memories of the past, she answered briefly, "Tea."

To come down to date, and to the recent miners' strike: that melancholy event was illuminated by

at least one flash of clerical humour which is here reproduced with acknowledgments to the *Glasgow Herald.*

During the strike an Ayrshire minister said to his servant one morning: "Mary, you must be very careful of the coal; our stock is running low, and there is no saying when we may be able to get more." "Yes, sir," said Mary humbly. "A'm savin' every cin'er." "Ah," said her master, "I have been trying to do that for forty years."

It sometimes happens that a minister finds that the faithful discharge of his duties has overtaxed his strength, and that a holiday is necessary. On such occasions congregations are usually thoughtful and considerate, and express their sympathy in a practical way by assisting to defray the expense of the needed change. But occasionally minister and congregation do not view the matter in precisely the same light.

One Glasgow clergyman, in announcing that the Presbytery had granted him six months' leave of absence, remarked, "My brethren, it is sometimes best to view one's work from afar." Many of his congregation felt that, with a congregational cheque in their pockets, they too would like to flee the "five o'clock in the morning bell," and regard their work "from afar."

Another aspect of this matter is presented in the following story:—

A Glasgow congregation once presented their minister with a sum of money, and sent him off to the Continent for a holiday. Soon after a gentleman just returned from the Continent, meeting a prominent member of the congregation, said—

"Oh, by the way, I met your minister in Germany. He was looking very well. He didn't look as if he were needing a rest."

"No," replied the member calmly. "It wasna *him*; it was the congregation that was needin' a rest."

It is unfortunately the case that class distinctions prevail to some extent in certain city churches. Indeed this is almost inevitable when one considers that a church in the West End of Glasgow is in the nature of things largely frequented by the well-to-do. When Lansdowne Church was built some malicious wag declared—

> "This church is not for the poor and needy,
> But for the rich, and Dr. Eadie."

No doubt this was a libel, and the poor would have been welcomed to the church. That our churches are open to all classes is demonstrated by the scarcity of stories to the contrary. Therefore, to illustrate the matter of exclusiveness, one is compelled to fall back upon an American tale which is good enough to furnish an appropriate conclusion to this chapter.

An old darkey wanted to join a fashionable city church, and the minister, knowing it was hardly the thing to do, and not wanting to hurt his feelings, told him to go home and pray over it. In a few days the darkey came back. "Well, what do you think of it by this time?" asked the preacher. "Well, sah," replied the coloured man, "Ah prayed an' prayed, an' de good Lawd He says to me, 'Rastus, Ah wouldn't bodder mah haid about dat no mo'. Ah've been tryin' to git into dat chu'ch Mahself for the las' twenty yeahs, and Ah ain't done had no luck.'"

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